Revolt of the Convicts, by G. W. Alger

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY 1930

The Abandoned Orchard. *A Woman's Chronicle* . . . . . ELEANOR RISLEY 577
Just Think . . . . . SUSANNE K. LANGER 588
The Cedars of Nonsuch . . . . . WILLIAM BEEBE 594
Pseudo-realism. *The Reign of Indecency* . . . . . LATTA GRISWOLD 600
Groping in the Dark. *Second Paper* . . . . . KATHRYNE MARY FRICK 604
Saving New England . . . . . WALTER PRICHARD EATON 614
Science and the Money-Minded . . . . . T. SWANN HARDING 622
Legend. *A Poem* . . . . . THEODORE MORRISON 632
Aunt Coffin's Art . . . . . FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR. 634
Death Song. *A Story of the Reservation* . . . . . EUGENIE COURTRIGHT 637
The Citizenship of American Women . . . . . JOHN L. CABLE 649
The Great Story-Tellers
Boccaccio and His 'Decameron' . . . . . JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH 654
The Road to Mandalay . . . . . A. W. SMITH 664
Wondering. *The Impressions of an Inmate* 669
Awkward Imperialists . . . . . REINHOLD NIEBUHR 670
The Preble Piano . . . . . SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR. 676
State Pensions or Charity? . . . . . ALICE HAMILTON 683
THE NEW WORLD
The Revolt of the Convicts . . . . . GEORGE W. ALGER 688
The Village of Wide Bounty . . . . . ANNA LOUISE STRONG 697
Contributors' Club: A Tale of Two Cities — Put Them in Their Place — The Baby Squirrel — The Chaldean Quarterly 706
Contributors' Column 713
Window Shopping: A New Convenience to Readers . . . . . *Front Advertising Section*
Atlantic Bookshelf . . . . . *Front Advertising Section*
The Financial Counselor: George E. Putnam . . . . . *Back Advertising Section*

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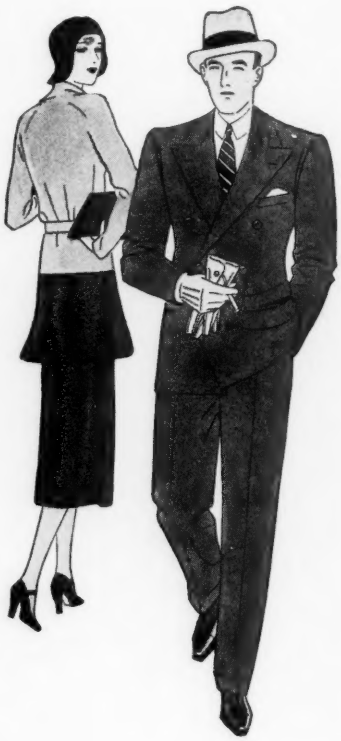

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

IT is remarkable that the men who emerged from the war with the greatest claims to leadership were old men. When the war broke out Clemenceau was 74 and playing a minor part in politics, Hindenburg was 67 and on the retired list, Foch, regarded by many as an undependable theorist, was 63, Woodrow Wilson was 57, and Lloyd George, the junior of them all, was a young Chancellor of the Exchequer of 51. What, it has been asked, was the source of power which, notably in the instance of Hindenburg, Foch, and Clemenceau, survived in these ancients, and which gave them, as to no other of their countrymen, a domination and a saving courage at the time of crisis?

In the case of Clemenceau, the answer is in print, partly to be found in his own *Grandeur and Misery of Victory*, partly in that spirited and at times touching prose portrait of the Tiger by his friend and secretary, Jean Martet (*Clemenceau;* Longmans, Green, $5.00). Picturesquely Mr. Martet, with his table talk with Clemenceau, his Boswellian dialogues and his Gallic asides, contrives to make us hear and see his old chief in his last two years, throwing off those sparks which, even now and in translation, jolt us as though we had touched a live wire. Thus warmed up by Clemenceau at his ease and full of wit, one is better disposed to appreciate the bitter struggle at which the secretary is ever hinting and which comes to a head in *Grandeur and Misery of Victory*.

It has been said that Clemenceau — the fighter — is far better known for his enemies than for his friends. To see him full length, then, it is important to remember that when at the outset he practised medicine his patients paid him so seldom that his earnings for one year netted him $190; that he saved a would-be assassin from a death sentence; that he is the author of plays, novels, an appreciation of his close friend, Claude Monet, and two volumes of philosophy; it is important, before going on to Clemenceau's volume, to remember these three quotations from Martet's book. Clemenceau is speaking: —

'Gentle and kindly men are pleasant to have about, but in general they don't create masterpieces. Soak yourself in Greece, Martet. It's something that's sustained me in trouble. When I was weary of all the imbecilities and futilities of which politics is composed, I turned my spirit towards Greece. Others went fishing. To each his own way. . . .' And again, 'I have always been surrounded by a lot of people who would very much have liked to see me dead, and who wished for my destruction with a kind of mystic delirium. . . .' And again, 'My people have always lived in the Vendée. And it's odd: I love the Vendéens. They are good. They have an ideal. And to defend that ideal they have something obstinate, limited, and savage in them — which I like. It was n't the nobles who made the wars in the Vendée; it was the peasants who sought them out and said, "Lead us!"'

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

Grandeur and Misery of Victory

[Harcourt, Brace, $5.00]

THE 'Tiger' is dead at last, and in dying gave a roar that the whole world shall hear, for a spear had been thrust through his heart. Jealousy between civil and military authority in war is no new manifestation of human nature, but during the war Clemenceau had stood firmly behind Foch, in spite of much provocation to do otherwise. He had made him a Marshal of France, and when in his memoirs the great soldier, who was not a great gentleman, made a vicious attack on the former premier, he stirred the already dying statesman to angry self-defense. 'You challenge me. Here I am,' writes Clemenceau. For ten years he had remained silent under many other attacks, but he could do so no longer, and in spite of years and infirmity he never launched a more vigorous offensive in his long career of fighting than in this volume penned with dying fingers. The Tiger did not come by his nickname without cause, and Foch had stirred his anger to the very depths. Foch also is dead, happily for him, for his reputation has been sorely mangled by the claws and teeth of the Tiger.

A mere war of words between a chief of state and chief of an army over matters now fast fading into the emotional nullity of history might hold little interest for any but a specialist, but Clemenceau's book is far more than a mere self-justifying pamphlet. In the beginning he announces that, although called upon to reply to certain specific points, he has tried to do so 'without losing sight

Leon Trotsky,

lifelong revolutionary, ex-chief of the army of Soviet Russia, leader with Lenin in the upheaval that levelled an empire and startled the world, now in exile on a tiny Turkish island, here tells his amazing life story. Of it Emil Ludwig says: "A great writer has here set forth his fantastic life in such a way as to make me wonder why people still read novels, or even write them. The book begins like Hamsun, and closes like a third act. . . ."

My Life

600 pages. $5.00

John Corbin,

critic, scholar, and author of "The Return of the Middle Class," has written a biography, based upon facts discovered in manuscripts and records long published, that takes into account all the recent comments for and against "the father of our country." It offers a novel and keen analysis of his character, and traces his connection with the Constitution, a relationship hitherto neglected. It also contains some unpublished letters relating to the Fairfax affair.

The Unknown Washington

454 pages. $4.00

James Boyd,

whose famous novels, "Drums" and "Marching On," were acclaimed by critics as classics of the American Revolution and Civil War, now writes a dramatic story of another thrilling era in American history—the final conquest of the Mississippi frontier. Its protagonist is one of the hardy breed of Long Hunters who preferred the perils and hardships of the trail to home life, and love, in the settlements. It is a drama of love tugging against the male desire for freedom: vivid characters against a brilliant background.

Long Hunt

$2.50

New Books for Varied Tastes

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Courtier, Wit, and Playwright
by Willard Connely
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by L. V. Jacks
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by Ernest R. Trattner
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The BOOKSHELF

of the broad considerations that are essentially imposed in such a subject,' and, again toward the end, he notes that ''t is not Foch's gossip that haunts me, but the future of France.' It is this scope of the reply, and its style, which will give it that world audience denied to a mere controversial document. In its wit, its irony, its broad philosophy, and its sharply etched portraits of individuals, it is the Tiger at his best.

The twenty-four chapters fall readily into three main sections. The first deals for the most part with Foch during the war, the second with the drafting of the Peace Treaty, and the last with the 'mutilations' of that Treaty leading to 'the Retrograde Peace' during the past ten years.

In the first part we discover a very different Foch from the legendary hero. He blunders badly in the affair of the Chemin des Dames. There is a dangerous crisis of insubordination against the civil government. On occasion his statements are such as to call for Roosevelt's 'short and ugly word,' and the letter from King Albert practically accusing him of it is given in full. To Americans the most interesting part of this section is that which deals with the unified command, for in the controversy over that the vexed question of Pershing bears a prominent part. On the one hand, Clemenceau accuses Foch of largely destroying the value of the unified command by his fear of *commanding*, and, on the other, accuses Pershing of sacrificing enormous man power in his allies by his stubborn insistence on doing nothing until he had accumulated a complete American army which he could command himself. The fact is that the story of incompetence in high quarters of our own yet remains to be written, and no one as yet has shown any inclination for that unpleasing but eventually necessary task. Clemenceau's strictures are footnotes for that unwritten work.

The Peace Conference assembles: Wilson with 'a smile like a benevolent wolf,' Lloyd George, 'fresh and pink,' Arthur Balfour, 'the most courteous of adamantine men,' Colonel House, 'a super-civilized person escaped from the wilds of Texas,' Hoover, 'conspicuous for the stiffness of a man whose nerves are at the end of their tether,' Wellington Koo, 'like a young Chinese cat,' 'the ineffable group of malcontents — Robert Lansing, Keynes, etc.' House and Bliss come in for high praise, as do several others, but the tortuous proceedings of the Conference are traced with a biting realism. In a brief and untechnical review it is obviously impossible to discuss disputed points, but this account by one of the 'big four' themselves cannot be overrated for its importance. The keynote of the treaty for which Clemenceau claims he was working was 'the liberation of the peoples,' whereas Foch and Poincaré were working for the occupation of territory by force against the will of its inhabitants.

In the third section the author traces the breakdown of the Treaty — 'the Retrograde Peace.' He tries to show, on the one hand, how the claims of France by one means and another, including the Dawes Plan, the Treaty of Locarno, the Hague Conference, have been disallowed or whittled down, whereas on the other he complains with great bitterness of the insistent demands of America for the payment of its claims in full, while all the time Germany is building up its new war machine behind the scenes. He points out how America lost only about a hundred thousand men against the several millions dead in France; how the war brought colossal prosperity to our country and ruin to his; and then how we made our separate peace, gaining all the benefits of our allies' sacrifices and declining to assume any post-war responsibilities while presenting our bills for payment.

If the tone of the book is at times bitter, praise as well as blame is distributed with an even hand, even to Foch, the unexpected enemy whose attack called it into being. Apart from the brilliant qualities of his mind and style, the joy of Clemenceau was that he was a clear-sighted realist who was never deceived by high-sounding phrases or befogged by sentiment. He saw human nature and human history in a clear white light, and reported what he saw as fearlessly as he fought for what he felt was the good of the land which was his one passion. He can point out to his own countrymen the folly of living in the memory of Austerlitz and Jena and forgetting that the real end of the Napoleonic episode was Waterloo. In this age of sentimental slush, when so-called statesmen pander to the mob as shamelessly as movie kings, it is well to read a man who would pander to nothing. A nation is not an abstraction. It can never rise above the character of its people, and we may ponder for ourselves the final words of this most courageous and least sentimental statesman of our day: 'France will be what the men of France deserve.'

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IT is not inappropriate that, with spring in the air, we should have our attention called to some new novels, all dealing, in individual terms, with the life of the soil and the village.

THE VILLAGE NOVEL

A DECIDEDLY interesting first novel is ***With Trailing Banners***, by **Estelle Aubrey Brown** (Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.50). The setting is a village in northern New York, half a century ago, rigid with prejudice and narrow tradition. The theme is the escape of an independent spirit from false ideals and mistaken loyalties.

Merry Melton is portrayed first as a lively, inquiring child; then as a strong-willed girl, whose determination to get away, to learn, and to broaden goes down before her passion for a picturesque, coarse-fibred good-for-

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Clemenceau's

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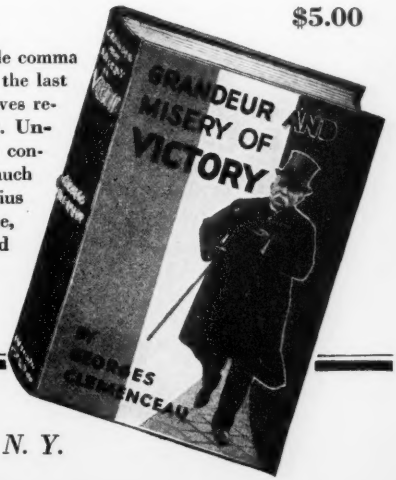
"I AM not disposed to withdraw so much as a single comma from what I have said," writes Clemenceau in the last chapter. His executors and publishers hold themselves responsible that his last wish has been carried out. **Uncensored and unabridged,** this is not only the conclusive book on the War and the years after—it is much more. For, with the same brilliant flashes of genius which made him the greatest statesman of our time, he leaves many hints as to the future of Europe, and the part that America will play in world politics.



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3

The BOOKSHELF

nothing; then as a woman whose fortitude and extraordinary sense of justice enable her to bear the sordidness and brutality of her life. The murder of the gentle little dog with the broken leg is excellently chosen, I think, for the crisis that finishes the process of clearing Merry's eyes and freeing her spirit and sets her trailing banner flying.

Mrs. Brown is not a past mistress of style. Her dialogue, however, reflects character clearly, and her narrative has the not altogether discredited quality of making one desirous to see what is on the next page. Her novel, it should be added, is not for those who like to think of youth in a village as an idyll scented with apple blossoms.

In his new novel, **O. E. Rölvaag** turns from chronicles of victory to a chronicle of defeat. ***Pure Gold*** (Harper, $2.50) has the same simplicity and directness of narrative as the earlier novels. That it should have the same swing and sweep is made impossible by its theme — the most contractile of passions, avarice. Instead of spaciousness, we have here concentration and compression. It is as if the course of the story wound itself in and in to a small hard core.

The ironic title is admirable. Equal skill, I think, is shown in a vivid passage near the beginning that recurs again and again to one's mind and emphasizes the misery of subsequent scenes. I mean the picture of the splendid young thresher, dominant among the rest: powerful, skillful, high-spirited, well-liked, full of promise — made for simple happiness and for unpretentious success. His helpless and, as it were, innocent deterioration in the hands of the masterful woman who marries him is the tragedy of the novel; for she, almost from the first, puts sympathy to flight.

To my mind, Mr. Rölvaag's skill in developing character works automatically to the partial disadvantage of this book. He portrays so effectively the stunting, the cramping, and the terrible isolating of husband and wife by their passion for hoarding that the dramatic events of the latter chapters, and the catastrophe, lose something of their force. The reader can face with perfect fortitude whatever may happen to the woman; and as for the pitiable husband, he has long seemed 'like a dead man held on end.'

Emphatically, **H. W. Freeman**'s special talent as a novelist is his gift for making the background of his story a living part of it. As with his earlier novel, *Joseph and His Brethren*, the thing that lingers in the mind after ***Down in the Valley*** (Holt, $2.50) has been read is the sense of a bit of English earth and its power over the soul of a man.

There is a vast spiritual distance, though in time a distance of not much more than a year, between Everard Mulliver, a rather prim person well subjugated by his late mother, and the Everard who finds himself capable, at need, of biting a piece from the car of the village bad man. What has happened to Everard in the interval is that he has stumbled upon a tiny village of singularly dreamlike charm, has bought a cottage in a moment of unwonted impulse, and, from being a languid townsman, the rather aloof manager of an inherited business, and a complacently expert taster of tea, has become an impassioned (though only a week-ending) countryman.

Mr. Freeman's humorous moments are not as a rule his happiest. The quiet satire of the opening pages rouses a hope that later is disappointed, for his comic rustics do not — or so I think — quite 'come off.' Nor is the transformation of the cool Mr. Mulliver to an agitated, amorous boy the real accomplishment of the novel, nor yet the desperate drama next door, in which he takes a hand to his own peril, but the soil's conquest of a heart not born to the soil. This is recounted with authority and beauty.

Beside these three chronicles of farm and village life, **Edna Ferber's *Cimarron*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a story of 'Osage,' pioneer settlement in the Oklahoma country, is like a loud shout. 'Here was action, here was blood-and-thunder, here was adventure. Here, in a word, was Cimarron,' says Miss Ferber, describing one of the artfully planned, theatrical entrances of her flamboyant protagonist. And the description may be taken over, word for word, for the novel itself; but it would be only a partial description. It would do justice to the immense vigor of the book, but not to its imaginative scope, or to the sense it gives of deep antagonisms between temperaments, generations, classes, races; of the sweep of time, the passing of the old and the coming of the new.

Yancey Cravat, or 'Cimarron,' is a half-magnificent, half-spurious figure, with his romantic nickname that keeps alive the legend of his past; with his mysterious comings and goings; his sentimentality, his shrewdness, his quoting of lofty poetry, his swiftness on the trigger; his preposterous theatricals, his courage, his burning passion for justice and tolerance. Sabra, his wife, though she is a Venable in revolt, is yet a Venable; though she has chosen to go pioneering with her tempestuous husband, yet she is full of Venable fastidiousness and rigidity. Hence her soul becomes a battle ground, and a resounding one.

This novel, the largest that Miss Ferber has attempted, is a triumph in the robust *genre* that is hers.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

MORE and more as tumult subsides and prejudice cools, it is possible to get a proper perspective upon what has happened in Russia. Tsarist memoirs are already entering the sentimental domain, hitherto reserved for the French Revolution, and, on the other hand, the hasty impressions of chance travelers are at last being accepted at

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A NEW NOVEL BY ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST WRITERS

HUMANITY UPROOTED

BY MAURICE HINDUS

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK calls this, "The most lucid, balanced, and interesting exposition of what is happening in Russia that we have available in the English language."

Illustrated, $3.50

CARL VAN DOREN writes: "Without doubt it belongs in the great line of achievements which have given the Russian novel its pre-eminence in the field. It has the same splendid scope, the same richness and variety of characters, the same clarity as are to be found in the older masterpieces of Russian fiction." *Translated by BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY.* A Literary Guild selection. $3.00

GALLOWS' ORCHARD

BY CLAIRE SPENCER

VILE BODIES

BY EVELYN WAUGH

"One of the most diverting satires yet written on those members of the younger generation who have lost all standards." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

$2.50

A brilliant first novel which is sweeping the country. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY says: "Even in the name of one of the characters, *Gallows' Orchard* suggests Stevenson's greatest (and unfinished) last work, *Weir of Hermiston.* And how this book would have interested Stevenson. . . . I think he, reading in amazement, would have been the first to say that this young writer begins where he was broken off." A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

$2.50

BLUE RUM

BY E. SOUZA

The exciting story of what befell a young American mining engineer when he landed, a stranger, almost penniless, in Lisbon one night. An extraordinary and powerful tale.

$2.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East Forty-Sixth Street · New York

The BOOKSHELF

their face value. Meantime, through the study and observation of those who have lived and worked under the Soviet, we are being acquainted with the new nation and the new faith, which seem here to stay however welcome or unwelcome.

Russia at Home

In the introduction to his volume, ***Soviet Russia: A Living Record and a History*** (Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly Press, $5.00), **William Henry Chamberlin** says: 'I can hardly expect that my book will satisfy those extreme partisans in opposed controversial camps who regard Bolshevism as either the greatest calamity or the greatest blessing which ever befell mankind.' This extreme partisanship has been the bane of all students of Russian conditions, neither side in its prejudice being willing to concede sincerity and honesty of purpose to publications which are at odds with its prejudices. Mr. Chamberlin, with eight years of residence in Russia, and a Russian wife to aid his observations, has written a thoroughly objective study of the Bolshevist state. He has treated it as a tremendous experiment, the ultimate of which it is too early to foresee. You will search his pages in vain for expressions of righteous condemnation of the heavy-handed and often inhuman methods by which the Bolsheviki have imposed their will upon the people, but on the other hand he is equally free from imputing to their programme any certainty of success, or ascribing to their economic theories any superiority over those of capitalistic states. Indeed he quotes, without attempted contravention, Balfour's remark that Bolshevism seemed to be wholly successful in making rich men poor, but had not yet demonstrated its power to make poor men rich.

The Soviet Government has undertaken the most problematical enterprise under way in the world to-day — not excepting the Fascist experiment in Italy. It has undertaken to banish poverty and riches alike from its land, to eliminate all class distinctions, to eradicate from the minds of its people any idea that industry or trade should be prosecuted for profit, or that such a thing exists as the right of private property. The bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia have been subjected to such unbearable oppressions that they too have almost disappeared: the 'government of the proletariat' recognizes only workmen and peasants as coming within its favored category — and it is having grave troubles with the peasantry. To communize manufacturing, to regiment and discipline town workers, has been easy, but the peasant has been a harder problem. Mr. Chamberlin tells, dispassionately, of the endeavors now making to persuade the peasant that the revolution which took the land from the landlords and gave it to him is equally right in taking control of it from him and giving it to the state. His future is to be a worker on state-owned farms, or on great coöperative farms of which the tract of land he fondly supposed to be his forms a small portion.

This struggle between the government and the peasants, and the effort now making to break down the influence of the churches and to establish the 'Godless state,' are the present-day phenomena in Russia in which the outer world is taking the most interest. Mr. Chamberlin handles both as though he, writing months ago, had heard the questions now almost hourly posed. His chapters, 'The Struggle for the Russian Soul' and 'Karl Marx and the Peasant Sphinx,' read as though prepared with journalistic speed in response to the appeal of an insistent editor. Nor does he prophesy the outcome. Of the religious struggle he says: 'The issue depends largely upon how far religion is the product of such mechanical influences as habit, authority, tradition, early training, and how far it is a spontaneous psychological and spiritual need of human nature.' And as to the struggle over the farm problem, he says: 'Is it possible to "build socialism" in a peasant country without a large, perhaps a fatally large, allay of concession to the peasant instincts for self-enrichment and private property? This question is bound up with the riddle of Russia's future. And the answer to that riddle lies with the Peasant Sphinx.'

Maurice Hindus, Russian by birth, American by education and residence from an early age, has undertaken to tell in his book, ***Humanity Uprooted*** (Cape and Smith, $3.00), the same story as Mr. Chamberlin. The narratives differ in the manner of telling rather than in substance. Both writers are admirably objective; neither is cold or indifferent. Mr. Hindus, in particular, appreciates and interprets the fervor and enthusiasm with which the Communist leaders pursue their aims. 'Life in Russia,' he says, 'is so violent an experience, so painful a trial, and, to him who bursts with the new faith, so glorious an experience that one cannot remain simply passive.' There is more of enthusiasm and less of calm analysis, more picturesque writing and less judicial appraisal, in Mr. Hindus's book than in that of Mr. Chamberlin. It lacks, furthermore, the other's careful documentation. But his chapters on religion are peculiarly valuable, and the array of facts and the conclusions of the two have a singular identity. Perhaps the careful restraint of Mr. Chamberlin gives his volume an air of greater authority, while the picturesque diction and enthusiasm of Mr. Hindus make his book eminently readable.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, an English journalist of distinction, writer of perhaps the best history of the Paris Conference, a professor in a Russian university, and editor at times of Russian newspapers, revisited Russia in 1928. In ***Russia Today and Yesterday*** (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50), he presents such a picture of Bolshevism at work as could have been drawn only by one who knew the old Russia and was able to make illuminating comparisons with the new. The casual observer of Bolshevist methods to-day thinks them barbarous,

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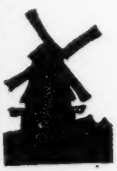

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The BOOKSHELF

inhuman, worthy of world-wide reprobation. Dr. Dillon tells something of conditions under the Tsar which makes the reader suspect that it may be racial characteristics rather than an economic fallacy that have produced these deeds of savagery. Do the peasants seem now to be exploited, reduced to abject poverty, deprived of liberty to work the lands which the Revolution gave them? 'The plain truth,' he says, 'would seem to be that the Russian peasants have been treated, ever since history has taken notice of them, as mere taxpaying machines whose well-being, families and lives mattered little or nothing.' Hapless as is their condition today, the writer thinks that 'the Russian mooshik has been restored to the ranks of humanity. The Bolsheviks freed him, roused him from his lethargy, introduced him to the world of action, set him ennobling tasks and qualified him to perform them.'

Dr. Dillon is one whom the Sovietists made to suffer, as he sets forth in his preface. Nevertheless, he is not blind to the prodigious enthusiasm and the sinister determination of the driving force behind Bolshevism. Rightly he refuses to consider it as a Russian phenomenon alone. 'It is,' he writes, 'a live revolutionary center for the kindling and spreading of revolutions on all sides. Its function now and for all time is to generate "whirlwinds of tempestuous pie" among capitalist peoples.' Lenin wrote of it thus: 'The dictatorship of the proletariat consists in the tenacious struggle, bloody and bloodless, violent and pacific, military and economic, pedagogical and administrative, against the forces and traditions of the old régime.'

The fruits of this dictatorship Dr. Dillon has observed and describes dispassionately in this book. Perhaps more than the other authors I have dealt with, he deals with the conditions that bred Bolshevism. But of his horror of it he leaves no doubt. No better characterization of its origin, its nature, and its potentialities could be given than this closing paragraph of his book: —

'Bolshevism takes its origin in the unplumbed depths of being; nor could it have come into existence were it not for the necessity of putting an end to the injustice and iniquities that infect our superannuated civilization. It is amoral and inexorable because it is transcendental. It has come, as Christianity came, not for peace but for the sword, and its victims outnumber those of the most sanguinary wars. To me it seems to be the mightiest driving force for good or evil in the world to-day. It is certainly a stern reality, smelling perhaps of sulphur and brimstone, but with a mission on earth and a mission which will certainly be fulfilled.'

WILLIS J. ABBOT

THOUGH pessimists foresee the end, up to the present the public's appetite for biography continues unabated. In the last three months of 1929, for instance, 150 'new' biographies were in active circulation. Before the New Year is very old, comes the new stock: February (the 'Lincoln month' among publishers) produced two new lives of the great President; and March, two fresh volumes on Columbus. Mr. Charles Johnston, who has a cool head for history, is a proper man to trust with the inevitable comparisons.

MEN OR ANGELS

PAUL CLAUDEL and Jacob Wassermann were keenly conscious that the life of Columbus is no commonplace history of a man, but an event in some sense cosmic, and therefore demanding unusual treatment. The one has summoned to his aid poetical imagination, the other fantasy. We may take fantasy to be a picturing of what is only part truth, or less, while imagination bodies forth in forms an invisible reality. **Jacob Wassermann's *Columbus*** (Little, Brown, $3.50) is possessed by the fantasy that Columbus is the antetype or model of Don Quixote, who came into being more than a century after the momentous voyage; the author believes the high adventures of the Knight of La Mancha will shed illumination on the sailor who discovered a new world. Yet one may hold that this comparison of Don Cristobal and Don Quixote is rather a mirage than an insight. It is true that both had valiant hearts, but it is the essence of that last flower of knighthood that his dreams darken and perturb his will, while in one sense no man ever had a more veridical vision than Columbus, save only that his vision fell short of the achieved fact. He promised to his loyal-hearted queen new lands; his voyages brought to her throne a territory more than twenty times as large as Spain, a territory stretching from the salt marshes of Utah and the snow-crowned mountains where the Rio Colorado springs up, through a hundred degrees of latitude to the icy cliffs of Cape Horn. He promised his queen gold, and from the lands he discovered came to Spain gold enough to fill many times his three caravels to the water line. He promised his queen glory; her name, because linked with his, is preserved in perpetual remembrance. Because of the mirage of his fancy, Jacob Wassermann never brings his picture of Columbus to a sharp focus, but it is the virtue of his book that he carries the story forward through all four voyages, till the news came to Columbus that Vasco da Gama, sailing eastward, had in truth discovered the Indies which eluded the Genoan sailing west. The story gains in dignity and tragedy toward its close.

To his ***Book of Christopher Columbus*** (Yale University Press, $5.00) **Paul Claudel** brings creative imagination and the symbolism of a significant orchestral setting. His book is in form somewhere between the Masque of the Jacobeans and the insubstantial pageant that Prospero's magic conjured into being. The leaves are decked, in black and white, brick-red and indigo, with mystical figures, caravels, Aztec gods

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The BOOKSHELF

Santiago of Spain, magnificently girded with the bands of Orion, and at last the soul of Isabella in celestial glory. What does this portentous imagery express? Something of the straining spirit of Columbus, driven forward by Vision; something of the clear faith of the queen penetrating to the heart of truth within his dream; something of mediæval devotion piercing the vapors of superstition; a sense of the mystery hidden within this discovery of a new world.

In two recent lives of Lincoln — **Ludwig's *Lincoln*** (Little, Brown, $5.00) and **Albert Shaw's *Lincoln: A Cartoon History*** (Review of Reviews, $8.00) — there is a similar antithesis of procedure. Emil Ludwig, who began by writing verse and went on to draw full-length portraits of Napoleon, of Goethe, of Bismarck, has perfected his method: from an omnivorous study of sources to extract every vivid incident or phrase which illumines his hero for the time being, to keep a strong beam of light on the central figure all the time, to omit nothing that enkindles with poignant feeling some part of the portrait, and, so far as is possible, to allow everything else to linger in half shadow. His forest never hides the one great tree.

Albert Shaw, dean of our magazine editors, treats the life of Lincoln much as, month by month, he has dealt with the Progress of the World: there is the same gathering of innumerable accurately gauged events, the same firm editorial sentences, the same wealth of illustration lighting up the double columns. But here the forest, even the undergrowth, engrosses our vision; other trees constantly come between us and the big sequoia. One feels, through his large and numerous pages, the heat and stress of stormy years, the dust of conflict is in one's nostrils, bygone days and hours troop living before us, but, in that whirl and turmoil, we too often lose sight of Lincoln. Ludwig shares Time's magic, the selective memory of events, the heightened feeling which an unrolled future casts back on past days, the sense of Lincoln's relation to the spiritual life of mankind — all that has been creatively revealed in the two generations since his martyrdom. We are deeply grateful to Albert Shaw for indefatigably assembling so many pictorial relics of those tremendous days. We also feel a certain thankfulness that the art of the cartoon no longer flourishes, with its human-headed beasts and birds, its bearded ladies, all with ribbons of eloquence streaming from their closed lips. We may make these differing methods clear by one or two examples. Albert Shaw says little of the early romances of Lincoln's life. Ludwig gathers every fact. It is he who records Lincoln's intolerable grief over Ann Rutledge: 'I can't bear to think of her lying out there alone!' It is Ludwig who gives the fine story of young Abraham proposing not to marry the sturdy, matter-of-fact damsel who pressed him somewhat hardly. Again, it is he who depicts Lincoln as fleeing at first from his wedding with Mary Todd, and who, throughout his book, adds much that is poignant concerning Mrs. Lincoln, revealing her as a true woman, loyal, passionate, exacting. Yet Albert Shaw gives us one speech that Ludwig misses, though it would have been pure gold for his procedure. Addressing the Missourians, Lincoln said: —

'Old John Brown has been executed for treason against a State. We can not object, even though he agreed with us in thinking slavery wrong. That can not excuse violence, bloodshed, and treason. . . . So, if we constitutionally elect a President, and therefore you undertake to destroy the Union, it will be our duty to deal with you as Old John Brown has been dealt with. We shall try to do our duty. . . .'

Essentially the same immortal Lincoln emerges from both books. As was said of a still greater martyr, 'sometimes he has the face of a man, sometimes the face of an angel.'

CHARLES JOHNSTON

I HAVE been looking over the figures representing the books published throughout the world in 1929. In each case the statistics include the new books, and the new editions of old books. England published 10,354 titles, the United States 10,187, Germany 27,794, France 11,893, Spain 2374, Bulgaria 2379. And this mass production continues despite the fact that people live in smaller and smaller homes and have less and less space in which to house their belongings. It is time we made smaller, if not fewer, books. . . . The recipients of the Guggenheim Fellowships (about $2500 for study abroad) have been announced. Among the eighty-five were Thomas Wolfe, the novelist, and the author of *Look Homeward, Angel* (Scribner) — a book worth reading; Edward Davison, the English poet and lecturer, who lives in Brooklyn; Doctor Joseph Wood Krutch, associate editor of the *Nation*, and author of that most provocative volume, *The Modern Temper* (Harcourt, Brace); Helen Hull, the novelist, whose last book, *The Asking Price* (Coward-McCann), is well spoken of; Phelps Putnam, the Boston poet; Dr. Leslie Hotson, who disinterred the account of Marlowe's murder and but recently brought to light the new Shelley Letters (Atlantic Monthly Press); and Owen Lattimore, author of *The Desert Road to Turkestan* (Little, Brown) and now in Manchuria, gathering material for a book to be entitled *Frontiers of Inner Asia*. Here is more literature in the making!

Edward Weeks

Books reviewed in these columns may be purchased through the Atlantic Monthly Bookshop

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1930

THE ABANDONED ORCHARD

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

HUMBLY, but confidently, I assert that I am the woman who worked out the original curse on apples. Why Fate selected one so incompetent must remain a matter of pure conjecture. It is true that Eugene was forever painting Eves and Aphrodites, and that I did encourage him; though in my secret heart I felt that under such circumstances Adam might have been adamant, and Paris might have kept out of trouble. But I was only an accessory after the fact. It was not I who depreciated prize apples.

Previously inured to idleness and frivolity, suddenly I found myself a sorrow-dazed, impoverished, but importunate widow, who at once flung herself desperately into many fields of human endeavor. But always I knew that hidden in the wilds of a Mid-Western state a thoroughly abandoned young orchard of more than one hundred acres beckoned me with unsprayed arms, as yet empty of apples.

Resolutely I turned my face away. I had never lived in the country, and I was not drawn to apples. They have ever been, to me, a kind of spherical sweet potato, vastly inferior to that vegetable.

Besides the orchard, I possessed one hundred and sixty acres of rocks and rills and scrub oaks that bounded the orchard on the south, the remainder of the circuit being manned at every point by inimical farmers. That the farmers were inimical I knew from the story my father-in-law, who willed me this orchard, delighted to tell — of how when he had gone from the city to plant these idle fields in apple trees there had occurred a strike for higher wages among the planters and ploughers, and how one of the farmers had mounted a barrel and, addressing the other farmers, had said, 'No damned capitalist from the city can come down here and run this country.'

Unable to sell the abandoned orchard, I vibrated irregularly between teaching music and playing for the moving pictures, swinging from welfare work to searching out references for an alienist who was writing a book about epileptics. Small wages for this last, but pleasant work, and the invaluable discovery that without epileptics progress would have ceased long ago. How I hoped the epileptics knew it too! The alienist seemed to doubt it. Once I demonstrated at a pure-food show, and once for weeks I walked about smirking above the collars of evening coats in the French department of a great store.

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Gradually I became aware that I was not a cog fashioned to fit into the industrial machine. I proved expansively amiable in the wrong place, and overscrupulous at the wrong time. (The alienist said I had 'personality plus'; and I was no epileptic to win my way by sheer genius.) Though I gritted my teeth, worked faithfully, and never complained, jobs seemed to slip from under my tired feet; and often I felt sure that duller and less willing workers filled my place. Psychiatrists were beyond me.

If only one were wise enough to diagnose the state of a camel's spine before the last straw brings the beast down! For example, who would have dreamed that my roommate's ship of the commercial desert would collapse on Christmas Day, when we meant to be so happy?

For weeks we had skimped on our lunches, and walked the long way home from work, putting the money we saved into a little cloisonné jar on the dressing table. (How long ago it seemed since I had won it at bridge!) For we meant to see the greatest actor in the world on Christmas afternoon, and from respectable seats. What bliss! I remember how we made ourselves fine, careless of the falling snow — Bess in my furs, and I in her best black skirt, my own being frayed. How in airy pride we boarded a car from the Y. W. C. A. where we lived, and then found that the tickets had been mistakenly sold to us for the performance of the previous evening and the management would not accept them! How we trudged home through the snowy streets gay with holiday folk, and there in our lonely room at half-past three on Christmas Day Bess's camel died quietly of spinal complaint.

She made no effort to revive the unfortunate beast, but sat on the bed in my wet furs and pensively swung her little muddy feet. Presently, over the hall telephone, I heard her call a name I knew. As she packed her few belongings she said cheerfully: 'I'm leaving you my best stockings and my black skirt. I guess I'll never see you again. I kind of hate to leave you alone; but it's a nice apartment out by the park, and something to send home to mother and the kids. This matinée business finished me.' And when a car honked below: 'There's *my* car. Say, can't you visit somewhere long enough to get married? You'll never have a chance to meet a man you'd look at twice here. Good-bye. And don't you worry about me. No more perfect days like this for little Bess.' And I was left alone in the darkening room, with the Christmas snowdrift on the window ledge.

II

There may seem small connection between collapsed camels and abandoned young orchards. But straws show which way the wind blows; and the ultimate straw alighted on my own camel one rainy evening in the following August when I presented a letter of introduction to a well-known philanthropist. The letter was written by an old teacher of mine. How laudatory it was! And alas, how provenly undeserved! I had not presented it before because of a feeling of unworthiness. I never could live up to that letter. But I had accidentally bruised my right hand, and that meant no more playing for the pictures for a while. So I examined the soles of my shoes attentively, recklessly put on my best hat, borrowed an umbrella, and set out to walk to the stately home of the philanthropist. I had waited until dark, trusting to find the man at home. Ignorant of philanthropists, I guessed that their habits were not nocturnal.

The great man met me in the hall, and hurriedly scanned the letter from his lifelong friend.

'What have you been doing?' he snapped. 'And where are you living?'

I meekly replied that I lived at a branch of the Y. W. C. A. on a certain street.

'There is no legitimate branch in the city. The place has no right to the name. What have you been doing?'

Somehow this interview with my dear old teacher's friend did not open well. With a quaking heart I answered, 'Playing for the moving pictures.'

Alas, my prophetic soul! The philanthropist cried: 'Moving pictures! We mean to censor them or suppress them altogether. If you have been hanging around picture shows, I can do nothing for you.' And in the gentlest voice he called to a vision of young loveliness hesitant on the broad stairway, 'Helen, dear, come on down to dinner now.'

Meet punishment for interviewing a man — even a philanthropist — before his dinner. And I a widow who should have known better!

I trudged home through the chill rain, careless of puddles and passing motors. And somewhere along the way my camel sank under the last straw without a struggle. I was dully aware of his demise.

Too sick at heart for dinner, I sat at the window of the third-story room, clasping two unopened letters in listless hands. I had left them unread as I started so hopefully to the house of the philanthropist. I had small interest in letters. With all my soul I longed to throw myself across the bed and howl. Instead, I listened dully to my three roommates anathematizing someone who defended a locked bathroom across the hall, and drearily watched them make up their tired faces. Below me, in the rain, bent pedestrians hurried past, street cars clanged, and motor cars glided by like sleek black beetles.

Suddenly I knew that of all this world could offer me I most desired solitude. Oh, to be alone, if even for one hour! And it came to me that solitude is a luxury ever denied the poor in a city. A city — built on drudgery. What interest had Bess in the letters she copied? What creative interest could I ever find in work here? Weary labor for a few hours' leisure which I, at least, must ever be too exhausted and too misplaced to enjoy.

Thus, after not quite two years of original research, and no reliable data whatever, I judged the foundations of civilization and pronounced sentence. And even before I read my letters I had decided to go to the orchard and leave the city to its doom. Determinedly I arose and read the letters. One enclosed a check — the last payment on my piano, which I had long since despaired of receiving. The other was from the farmer near the orchard who acted as agent. He wrote that there was a small crop, but as the apples were unsprayed he could not sell to a buyer. What should he do?

The next morning I paid my bills and bowed coldly to the inevitable — oh, we knew each other well, the inevitable and I. Then after days of dreary travel I alighted at a little village near the orchard.

No doubt in these two years I should have prepared myself for expert work at the orchard or elsewhere. But I had been unable to pause. For the poor, to 'cultivate the pause' is often to end the symphony. Even considering my mental state at this time, it may seem preposterous that any penniless woman still at large should undertake the management and operation of a commercial orchard. But such an

undertaking was far from my mind. My idea was to lie in the summer sun under an orchard tree until I was perchance bitten by a snake, or until I passed on of malnutrition from eating nothing but apples. But I should die alone — alone!

III

At the village I glanced in distaste at the white cottages perched along the desolate railway, and entered a little eating house to get a cup of coffee. There I heard men speak of a sale in progress. I followed them down a lane, and with my remaining money I bought a horse, a cart, and a harness, a dressing table, and three milk cans. I had abjured the vanities of this world for all time and did not desire the dressing table; I had always been afraid of cows and certainly never contemplated using the milk cans. But the auctioneer insisted that I nodded my head when he looked at me, — no doubt it was shaking with apprehension, — so I loaded the cart and drove away in the general direction of the orchard. The entire village must have gazed after me in petrified astonishment; but the knowledge of rural communities and their terrifying interest and amazed scorn for a stranger came later.

The horse was a lady. Her name was Bird. She was very little, and very brown, and very old. I fear we were an ill-matched pair, for I was neither very little, nor yet very brown, nor very old. We ambled along flat country lanes in the lazy summer afternoon. The fence posts wore jaunty bonnets of ivy already showing here and there a scarlet leaf in the glistening green. Beyond them were painted fields of golden Spanish needles, and at intervals dreary unpainted houses. But late purple asters stared from the roadside, and tall sunflowers nodded a kindly greeting.

I found that Bird went very fast as long as she could, and then determinedly walked. Her owner had told me she would not bear a whip. Why, I should as soon have thought of whipping a dear old lady! For years Bird was to be my best friend, and sometimes my only one. Sometimes I was hungry that she might dine; and she rewarded me with such friendship as one does not always expect from humankind.

When, almost at sunset, we came to a rocky, wider road, I saw a dense forest which looked to me like a bear preserve. We turned north, and there was the orchard. A truly terrifying sight to an orchardist, it might have delighted the eye of a painter. Long vistas of wide-branching, unpruned trees, drawing ever closer and closer until they met toward the setting sun. Tall waving broom sedge of faintest rosy yellow, from a distance as soft to the eye as the down on a bird's breast. (I soon learned that the enchanting broom sedge was a farmer's pest, and that the neighbors were wont to say by way of comparison, 'As thick as the sage grass in the widder's orchard.') Above this billowing sea of sunlit gold the scarlet apples glinted in the sun's low light.

A pathless, beautiful wilderness, my abandoned orchard scarred the landscape with a horticultural crime. But, I reflected, *I* was not to blame for this orchard. I did not create and forsake it. It was wished on me. The sins of the father-in-law in the form of more than five thousand apple trees were visited upon me.

But then and there I must have accepted the burden of sin, for suddenly I decided to strike one blow for my orchard before I sought euthanasia under a tree. After all, to die properly

I must die on a hazy afternoon when for the last time the bee hums drowsily in my ears and the blue of the autumn sky glimmers slowly away.

Perhaps my kind of courage was but petrified fear, for when my spirit began to thaw a little with pity for my own orchard I looked about fearfully at the evening shadows and we drove on at a great pace.

At the next house I saw a woman in the yard gathering eggs and putting them in a huge basket. She came to the gate to greet me — a sweet-faced, soft-voiced German woman of middle age.

When I told her that I had come to take over the orchard, and asked her if she would keep me awhile, she seemed to hesitate, but agreed that I might stay the night. At supper the young son said, 'Folks around here say that yore agent has made enough money already offen yore place to start a store. I 'low he won't be any too glad you've come.' Judging from my own experience, I think this must have been pure rural jealousy, for with my undivided attention it was long before I could have started a grocery store with the proceeds of the orchard.

At last I climbed into a towering feather bed and slept until the chickens awoke me.

As I lay at sunrise reading my pocket edition of Epictetus to fortify my spirit against the terrors of the day, the German woman looked in and said, 'May I comb my hairs by your looking-glass?'

And as she brushed her 'hairs' — endearing expression! — into a shiny knob at the back of her neck she asked, 'You like to read?'

'Yes, very much. Do you?'

The tears came into her great gray eyes. 'So much. But my husband and my children think I waste my time to read. They are not pleased. I must work always. We have no papers or books.'

Had I any books for the woman in my trunk at the station of the little city nine miles to the north? I had bought my ticket to Clintonville, — though that is not the name, — but had stopped at the hamlet nearer the orchard. There were but three books in the trunk. The New Testament. The woman had that, of course. An anthology of modern poetry. Not that. Amiel's *Journal*. Impossible. Well, they would not permit the poor woman to read, anyway.

'I wish I could stay with you awhile,' I said.

She looked away. 'The agent — he might not like it. He has a vacant house by the orchard. He might let you live there. You ask him.'

At breakfast the woman's crippled husband told me that he and his son were driving to Clintonville and would fetch my trunk. I followed him to the barn, shadowy and sweet with new-mown hay, and there learned to harness Bird. The man sneezed; and when I gave the usual salutation in German he looked down and said slowly, '*Ach*, it is so long — so long time — since the politeness.'

When he looked up I fancied there were tears in his eyes. The daughter, who had remained sullen, watched me drive away with relief and amusement in her beady black eyes. The old culture of kindness and civility had died in an arid atmosphere of fear and poverty.

But her mother said: 'When we moved here we lived twelve years before the neighbors came to see us. They said we were Dutch. We paid off the mortgage, though — with chickens; long time we lived on corn bread and sorghum. They come now. But maybe they do not like us well.

Maybe it will be hard for you — the first years, maybe.'

IV

Solitude! I had found the right place. And I came to know that the coldness of a city can never equal the cruelty of a rural community, where every man is desperately afraid of his neighbor's opinion and shrinks in unfeigned horror from anything foreign to his customs and experience. Of course, not conscious cruelty, but, like all cruelty, a lack of imagination. But at the time such philosophy was beyond me, and I spent weary years in acquiring comfort therein.

The agent I found to be a keen-eyed, lank, likable farmer. He gazed at me quizzically when I told him I had come to take over the orchard, and suggested that instead I take the neighborhood school and 'board round.' When I gently refused, he agreed to let me move into his partly furnished house opposite the orchard, and declined any rent. Then he abandoned me to my fate, and I scarcely saw him for years.

Bird and I drove away, almost happily, to view our domain. The house was a faded white story-and-a-half building, very old. There was a wide hall, with a room on either side, one having a fireplace, and two attic rooms above. There were several broken beds, a chair, a table, some pots and pans, and even a few dishes on a shelf. The floors were beautiful. They were, I afterward found, of pecan. And the passing feet of half a century had lent them a wonderful patina. I longed for a broom and a mop. But the house must wait. I thirsted to set my feet in the orchard. Tying Bird to a roadside tree, I crept through the barbed-wire fence and swam through broom sedge as high as my head. Deep in the grass lay what seemed to me thousands of bushels of apples. A virgin crop, they gleamed scarlet and gold in the morning sun.

The agent had said: 'This hain't no fruit country. Everybody's home orchard has died on 'em. Yourn is the only big orchard in this county. But you can't sell a apple. They ships apples in. You see, yore apples ain't sprayed, and the buyers won't look at 'em.'

Very awkwardly I backed Bird against the fence and loaded the cart with fallen apples. Then we set out for the nearest village, four and one-half miles away. There I sold the apples for eighty cents the bushel, and bought a broom, a package of oatmeal, and some cans of milk. It was borne in upon me that I was to be not exactly popular in this community, and I doubted if a farmer would sell me milk.

At the house I found my huge familiar trunk, containing little but old party finery which I had not been able to wear. I had carried nothing with me but my violin and a hand bag. There was a good well at the door, so I swept and scrubbed, and attacked what seemed to me hundreds of spiders. They ran about in that sickening way, stopping suddenly so very still, as if with their little eyes they were contemptuously deciding where to bite. At last my pecan floors glistened, and I opened my trunk. Firmly throttling memories, I made curtains of full-skirted pink organdies and bedcovers of purple velvet gowns. The little cloisonné jar of tragic memory and my three books decorated the mantel.

The moon arose and took possession of my shining room. I ate my porridge by its light, for I had forgotten candles; then I lay upon my royal couch and invoked the spirit of solitude.

The spirit did not come. Instead, I

procured a stick and pounded all night at intervals, to frighten away the rats. Such huge rats! They scampered about and ran away with my shoes, and I never found the left one again. There was perhaps half a bushel of party slippers in the trunk, and I wore them all the autumn. Later, when the frost came and the little barefooted boys picked up fallen apples in the orchard, I shared with them, and it was a piteous but amusing sight to see high-heeled pink satin slippers peeping coyly from beneath ragged little overalls.

Ah, it was a poor country, and we were poor people.

V

The next day I drove to the village, carrying enough apples to purchase either a cat or a pistol. I preferred the cat, for I was at that time too desperate to fear anything but rats. No one would sell me a cat, so I bought a secondhand pistol. And though I had to lean against a tree and pull the trigger with both hands, after faithful practice in the depth of the orchard I once shot a rat, and always frightened the other rats away for a while.

It rained — a cold autumn drizzle. The old house leaked, and I moved my bed. Bird shivered under a tree, for there was no barn. One night, in desperation, I lighted a candle in the hall and escorted her through to the dining room. After that when it rained or was cold she lived there and took her meals from the mantel. The meals, I fear, consisted largely of apples.

I knew of no way to determine when the apples should be 'pulled.' But I needed money, and surely they should be ripe. So I looked about for someone to help me gather them. There were neighbors who I knew needed work, but each and every one refused to work for me. Perhaps they doubted if I could pay them. The women would have none of me. That hurt; and by that hurt I knew that I was alive.

Looking back, I see what an appalling object I must have been to these practical farmers and their sedate wives. These women, after the added labor of preparation had rubbed all the gilt from the gingerbread, made, perhaps, a long-coveted journey to village or city once in six months, — for there were few motor cars then among these poor people, — while almost every day they watched me, in what to them was city finery, singing or whistling blithely along the lanes with Bird. Then, too, I lived alone, and the sound of my fiddle in tuneless wails could be heard by any passer-by at any hour of the night or day. The wonder is that I was not mobbed. Though it was like lead on my heart that even the children were forbidden to come to my house, how could they know that I was bewildered and hurt? For life at this time had me beaten, and I whistled through the wood to keep up my courage.

One morning as I sat communing with Epictetus, and had almost attained sufficient stoicism to watch, smilingly, my apples rotting on the trees, a man appeared and asked for work. The Ancient Mariner himself would have seemed short, and plump, and blond beside him. He wore huge spectacles over the palest eyes I had ever seen. Above them grew a black stubble where every hair seemed sentiently stubborn. Delighted at finding someone who really desired to work for me, I engaged him at once, and no questions asked. He immediately set out to find a boarding place. At sunset he returned in a state bordering on

exhaustion. He reported that all refused to board him except a widow five miles to the west, who demanded two weeks' board in advance. Quite simply he added, 'You see, I have no money.' In the same way I replied that neither had I, but I had hopes.

I had. For I had driven to Clintonville and had there arranged for a small mortgage on my land — expecting, of course, to drive home with the money in my pocket. But not so. There seemed absurd delays. Later I found that I might have borrowed enough money to operate the orchard in a kind of way. But to me a mortgage spelled ruin. Too often on the stage or the screen I had seen a mortgage eject worthy old people from an ancestral home, or drive the star to the brink of suicide by the insistence of the villain. So I only asked for enough to build me a little dwelling at the orchard. And a very pleasant carpenter near by, who was a bachelor and could in a measure defy public opinion, agreed to build it for me, and have it finished by the next February! I placed the money in the bank and dared not touch it, trusting that the apples would pay any workers I might employ.

Stevens (so he told me his name was) did not seem at all alarmed about wages, and, since he was obviously worn out, I told him to take a bed in the attic and gave him a blue opera coat for a blanket.

The next morning I suggested that he catch a ride in a passing wagon to Clintonville and in some way compel half-a-dozen apple pickers to return with him. Late in the afternoon he drove in with two boys and four men in a wagon drawn by mules. The men went into camp on the beautiful little river that ran through my wood. They said they had camped there before. The two boys I kept in the attic with Stevens, but they took their meals in camp.

Stevens was rather apologetic about the crew. He said he almost despaired of finding anyone, and that three of these men were 'just off the rock pile.' The man who owned the team was a relative of one of the others, and the two boys were his sons. Indeed, they were tattered and torn and leery-eyed; but, I reflected unwisely, what had beauty of bearing or of character to do with picking apples?

Overjoyed at finding a willing worker, I had neglected to ask Stevens his qualifications, and soon discovered that, while I was never able to plumb his knowledge of geology or astronomy, — he was a practising poet also, — his knowledge of apples seemed as limited as my own. But the men liked him, and when he could withdraw his mind from the beauties of nature and the wonders of science he worked well. It became my duty to grapple him to reality and to throw out the 'sacred anchor' in time of a poetic storm. Later on he told me that he had come to the orchard to eat apples, having read that xerophagy and apples would rid one of a taste for intoxicants. I replied that there were plenty of apples. He answered that after the first meal with me he felt secure about the xerophagy, but that his eyes were weak and continual gazing on the broom sedge might bring on xanthocyanopia.

Perhaps it was the xerophagy that kept him so absent-minded. One morning, for example, when in the cold gray dawn I had prepared breakfast on the fireplace, I gave him the tray to take to the little table with its long white silk cloth in the hall, while I searched about for the other spoon. Returning, I found him at the east door facing the sunrise; but where was the breakfast? I reminded him that the

breakfast had disappeared and that the men were waiting in the orchard. At last I prepared a second breakfast, and as Stevens penitently seated himself, his eyes still fixed on the red dawn, he stretched one of his preternaturally long legs under the table and, peering down with his myopic eyes, said quietly, in his slow drawl: 'Why, that appears to be the previous breakfast. Odd, is n't it, that I should have placed it under the table?'

VI

Apple orcharding is a happy industry — at least, in the way we managed it. The hazy Indian-summer air, the lithe figures of the men swinging through the trees, — we had no ladders and picked in any convenient receptacle, — the joy of following the pickers with vine-wreathed hair and dispensing water from the cart. 'Sunburnt mirth . . . with beaded bubbles winking at the brim' of the tin cup.

I fancy derisive neighbors shared our mirth. For this was our method. We picked until noon, piling the apples in a great heap, usually selecting the spot for the beauty of the view. In the afternoon we sat in a circle and with much discussion and exchange of advice we piled the good apples at one side and the faulty ones at the other. Stevens used always to say, 'Now, boys, "for heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings."' And he beguiled the serene hours with tales from Shakespeare or the *Idylls of the King*. One of the men from 'the rock pile' — I never knew his crime — had been an evangelist for some obscure religious sect. He had a plaintive 'whispering barytone,' and when he led off in 'Rock of Ages,' and we all joined in, it was very lovely in the lonely orchard where the silken broom sedge whispered with us and the patient, reverent trees listened. There usually ensued a cessation of labor. Then, when the sky was gray and windswept, or the thunder muttered, we covered the apple piles deep with broom sedge and went to fish in Pleasant Run in my wood.

Gradually it dawned upon me that these uncouth, taciturn, lawbreaking men were my fellow creatures, each with his own ambitions, dreams, and heartaches. And I should like to trumpet it abroad that in all the years alone at my orchard — and I must have employed in those years hundreds of men like these — I never once overheard a profane or an indelicate word. True, in after years my checks were sometimes raised, and my apples were sometimes stolen. But the very men who stole from me would, if I were ill, tramp miles after a day's work to procure me some dainty, or would hunt until dark for a young squirrel for my broth.

It may be that in the city I had set my standard too high and was like to perish of the cold. Here, close to the forgiving earth, the flowers bloomed among the rank weeds of human nature. To this hour my mind goes back to those first absurd halcyon days with delight. Afterward I became 'a damned capitalist' in a small way, and then no more of serene companionship under the arching trees.

In all too short a time the trail of the serpent could be plainly discerned. The men needed their wages and the mortgage money had not come. Nor had I sold enough apples to pay them. With a silent prayer I sent the ex-evangelist and his son to a mining camp twenty miles away, their wagon loaded with my best apples, which they were to peddle. Two days, and they had not returned. I drove Bird to Clintonville, moved more by a

desire for action than by a reasonable hope of finding the evangelist. At dusk, quite by accident, I met the man. He was a little drunk, but he had not spent the apple money, and we all drove happily home.

I paid the men, and spent the remaining money for barrels. All the apples I had ever seen were in barrels or boxes. I felt that my apples were not perhaps worthy of boxes; and I had not the faintest idea of how to dispose even of barrels. Still, I meant to do the proper thing as an orchardist. In Clintonville, at a commission house, I bought barrels and looked about for a barreler. None was to be found; so I informed Stevens that he was destined to become a barreler. Stevens demurred. He pleaded piteously, 'Why, lady, I can't barrel. It takes a thing like a machine.' I drove again to the commission house and acquired a theoretical knowledge of barreling, and bought a wabbly old secondhand lever press; and after much secret practice by the light of the harvest moon in the depths of the orchard I introduced Stevens to the amused and hostile neighbors, who looked on from afar, as an expert barreler. Even then Stevens almost failed me. But I fixed a stern and hypnotic eye upon him, and when that barrel head went down into the chine it was a breathless but triumphant moment for us both. Poor Stevens, with his exasperating lopsided lever press, swore softly, and no doubt classically, under his breath, all the autumn.

There were too many apples for the local market, and not enough for a carload. That is, of the barreled ones. We sold the seconds rather well at the mines and to peddlers. Reluctantly I dismissed my friends the pickers, and hired from the city two wagons and teams. We hauled the barreled apples to Clintonville and stored them in a vacant building near the railway. We did not take the precaution of icing them. I had never seen ice about barrels in a grocery. One day Stevens reported that the apples were rotting. We drove every day to Clintonville and repacked. We dripped cider, we breathed cider, we reeked of cider. But we sold the discarded apples at a good price, and repacked the good ones. It grew cold. We drove with Bird the long nine miles home at night, often in the rain. Expecting to leave the orchard before cold weather, we had no fuel provided. Sometimes, arriving home at midnight, half frozen, we gathered weeds to start the fire in the fireplace. A blessed weed the natives called 'Jerusalem weed' would blaze instantly, and I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the Zionists since.

VII

About this time it was that Stevens took to drink — and I envied him the privilege. He went to a small hotel near the stored apples and began writing poems. His landlady told me that he terrorized the house with a pistol because the noise disturbed his writing. One day, quite chastened, he reappeared. I told him to cheer up — the apples were repacked, and I meant to go forth and sell the barrels or perish. He could ship them at my order.

I took a pretty little basket of samples, and in an adjacent state where apples did not flourish I sold them all, one hundred and twenty-three barrels, at five and even seven dollars the barrel. I have never been able to get such a good price since. It was on this trip that I began to establish a reputation among the farmers for being able to 'sell a book to a blind man.' I dug into the mysteries of

salesmanship unaided. The principles involved were startling. Once, in a city where apples much inferior to mine were selling at a good price, I could not sell a barrel. Discouraged, I spent some hours with Epictetus at a hotel, went forth and raised the price two dollars the barrel — and sold well.

At this time I could with difficulty distinguish one variety of apple from another. A canny grocer asked the difference between two of my samples. 'Oh,' I answered easily, 'the same variety. One just remained longer on the tree and colored.'

'You have a remarkable orchard,' he observed dryly, 'where a York Imperial can change to a Gano by remaining on the tree.' But he bought in high good humor. My delighted giggle sold them, perhaps.

Stevens left in December. He said that under ordinary circumstances he believed the cure would have worked, but from now on the apples of Hesperides were Dead Sea apples to him. He was faithful to the end, however, and as we drove to the village on the last wagon of culls he inscribed a poem 'To the Western Sky from the Orchard.'

I went for repairs to a friend in another state, to remain until February, when I meant to return to my own dwelling and prune five thousand trees — or thereabout.

The old house with the shining floors looked at me reproachfully as I closed the door forever; and I wept on Bird's brown shoulder as I said good-bye at the livery barn in Clintonville where I left her. But I whispered to her that there were no more mantels for her, but a nice manger in a new little barn in only six weeks.

As I cast a last look at my patient trees I was still honest enough to grin. For, seeking solitude and fleeing from injustice, I had made a little money on the drudgery of others. As for solitude, I had, instead, touched the electric cord that binds so close those who work together in manual labor — a primitive tie as strong as that which binds those who break bread together in the desert.

Alas, too, I had tasted a tiny sip of the heady draught of power. And even had I foreseen the hardships and absurd adventures awaiting me, I think I should have returned to my abandoned orchard.

(*To be continued*)

JUST THINK

BY SUSANNE K. LANGER

I

EUROPEANS are in the habit of thinking. The common man plays with doctrines of utilitarianism or internationalism, the philosopher with egos and absolutes, but everybody thinks about *something* that seems like the framework and justification of his world.

Americans, by and large, have given up the practice of thinking about the world; even socialism, the quickest and cheapest product of reflective thought, does not retain its philosophical flavor in this country, but becomes an amorphous symbol of discontent in general.

The intellectual difference is most striking between European and American youth. Adolescence is the natural time for the dawning of ideas, if any are going to dawn; it has often been remarked how much more mature are the French *élèves de lycée* and the German *Gymnasiasten* than American high-school students of corresponding age. They are idealists or monists or rationalists, theists or atheists, they profess a definite attitude toward the State and the universe. Our children have never heard of rationalism or monism, and their religious thought is a compromise between theology and common sense, rarely breaking with the faith of their fathers, and just as rarely accepting it literally or whole-heartedly — an ambiguous, pragmatic position that scarcely merits the name of 'thought.' This is apt to be maintained, in fossilized form, for a lifetime, because no upheavals of pure reason ever disturb it.

Why should our children bother their heads about theories and isms? We are perfectly happy without abstract philosophies; we are more comfortable and just as educated as our friends across the sea. Our manner of life is more rapid, varied, and efficient than theirs; that is because we don't 'make thoughts our aim,' don't draw fine distinctions or build systematic philosophies. We find that we can teach our children everything they need to know without resorting to isms and abstractions, that in fact we can teach them much more easily by omitting the useless theoretical concepts which academicians love.

The process of acquiring knowledge may, indeed, be carried on without any reference to abstract concepts. All the elementary human accomplishments — talking, writing, reckoning sums, memorizing alleged facts of history or of simple scientific causation — are more readily learned through association of words and images, especially images, than through the understanding of any theoretical import. Learning is essentially a process of integrating conditioned reflexes. In fact, the superior speed of association over systematic understanding is so striking that it has even been discovered by educational psychologists, who adopt the pedagogical rule: 'Teach by concrete instances, not abstract principles; illustrate rather than expound; always begin with practice, not theory.'

The results are astounding. Pupils learn arithmetic, English, geography, civics, chemistry, and a jumble of other subjects almost without effort. They know where cotton is grown, where coal is mined, how to find cubic areas, and how long it takes a man and a half to do the work of two; they can find the specific gravity of anything that does not melt too fast, and turn potatoes blue with iodine, if they are properly conditioned to remember that iodine is to be used, not mercurochrome. They can do algebra, too, though there is always a large proportion of students who hate it because it is abstract and silly. Those who like it enjoy the charades — the so-called 'examples' wherein the unknown is to be found.

The success of 'concrete' presentation has heightened our disrespect for abstractions. We are not even alarmed at a fact which is becoming increasingly evident — that most persons *cannot* handle them. But we do notice, with surprise, that Americans do not really like to think. They form opinions on all matters, not only those which they understand; but an opinion is simply a reaction of common sense or feeling, not a product of analysis and insight. Everybody has an opinion on prohibition, patriotism, fundamentalism, marriage; but very few people have a doctrine, or organized system of thought, about any of these matters. The average man does not turn social or religious problems over and over in his mind, seeking new interpretations, new conclusions; at best he may recognize a new argument in favor of his habitual contentions when he happens to run across one. No matter how enterprising and self-assured he may be in dealing with contracts, machines, statistics, stocks, or other familiar things, he is pathetically timid and helpless in handling general ideas, religious, ethical, or metaphysical. A mature and educated man will deliver himself of some tedious Sunday truism with the apologetic comment, 'That's the conclusion I've come to, in my simple way.' Intelligent persons who would not sign a lease or a warrant without precisely examining its terms accept their spiritual assets and obligations on whatever authority they can find. They know that they could not themselves analyze, let alone correct, the terms on which they stand with the world.

The reason for this condition is that we cannot think sufficiently to make sense out of the countless facts which we know about the world. Our schools give us neither technique nor practice in thinking — indeed, they are specially designed to eliminate any need of it. Our pedagogical ideal is anti-theoretical; we are interested only in the *results* of thought, — that is, in beliefs, — not in thought as a process. The results may be those of someone else's thought, and may be acquired without personal exertion. Thus, after a few generations of painless education, individual thinking is a lost art.

II

There are people who deplore the way the use of automobiles has reduced our bodily fitness and form; but no one is heard to complain that the history syllabus and the literary synopsis, the summary and the outline, are reducing our logical independence. Since it has become increasingly evident that the modern mind is overfed, unable to analyze and organize all it has acquired, we try to help its weakness by presenting just as much material in predigested form, neatly separated out, all waste removed, all transformations made — in lectures, books, and sermons designed to show the order and connectedness of facts.

We replace the ordering and summarizing powers of the mind by bigger and better summaries — stories of mankind, of philosophy, Europe, China, medicine, evolution. We believe our trouble lies in the fact that we have tried to see too many details. Thus we add to our phobia of abstractions a distrust of exact scholarship, but the wisdom our students acquire from orientation courses, surveys, and stories of this and that does not improve their attitude toward life. We have merely fed them big vague facts in place of little clear ones; people feel more educated for this imposing sort of knowledge, but not more able, self-contained, and balanced. In fact, they are apt to be upset if the universe suddenly looms too large, may lose their bearings through the very agencies that promised orientation. A bewildered mind can be helped only by being given instruments of thought — not bigger facts to think about.

Abstract concepts, which we despise so heartily, are the instruments of thought. Concepts are the framework of experience, the principles of understanding. Without them we could not think at all. A certain outfit of concepts, or general ideas, is acquired instinctively by every normal mind, and used unconsciously; this outfit is known as common sense and contains the categories of our everyday reason — place, time, thing, quality, likeness and difference, and so on. It is sufficient for all ordinary practical purposes. Common sense construes the world for us in a way so familiar that we do not realize it has been construed at all; if we are not reminded of the fact that we are using abstract concepts, we shall use these familiar ones unconsciously.

But for purposes of clearing up our ideas about remoter matters than those of the day's work, common sense is not sufficient. It presents some problems in too simple a form. There are certain questions which cannot be answered because they are based on misconceptions; sometimes the misconceptions are dictated by tradition, sometimes by common sense, but always they give rise to insoluble puzzles. Now, mental power is essentially the power to rearrange a problem, which has come to a deadlock, in such a way that it presents a different aspect and may be tackled from a new angle. That is the secret of original thinking. It involves understanding of the way the situation was misconceived — a very exact diagnosis of what was confused and wrong, not about the answer, but about the question.

For instance, a certain set of facts in the realm of physics cannot be explained; generations of physicists try to answer the question of how these facts could possibly exist when the laws of motion seem to make them impossible. Some deny the facts, some seek hidden agencies and fail to find any, or resort to other fantastic explanations — until Einstein, with his tremendous power of abstract analysis, asks whether the laws of motion which preclude these facts are themselves correctly conceived. That gives the problem a new slant. But it involves an upheaval in the realm of common-sense concepts, makes us aware of such abstractions as space, time, object, identity, which we had always assumed unconsciously. It requires new concepts, unusual ways of construing the whole universe — the 'things' and 'places' of common sense give way to a new picture, a different stage for the physical drama. And in this other picture the wicked facts cease from troubling; they have not received special explanation — their explanation is implied in the new system as a whole. They are no longer special problems.

We need not resort to Einstein for examples of questions whose very statement eludes our mental grasp; the philosophical muddles which beset almost everyone are perfect instances. Free will, the beginning of the world, the possibility of knowing truth, the existence of God — these are all problems that cannot be successfully handled in their common-sense mould. Yet they are not inherently mysterious; they merely require unusual conception, more careful and sometimes original statement, to become rational and negotiable.

The success of our 'concrete' and 'practical' learning process is due to the fact that it never requires conceptual readjustment, but casts all subjects — science and history, language, even mathematics — into the mould of simple fact. The ease with which our students learn is due to the skillful way in which they are taught, without ever leaving the confines of common sense — that is, without making the use of concepts a conscious matter at all. That is why they learn without mental strain, and without mental growth. It is also the reason why educated Americans do not think about ultimate problems of the world. The baffling problems of life and death, good and evil, require a mind trained for analyzing facts into general truths. That is the sort of training which our schools completely neglect to give us.

Our children are allowed to learn the most interesting things unphilosophically. Therefore they do not even realize that anything they learn is interesting. History remains an uninspiring jumble of facts as long as we cannot recognize its basic conceptions — time, change, human nature, chance, design. The discovery and mastery of such concepts should be a result of historic study, quite as much as factual knowledge. We consider all such notions beyond the grasp of the high-school student, but if they are, it is our own fault — we have not given him any familiarity with abstractions, any dexterity in manipulating concepts. He has learned history since the third or fourth grade, but he has not learned to think historically.

The same condition holds for science. Physics is a jumble of cause-and-effect phenomena. Boys are interested in some of its applications; but unless they are destined to become engineers or mechanics, they will forget their experiments (which really were not experiments, as the findings were all predicted in the textbook) when, or if, they outgrow the radio craze. Girls usually dislike physics. They may think household chemistry amusing or useful, until kitchen experience makes its results obvious anyway and the laboratory predictions a vague, useless memory. These boys and girls have learned science, but not to think scientifically. In fact, high-school graduates do not think in any way that sets them apart from the unschooled; they know more, but they do not think differently.

III

How could the school curriculum remedy this defect in our mental training? How could we prepare our children to handle the facts which their exaggerated education presents to them, and counterbalance the dead weight of their learning?

By nothing less than a new pedagogical principle: by teaching fewer facts, and presenting more ideas. This would require a reform of the curriculum, as many previous experiments have done, but above all it would involve a radical change in our pedagogical ideals. We should have to give up our horror of abstractions, and learn to respect theoretical insight;

instead of scoffing at all philosophy as 'a spectral dance of bloodless categories,' we should exercise ourselves and our pupils in making correct generalizations, in avoiding the common pitfalls of theoretical thought, and acquiring skill and ease in its proper application. Incidentally, this could be done only by teachers of some mental capacity. In Europe it is not unusual to find good books, works of research and scholarship, written by *professeurs de lycée* and *Gymnasial-lehrer*. Original thinking is not the special privilege of college professors. Children in high school come in contact with teachers who profess a point of view, explore hypotheses, and thus reveal the fact that there are different ways of looking at the same thing, and that some facts are not yet known. Our children do not respond to our constant prodding, 'Find it out for yourself,' because they feel that we know the answer and withhold it merely for the sake of discipline. They do not realize that their answer, besides being right or wrong, might be interesting. And their unfamiliarity with all abstract ideas, with implication and logical possibilities, makes them despair of any analysis that has to be carried further than a step or two.

Most fields of high-school study could offer some opportunity for analytic thought; history, for instance, fairly bristles with general problems. What makes a fact historic? Where do historians get their information? How far back does history go? The main purpose of teaching history should be to make the student realize how many aspects of our present-day world, — peculiarities of the social order, the law, the government, our attitude toward women, toward religion, toward socialism, and so forth, — though they may seem arbitrary and odd in themselves, are perfectly comprehensible as products of our past. He should gradually be brought to see, rather than be told, why the study of history begins with Greece and Rome, not with Columbus.

Physics should make us aware, first of all, of a physical universe, the conception of natural law, the meaning of hypothesis, observation, induction. The fundamental physical facts should be discovered by real observation, not learned and then illustrated. Students should be taught to observe simple phenomena without being told what they are going to see. At least occasionally, in very obvious cases, they should begin by reporting their findings. These should first be noted as peculiarities of matter, then explained by the physical hypotheses. There should be emphasis on the relationship between original observation, hypothesis or constructive imagination, and experiment, or verification.

Algebra, of course, is the special training ground of the reason. At present it is a perfectly useless encumbrance to the average mind, which never even discovers why examples are called 'examples' and not 'puzzles.' The fact that an example is one possible illustration of a general form, that it illustrates relations rather than requires an answer, probably escapes the teacher as well as the pupil. The pupil is taught that a, b, and c are 'constants' and x, y, and z are 'variables'; all it means to him is that he must 'solve' for x, y, and z, and may carry a, b, and c over into the statement of his solution. Often enough the variables are called the 'unknowns.' But what we should really know about algebra is that it is the generalization of arithmetic, not that it reveals the numerical value of unknowns. If the student gains nothing else, at least he should acquire facility in thinking about *any number*, *any other number*, the ways of putting numbers together,

or *operations*, and the varieties of combinations which amount to the same thing, which are different descriptions of the same magnitude — *equations*. The teacher's chief aim should be to show the value of generalization; to illustrate $(a+b)^2=a^2+2ab+b^2$ by $(2+3)^2=4+12+9=5^2=25$. Students should learn to solve difficult problems in arithmetic by the quick use of algebraic formulæ; not only to find the numerical value of x's. The use of brackets — the fundamental technique of formal thinking — could profitably be carried over into scientific classification and literary analysis. Then algebra would really endow the mind with analytic power, incisiveness, and clear judgment.

When our boys and girls enter college, those at least who are enrolled at the better institutions have their first experience of general ideas, conflicting opinions, and rival doctrines. They hear for the first time about 'sources' and 'exploded hypotheses' and 'phenomena.' It is a serious indictment of our educational system that most of them are overwhelmed by the change of mental diet. Most colleges have found it necessary to debar the average freshman from philosophical courses altogether. His mind is absolutely unprepared. The freshman year is becoming more and more a sort of college-preparatory year, devoted to making up the deficiencies of the high-school training. A student who can pass all the entrance examinations, who has three times as much information about algebra, Latin, the Roman republic, and Macbeth as he is ever going to use or enjoy, is not mentally competent to do elementary college work.

High-school children have too flabby a diet — too many minced and predigested things that merely fill them up. That is why so many of them suffer from mental indigestion their first year at college when they are suddenly given more solid food — general ideas, 'queer' propositions, incongruous data that call for philosophical orientation. Their minds are as limited, stereotyped, and cautiously arranged as textbooks.

Now it may be that we should hesitate to put such explosive material as social, religious, or metaphysical ideas at the command of our young people, and that a psychoanalyst would even see in this our fear the reason why we tell them so assiduously that abstract concepts, the instruments of free thought, are useless and dull. General ideas, especially to a youthful mind that has just discovered them, are intoxicating; they are apt to lead to absurd actions and demands. In our American social structure, where youth is almost totally unrepressed, where parental dictatorship is decried and rarely practised, strong theoretical motives might prove destructive rather than helpful. It is quite conceivable that the reason why our young people are allowed so much freedom lies in the fact that they are relatively innocuous. Perhaps it would not be good for the world if we changed our educational ideal, and were prepared, as a nation, to take a philosophical attitude toward life. The question, 'Should children learn to think?' is more than a mere rhetorical question; we are in the habit of answering it loudly in the affirmative, but there remains a formidable argument for the negative side. For I sincerely believe that if we added to our energy and initiative the habit of theoretical thinking, we should be a dangerous people.

THE CEDARS OF NONSUCH

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

EVERY time I come up from diving among the coral reefs I find I have an increased interest in botany. Under water I associate with an astonishing number of animals masquerading as plants: sea lilies, lichens, fungus, moss, grass, fruit trees, vines, blossoms, shrubs, ancient and weather-beaten trees — all are represented, and only by careful scrutiny is the animal character apparent. I come up and see the trees and lesser plants of Nonsuch swaying in the currents of air, I note their forms, colors, and patterns, and instinctively I watch for sudden unplantish movements. I look for a visiting insect to be seized and eaten; I wonder if the jellyfish which drops when ripe from the branch of its parent has no simile on land.

And then I think of the sundew trapping and devouring its prey, of the 'nervousness' of sensitive plants, of the capable defense of nettles, the sleeping postures of flowers, and the almost reasoned efforts of vines to attain light and water. There come to mind the terrible tragedies of trees choked to death by parasites; the time when a bamboo sprout carried my hat out of reach in three days, and the sad death of a carrot from alcoholism as portrayed by Sir Chandra Bose. The 'sleep' of plants must be a very light one, and stirred by many ambitious dreams.

The plants of Nonsuch Island have a compelling interest wholly lacking in those of a great tropical forest or in the Canadian woods. An army is a thing of no vital, absorbing interest, but a single soldier may hold our attention unwaveringly. In a jungle our concentration is distracted by the multiplicity of forms which cover every inch of ground and reach high up into the sky. On Nonsuch I could easily count the cedar trees and learn something of the individuality of each.

One trenchant difference between the pseudo-flora of undersea and the flora on shore is that currents seem to have no effect on the shape of the former. Branch coral, in fact, seems to lean a little *toward* any steady current of water, perhaps because it carries the only source of food. Sea plumes are eager, as children at table are eager — swaying slightly toward the door of the butler's pantry whence dessert is imminent. I am certain that no bend of abysmal branch or twist of animal blossom anywhere reveals the direction of the Gulf Stream.

Even on one of those rare Bermuda days when not a breath stirs and the sea is glassy, or when a northeast storm is raging, a single glance at the cedars before my laboratory and I could predict southerly and westerly winds for well-nigh the remaining three hundred and sixty-three days of the year!

The moulding power of the invisible is a theme which in force and effect is worthy of the best expression the human mind can give, and the thoughts I have about my leaning cedars are very wonderful ones. They stir and rise in my mind, they course down my arm

and hand, reach my pen point, and — dry there.

Nonsuch botany spreads over half the world, not only as immigrants and stowaways, but in the power of suggestion. Witness the cedars. I listen at night to the wind soughing through their branches, I sniff at a bunch of the dried, leafy twigs hung over my bed, and as the dawn comes up and snuffs out many stars, a planet or two, and St. David's light, the tossing of dark green foliage outside my door is the undulating of a magic emerald carpet, which, aided by the sound and scent, carries me mentally, sensually, and emotionally to the biting cold among the deodars of Garhwal.

A hundred feet from my doorway is a solid clump of cactus. I have not yet tried this, but I am sure that one day I shall sit down close to it in a driving rain, with the surf pounding full-voiced a few yards beyond and hurling spray over me with every breaker. And I am equally certain that contemplation of the strange, thorny pads will be all that will be necessary to obliterate sight, sound, and feel of a Bermuda gale, and substitute the hot dry breathlessness of a sandy desert. The mere mention of the illusion at this moment is fostered by the caroling of a Japanese robin in the distance, which recalls, for me, the first unbelievable notes of a canyon wren in a Mexican arroyo.

One memorable evening on Nonsuch my path was suddenly blocked by an odor — so abrupt, so intense, that it might well have been a tangible barrier, and out of the exhalation of a newborn cereus were conjured all the subconsciously recorded details of a Guiana jungle. Leaving all abstract sentiment, I sit down anywhere among the open vegetation of Nonsuch and am at home — head deep in a field of goldenrod.

II

I cannot keep away from the theme of the cedars, for their importance is dominant. Even Dr. Britton writes of the Bermuda juniper as 'one of the most interesting of all trees,' and if 'N. L.' himself thinks so, after his intimacy with alphas and omegas of plants, there is no doubt about it. If Bermuda were decedared it would enter the category of desert islands. Brangman, near us, is epitomized by the fact that not even a cedar grows upon it. In a land of immigrants, stowaways, and garden escapes, the cedar can boast of autochthonous origin, which is a nice, hot-potato-mouth way of saying it is an original inhabitant.

The first arrivals, who were also the first humans to be washed ashore from the outer reefs, found forests of cedars. From these the survivors of the wrecks of the *Bonaventura* and the *Sea Venture* were able to build ships strong enough to carry them to Newfoundland and to Virginia. Later settlers had excellent reason for denuding the island of these primitive giants, for at that time they had not learned the Bermuda method of building comfortable, everlasting houses by sawing out a cellar and piling it up. The intimate place of the cedar in human life is indicated by the perfect suitability of the fragrant, wine-colored wood for the fashioning of cradles, wedding chests, and coffins, to say nothing of ducking stools and gallows. As early as 1622 a law was passed to prevent complete deforestation; to-day one cherishes these trees like precious tapestries or netsukes.

There is no question of the native character of the Bermuda cedar; it is found growing wild nowhere else in the world. But a delicate question of its scientific name gives to think of the exciting laws of scientific nomenclature. One hundred and sixty years after

Henry May of the *Bonaventura* was saved by a cedar 'barke' which he and his shipmates built in Bermuda, Linnæus figured two cedars on the same page, the first of which he called *Juniperus barbadensis* and the second *bermudiana*, for self-evident reasons. There is cause now to think that both were specimens of the Bermuda cedar, in which case the good and true meaning of language must be sacrificed to give place to priority, which is the handmaiden of Einstein's place-time. Yet, though we laugh at calling the Bermuda cedar *barbadensis*, there is a sound basic idea in it — the necessity of uniformity in humanistic views of science.

But let us go back a little way, beyond Linnæus, beyond Henry May, before the ancestors of Bermudez ever were, and before the time of the first Bermuda cedar tree. To-day we know that the nearest related cedar is that of Cuba — nine hundred miles to the southeast. Day after day in April and May I watch newly arrived birds on Nonsuch which have made this distance in one flight. I put several cedar berries into our bird cage and they are snapped up at once. The following morning the hard seeds lie on the earth of the cage, stripped clean of flesh and ready for sprouting. The application of these various facts is only an extension of the fence lines of young cedars in upland New England pastures, unconsciously planted and aligned by roosting waxwings. And so, 'Dearly Beloved,' we have the probable story of how the juniper came to Bermuda.

III

On the north or sheltered slopes of Nonsuch the cedars grow high and symmetrically. They stretch their branches lazily up and outward, and their trunks have thickened steadily and grown straightly through the years. The sound of the surf comes faintly from the distance and now and then the howl of gales passes just overhead in company with low, scudding storm clouds. But these proud cedars have no fear of the elements. There is hardly a dead branch among them, and, like the winter coat of camels, their outside bark hangs loose and dangles undisturbed. We pass over the crest of the island and come to my particular trees, just in front of my door. They still have plenty of height and girth; I can easily walk about beneath their branches, but their tops are flattened and they lean rather heavily to the north and the east. Beyond them, farther down the slope, the cedars begin to crouch with humped shoulders, their backs turned toward the blasts, their fingers stretched ahead, dodging one another for light and air, but with stream lines lying in the paths of least resistance. And now we approach the very edge of the low ledge on whose farther side lies death to all the beings of land. Yet the phalanx of brave cedars does not falter. All soil has gone, there are only rugged rocks with cracks and crevices for roothold. The branches sweep the ground, bracing themselves here and there with knotty elbows. In size, trunks have become branches, branches twigs, yet all keep their character. Given the slightest shelter of a hollow and a cedar staggers to its knees, a replica of the pines of Fujiyama.

These cedars on their knees are the most interesting of all. They emerge from their natal crack in a great gnarly mass of indeterminate root-stem. Their trunk is in appearance a horizontal branch, conforming to the angle of the hill, yet clear of it. I rather imagine that the terrific rasping friction of merely resting upon the rocks would spell destruction within a few gales'

time. It would seem as if the eternal blasting power of the wind fairly blows the sap of life out of the windward branches, for most of these are dead, with occasional spurts of green springing from the heart of the straggling, bleached branch bones, the skeleton of long-past years. Sometimes perhaps the killing was quickly done — some devastating storm of many days' duration which kept air and twigs saturated with salt.

Beyond the asylums of the shell-hole hollows, down the cedars go on all fours again. Now the sea lavender and the oxeye and even the lowly tassel plant call them brother; a little farther waterward and they mingle with the prostrate stems of the seaside morning-glories, creeping upon their bellies, but still with every proud character of their race, their leaf-strung twigs no whit different from those waving fifty feet above the ground.

I like to go down to this front line of battle in a high wind and see the opposing forces in full action. Surely it must have been during a lull that a berry rolled or was carried into this far crevice. It sprouted and took root, and soon the first test came. Since then the pressure has been almost mathematically constant for the plant to adjust root and height so nicely to maintain its balance and hold. One day last week, from no especial stress of weather, one of the proud cedars of the north slope fell over, perhaps from its overconfident topheaviness. Its roots sprawled in mid-air, rather soft and of no great length. Here, where seventh waves spout spray over me as I sit, I use all my strength and pluck a cedarling from its crack. It is not a foot high and has twenty slender, leaf-scaled twigs. Its root is three times as thick as its superstructure, twice as long, and has five lateral rootlets, revealing as many side cracks. I go a few yards inland and replant the sturdy little cedar, giving it a most excellent crack and much tamped-down earth. Then, wholly without justice or logic, I pull up one of its brethren of similar size and cut through the rooty stem to find it started life about nine years ago.

In a little depression, in the sheltered lee of a giant brother, an infant cedar sprouted less than a year ago. There is none of the blue-green, close-scaled character of the older plants, but widespread, pale emerald, spinelike leaves, which show more in common with the creeping spurge on the rock beneath. Like the cedars of the northern slope, the infant thinks the whole world is an easy place to live in, and is only lulled by the roar of the storms. Doubtless it looks with scorn at its brethren overhead, bowing before the blasts. But when its pliant topmost twig reaches the level of the surrounding rocks, and a winter's gale flattens it like tissue, the roots will have to develop new strength, and the fancied security of the little plant must give place to the glory of lifelong combat. After long search I find the whole story on one small plant — smug juvenile confidence, adolescent surprise and quick preparedness, and finally the dense, close-scaled armor and adequate defense of maturity. For every cedar which has fought its way to success, thousands upon thousands must have sprouted, lived hopefully for a space, only to have their sap die down and cease, lifelessly to hold aloft futile, dead twigs, until at last these fell and returned to the stuff of which cedars are made.

IV

The berries on my laboratory trees are now, in August, ready to fall, much eaten by insects and long past their prime. Beyond, in Sprayland, close to the ocean, the crop of cedar berries has only

begun; they are either very small, just after flowering, or still greenish white with none of the purplish bloom of maturity. And the male trees are still powdered with the last billion grains of pollen dust. The tiny feminine cedars seem to win in the last test; at the sheer rim of ocean I find a pitiful offering of berries, perhaps four on the whole plant, fertilized in the very mist from the breakers, and maturing where they are reflected in the tide-pools. These heroic 'bitter-enders' can scatter their offspring nowhere but in the ocean itself — achieving victory under terrific obstacles, for a culmination only of defeat.

I climb back to the second line, where the kneeling cedars draw breath between storms. Prying up the stiff branches and scraping away some of the sandstone, I find ancient trunks sprouting from still older bases. One of these is a bole of unusually large size, one end of which was in some past year cut off rather unskillfully with an axe. I bare part of the circumference, the rest being hidden behind recently solidified sand. A fourteen-inch cedar on the north slope of Nonsuch had seventy-nine rings. This old, bleached, metal-hard trunk shows one hundred far from the heart.

My final count of two hundred and seventy-six is conservative, for I could not reach the very centre, nor was the chopping an event of the immediate past. I scratched on a smooth bit of sandstone the sum in subtraction, and got my initial date as 1653. In an attempt to cut off a splinter, my knife blade broke as cleanly as if I had tried to whittle a steel girder.

I looked over to Castle Island and realized that its old, ruined fort had been built forty years before my tree had taken root. But not until I returned to the laboratory and delved into Bermudian history could I fix on any single item of this year. In an old archive I found that in St. George's, three miles away to the northeast, on April 17, 1653, there took place the trial of John Middleton for witchcraft. The evidence of one Robert Priestly was as follows: —

> Who saith that on Fryday last, being the 15th of this instant, he being removeing Mr. Tucker's cattell in the evening in a peece of ground near to the house of John Middleton, he saw right oppositt agt the house, a Black creatuer lye soe upon the ground in the shape of a catt but farre Bigger, with eyes like fier, and a tayle near as long as a mans arme, And this examynate being some whitt daunted at the first sight, yet tooke courage & went upp close to yt to look on yt. he only saw it move the head, and drawne his knife with a resolution to stabb yt: as he lift up his hand and knife to strike at yt with all his force, he being a strong man, he found he had no power to strike it. Att which this examanate was so amazed and affrighted that his hayre stood up right on his head, and he departeing from yt looked backe, & sawe the said creatuer turn the heade and look wishfully after this examt, but he ran away & left yt: reporting the same to the servant in his house, with much feare. And further saith not.

After prolonged evidence and examination, the account of the trial concludes: —

> The Jury for the keeper of the Commonwealth of England doth present John Middleton of Sandys Tribe in the Somer Islands, Planter, for that he not having the feare of God before his eyes hath feloniously wickedly and abominably consulted and consented to and with the Devill to become a witch. As doth appear by severall signes and markes upon his Body, and that diabolicall sin of witchcraft hath put in practice now lately upon the Body or person of John Makaraton, a Skotsman of about the age of 50 years: and him hath vexed tormented and disquieted contrary to the peace of the Commonwealth of England and the dignity thereof.
>
> This Bill being put to the consideration

of the Grand Inquest was found *Billa vera* and for his further triall he put himselfe upon God and the Country, whereof a jury of 12 men sworne did find him guilty, and sentance of death was pronounced upon him, and he wase executed at Georges towne at the common place of execution the 9th day of May 1653.

Brother Middleton, when he saw there was no escape for himself, apparently decided to make it unpleasant for sundry persons for whom he did not care. For example, he testified against one Goody Christian Stevenson, who, although a kindly soul, always helping her neighbors in times of sickness and trouble, yet, because two small warts inside her mouth did not bleed when pricked, was convicted and hung eleven days after John Middleton.

So it was with such things as these that my cedar in early life was contemporary. And I marveled. And then I looked toward the northeast, my mind going many miles beyond St. George's to the land of America and to Tennessee; I remembered the arguments against the teaching of Evolution, and it occurred to me that this was only some four years ago — and I marveled again!

V

If the plants of Nonsuch could, like the morning stars, sing together, the chorus of Cedar and Sage and Goldenrod would arise from nine tenths of them, these three natives forming the major part of the trees, the shrubs and the weed-like annuals. Yet there are dozens of others all represented by a few plants. As I look over a list which we made out in early spring, I am impressed with the charm of the common names, something almost wholly lacking in fish. When we return from a fishing trip we have hamlets, hinds, gags, groupers, porgies, and breams — titles as uncouth and meaningless as their owners are graceful and beautiful. But sea lavender, seaside goldenrod, tassel plant, sea rocket, star-of-the-earth, mallow, rosy primrose, oleander, poor-man's-weatherglass — these are a delight to tell over, euphonious or meaningful, or both.

In spring Nonsuch is picked out with thousands of pink stars as the oleanders burst forth; later comes the rose red of hibiscus, and gradually, in the autumn months, a background of golden spires sets the island agleam. It is a pleasant alarm when a half-grown great blue heron rises with a sudden raucous outburst from the beach, or a young tropic bird squawks beneath your very feet, but to be surprised by a flower is an even keener joy. I recall, in a waste of gray and silver rocks, when a tiny brilliant face looked up at me, and I saw my first scarlet pimpernel. And after I had found others and had become used to them, I stumbled unexpectedly upon the rare blue race, and Nonsuch gained a new charm. Nothing becomes more monotonous, mile after mile through a car window, than endless wheat fields, and yet to us the finding of a single stalk of wheat growing on our island was a memorable event. It was very probably the only living wheat for a thousand miles. In the matter of plant surprises we need not wallow forever in sweet sentimentalism — the careless somnambulist on Nonsuch may encounter cactus or nettle, obliterating for the time being all charm of botany.

I have made a list of the plants of Nonsuch arranged according to distribution and probable method of arrival. The European and West Indian derivations are about equal, and from the latter region about as many must have reached Bermuda by floating as were carried by birds, while a much smaller number doubtless braved the

hundreds of miles of water by parachuting on the steady southwest winds.

An illustration of the distributing power of winged seeds came to notice close to my laboratory. A dense growth of green weeds sprang up early in the year on the site of an old garden, and in July blossomed and formed seed. It proved to be the hairy horseweed, and from this time on we seldom forgot the hairy horseweed, alias *Leptilon linifolium*. In coffee cups, aquaria, in deep-sea hauls from a mile down, between one's eyes and book, entangled in pen points — everywhere the tiny, pappus-winged seeds drifted their way, soundless and buoyant as diminutive balloons.

One of my last walks was through the cedar forest of the sheltered slope. The pounding of the surf was inaudible here, but a low, restless wind eddied down through the branches. I stood and listened, and heard a perfect reproduction of the sound of the waves as I should hear them beyond the crest. It was most strange to listen to this false echo among the trees, a sound as hollow and meaningless to these pampered cedars as the roaring of the ocean which we like to fancy lies in a seashell — equally, I am sorry to say, in a teacup.

When I come to choose a plant to carry back to my home, I shall creep far into one of the great caves which wind and water have etched into the heart of Nonsuch, and beneath a sunlit crevice I shall pick a root of maidenhair fern — one whose ancestor was carried (who knows how many years this side of the last glacial epoch) high in air, the atoms of spores whirling as they swept onward, billions of them dusting the troubled waters of mid-ocean, until this one alighted in safety. And alighted not only on land, but on some particular bit of soil suitable for germination and fruition. When next we are carried away with enthusiasm by some new feat of airplanes, let us not forget the Flight of the First Fern.

PSEUDO-REALISM

BY LATTA GRISWOLD

THERE has been a perennial debate as to the merits of Romanticism and Realism as contrasted schools of literature. Both have flourished at different periods, but Realism is now in the saddle.

The avowed purpose of Realism is its best defense: it professes to look facts in the face, to tell the truth dispassionately, and to find nothing alien to it that is human. It is a little odd to reflect nowadays that in their time Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot were regarded as Realists. Since their day Realism has gone a long way. To-day the school seems rapidly passing into the hands of what may be called the Pseudo-Realists, who state details, beautiful and ugly, good or bad, with such precision that they cease to convey an impression of reality and defeat what they claim is their purpose.

This Pseudo-Realism has had tre-

mendous impetus since the war. One of the marked social phenomena of the post-war period, too frequently commented upon to need proof, has been the weakening of traditional standards of morality, widespread indifference to former religious sanctions, and a resulting release from many social and religious inhibitions. Along with this has come a frankness of speech about these consequences not hitherto tolerated. Similar phenomena have occurred before, in the literature of the Renaissance after the wars of the Reformation and in the literature of the Restoration after the civil wars in England.

Changing moral standards are still matter for observation. Sound conclusions are as yet scarcely possible. With these moral values in general this paper is not concerned, but rather with the worth of this frankness of speech as it manifests itself in current literature. This changed attitude manifests itself in fiction and drama in three obvious ways: first, with regard to the relations of the sexes and to sexual intercourse as such, with subsidiary reference to birth control; second, with regard to homosexuality; and, third, with regard to expressions formerly held to be blasphemous or intolerably vulgar. The old taboos drove curiosity about sex almost entirely underground, and references to its specific phenomena were almost invariably indirect. They threw over homosexuality a veil of mystery and horror. They paid at least a spurious respect to Christian prejudices. Assuming that this modern frankness is a gain over the old hypocrisy, are there limits to its indulgence, not that official censors should set, but that sound criticism and good taste should determine? The former reticence grew out of religious and social conventions. If it be desirable to return to it in any degree, it should not be under pressure from censorship (a function as dangerous for the State to indulge as for the citizenship to tolerate), but only as religion, as social conventions, as sound criticism can persuade.

The novel and the drama are two popular forms of literature that immediately reflect changing manners and customs, and attention may be confined to them. The illustrations which may be taken to represent the Pseudo-Realism into which much current Realism has degenerated must be chosen arbitrarily, and represent a personal opinion. Under the first group of writers who discuss sexual relations between men and women pseudo-realistically would be included D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Michael Arlen, Aldous Huxley, Eugene O'Neill, Carl Van Vechten, Percy Marks, Roland Firbank, and Ernest Hemingway, as represented by his recent 'best seller,' *Farewell to Arms*. From a few to a dozen plays of this type are usually running simultaneously on Broadway.

The aim of Realism is not merely to tell the truth, but to convey a sense of the truth. In the depiction of the consummation of passion between a man and a woman it aims to represent the frank giving of love or the yielding after resistance and temptation. It is simply a fact that the more detailed is such a depiction, particularly if it includes emphasis on physical gestures, the more the description is robbed of its passionate aspect and serves to awaken sensual impulses or arouse disgust in the reader. The more meticulous the detail, the more certain is this result.

Where in all fiction will be found more intense depictions of passion than in some of the novels of Thomas Hardy? And yet by what one could an unwholesome sensual impulse be stimu-

lated, or from what one should we shrink with disgust? A reviewer in the *New Republic* recently hailed D. H. Lawrence's latest (fortunately privately printed) novel as disclosing a new technique in the language of sex. The reviewer must have been very young, for it is precisely the technique employed by the garbage writers of whose work stray specimens fell under the eyes of youths thirty or forty years ago. It is an insult to intelligence to be told that this sex-obsessed novelist has discovered a new technique. He robs passion of its glamour and conveys an utterly false idea of what (it is to be hoped) he meant to depict.[1]

It would be an easy if somewhat invidious task to enumerate many recent tales hailed by the critics as masterpieces of realism, the which, were they not frank to the point of indecency, would scarcely have attracted comment. Many of these writers give the effect of a crowd of precocious small boys exchanging smutty stories in a haymow. Perhaps they should be spanked, but in any case the publishers who exploit them and the critics who applaud them ought to be profoundly ashamed of themselves. Their popularity tends to cheapen fiction and the drama, and will end in degrading it to the level of the gutter. In saying this a lofty moral tone is neither assumed nor implied. It is not to assert that adultery, promiscuity, or vice should find no place in fiction or the drama; but only to assert that if such themes are chosen they should be dealt with by a selective Realism that gives a true picture and successfully avoids pandering to the lower instincts of the reader.

Under the second group, few novels or plays published in England or America that discuss homosexual relations are objectionable, despite the silly advertisement given by the Boston censors to the works of Miss Radclyffe Hall. But to-day allusions to the subject are frequent, whereas formerly they were extremely rare. George Moore deals with the subject in one privately printed short story. D. H. Lawrence has suggestive hints, rather more objectionable than frank statements, in one of his novels. But as yet, owing doubtless to the widespread prejudice and misunderstanding of the subject, there has been little attempt to discuss it in fiction or the drama. Shakespeare's Sonnets and some of Walt Whitman's poems remain the classic expressions of Greek love in English. But translations of the novels of André Gide, who treats the subject romantically and defensively, have been published; so also have translations in expensive editions of the works of Proust, Delteil, and Rachilde, who, while denouncing homosexuality as a vice, yet depict it in some of its nastiest aspects. These facts are not without significance, though it is likely that popular prejudice will restrain a pseudo-realistic or even a genuine realistic treatment of this unhappy phenomenon for some time to come.

With regard to the third group of Pseudo-Realists, those who indulge in offensive profanity and intolerable vulgarity, it is to be said that for all their offensiveness they are far from depicting reality. To take a conspicuous instance, *The Front Page* was a gorgeous play, despite its profanity and vulgarity. But can anyone imagine that even Ben Hecht would dare to print the actual language used by such a rowdy crowd of reporters, crooks, and harlots as he brought together in that play? Most of us have heard at one time or another bits of conversation indulged in by rowdies. It makes the profanity and vulgarity of *The Front Page* seem colorless in contrast. Since

[1] Since this article was put into type Mr. Lawrence has died, but his work remains.—EDITOR

the playwright dared not be absolutely phonographic in this instance, why not be content with a genuinely realistic treatment that would suggest the atmosphere, indicate the nature of the dialogue, without going out of his way to insult the religious sensibilities of many possible playgoers and the good taste of as many more?

Dickens gave as realistic pictures of vice as our modern young men. *What Price Glory?* set the pace, and since then the stage and many novels have reeked with profanity, which, bad though it may be, yet wholly fails to be a phonographic record of actual conversation. Art must ever be selective, and simply to shock is not to achieve an artistic effect. Sometimes, one suspects, the writer is more concerned to shock than to be artistic. And yet, what now can shock us?

> I have supp'd full with horrors;
> Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
> Cannot once start me.

Since we do welcome the frankness of the present time as on the whole something better than the hypocritical reticence and culpable ignorance of a generation ago, perhaps we may hope that Pseudo-Realism is a temporary phenomenon, a by-product of what in the long run will prove a definite social gain. But the way to bring it about that Pseudo-Realism shal be only a temporary phenomenon certainly does not lie in any sort of censorship. All censorships that have been tried have proved stupid, prejudiced, unjust, and in the end futile. They violate personal liberties that are perhaps worth maintaining at the cost of bad manners, at the cost even of a little more promiscuous immorality. Nor does the remedy lie with the Church, except indirectly. The Roman Church has an Index of Prohibited Books, and it is not likely that one Roman Catholic in a thousand knows what books are on the Index. The Protestant habit, often indulged, of denouncing individual books from the pulpit but gives them a gratuitous advertisement. The Church can do no more than attempt to train its adherents in the principles of Christian morality, which should lead them to avoid immoral books or to find them distasteful if read.

But there are other agencies in the community besides the State and the Church. It is a disheartening spectacle to see great publishing houses, some with splendid traditions of long service to culture, pandering to the worst tastes of the day. It is disheartening to observe the critics, those self-appointed guides to the best in literature and art, pointing out the works of these unrestrained, undisciplined Pseudo-Realists as the fine flower of youthful genius. We can at least hope that reputable publishers will print only reputable books. We can at least expect that critics will not mislead the public into imagining that specimens of sheer pornography are works of art.

This protest is not so much against the fact that many of these novels and plays are immoral, as that they are untrue to reality. For, by fastening upon the crude details of the themes they depict, instead of presenting a picture of reality they give us a meretricious appearance of reality, so that their effect is not only morally but artistically bad.

GROPING IN THE DARK[1]

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

I REMEMBER that it was the day after the candy episode that my teacher took me to Morris Hall, the Industrial Department of the Institution. There a man showed her several empty boxes of different sizes and shapes, such as my Uncle Charlie used to throw in a heap near his store and let ragged boys carry away for firewood. She selected a box, tucked it under her arm, and led me to the matron's office in Wissinoming Hall. In a big closet we found some denim, upholstery hair, a hammer, and brass tacks. Using the hair for padding, my teacher fitted the denim over the box and tacked it down a little. Then she put the hammer into my hand to show me how to tack the denim in place, but I refused, because I thought it was a boy's work. Had she not already mortified me enough by carrying an old wooden box unwrapped under her arm all the way from the Industrial Department? I thought the driveways leading from one department to another were streets and that the Industrial Department was a store. I imagined that many people must have seen us on the street without hats or gloves — my teacher carrying a box under one arm while she wiggled her fingers in my hand! I wondered if people put their hands over their lips and smiled at us.

After my teacher had finished covering the box, she procured some old envelopes from the superintendent's secretary and a belt pin from the matron; then, placing the envelopes on top of the cushioned box, she proceeded to stick the pin into the paper, showing me how I could feel each prick on the underside. At first I was interested, but as the proceeding did not mean anything to me, and I had no idea that it was leading to something more important, I soon grew impatient. I reasoned that what one did at my home had some purpose or meaning. If Mother set the table it was because we needed the dishes to eat from; if she swept the floor or washed and ironed, the reason was equally apparent. But sticking a pin into a paper was meaningless to me, and if I had had any language then I should have said, 'What nonsense! Why not get busy and do something? This is not even play.'

On Friday, June 4, I was taken to Wingohocking Hall by my teacher, who left me in the care of the assistant matron and departed for her home. Since the next day was Saturday there was no school, but my teacher came to see if I was pleased with my new abode. She found me installed in a big bedroom which I shared with my supervisor. We each had our own bed, bureau, washstand, and closet. My teacher spent the forenoon with me, watching me take my belongings out of my bag and arrange them unaided. She and my supervisor were amused to see how carefully I arranged everything. My teacher kept asking why I

[1] This authentic record of Kathryne Frick's triumph over blindness, deafness, and loss of speech began in the April *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

put this here and that there. Her notes show some of my answers: —

Saturday, June 5. — Kathryne is in Wingohocking Hall now, and is delighted with her bedroom. All her belongings were sent to her this morning and she at once, without being told, proceeded, after she had been shown which articles in the room were for her use, to put everything away in a neat and orderly manner: her towels and washcloth on the towel rack; her soap in the soap dish; her toothbrush in the mug on the washstand beside her tooth powder; her night ribbons, clean towels, and washcloths in the washstand drawer; her best shoes and bedroom slippers in the washstand closet; her hair ribbons, ties, beads, bracelets, pins, handkerchiefs, and other trinkets in the top drawer of her bureau; her morning dresses and aprons in the next drawer; her afternoon dresses in the next lower, and her underclothes in the bottom drawer.

I asked her why she had placed them in that order and she replied in gestures that all the things in the top drawer were needed often; that the dresses and aprons in the next lower drawer were not important and that the dust made by opening and closing the top drawer often would not hurt them; that her good dresses and skirts were placed in the next drawer because she wanted to keep them very nice; and that her underclothes were placed in the bottom drawer because they did not stay in the drawer long enough at a time to get dusty. When arranging the top of the bureau, she put her hairbrush on it. I asked her why she did not put her toothbrush on the bureau, too. She put her hand over her mouth in a mocking way, and for a half-minute smiled and wiggled, then led me by the hand to the washstand to show me that the brush was of no use without water. To be sure that I understood, she had me touch the water pitcher. Then I offered to put the soap dish on the bureau. This was too much for her and she ran laughing to her supervisor with her hand over her mouth, while pointing a finger at me.

On Monday, my teacher took me to the room that had been assigned to us by the superintendent. It contained a long, low table and several chairs, and the stuffed box, the belt pin, and the old envelopes had preceded us, as well as the now familiar box of cubes and beads in their original mix-up. We seated ourselves at the table and bowed our heads in prayer for a minute. Then my teacher proceeded to show me how to draw lines on stiff paper, putting the paper on the stuffed box and drawing a line on it with an orange-wood stick, which I thought was a pencil. When the paper was turned over I could feel the lines. At first she drew long horizontal lines, then short ones.

I thought this was another queer streak of hers, and, taking the stick from her, I undertook to show her that no one wrote her way. I moved it up and down as I had felt people's hands moving when they were writing. Then, thinking I had done something very sensible, I turned the paper over, felt my writing, and, glowing over it, showed it to my teacher. She in turn felt my writing, then touched her eyes and head with my hand, at the same time shaking her head. This told me that neither her eyes nor her brain could make anything out of my scribbling. I was crestfallen for the moment, but she quickly seized the pedagogical opportunity thus offered and, placing the stick in my hand, guided my hand up and down on the paper. After examining what we had scribbled, she placed my fingers on her lips and the side of her nose, while she said 'Mama' as Father did when he said 'Mama' to me. We did not write 'Mama,' but 'mam,' because I objected to beginning at the right-hand side of the paper, and 'mam' in large Roman letters can be read backward and forward without changing the word. I was delighted, and we practised this for a long time.

Then my teacher showed me how I could write 'mam' unaided. To do this

she placed my middle finger and forefinger close together on the paper and ran the pencil around the tips to form 'M.' Then a little to the right she placed only the forefinger on the paper and drew a line around the tip, forming a sort of arch. Across this arch she drew a line, and told me that I had written 'A.' Then I repeated the 'M,' completing the word.

Still I had no idea about the use of letters and written words. I soon tired of trying to write 'mam' alone and stopped work. My teacher did not seem to mind, which set me wondering. Long afterward she told me that she never wanted me to work at anything when I found it tiresome, and that as soon as I was weary of doing anything she would change my work.

Putting aside the orange-wood stick, paper, and box, my teacher led me around the room, showing me different objects and touching me under the chin, which meant that I was to try to say the names of the things that I touched. This I could not do. Nevertheless, a short time every day was given to similar attempts. The object was to help me to recall, if I could, any spoken words I had known before I lost my speech. (My parents had already succeeded in helping me to recall the names of some of our relatives, though only a few could understand me.) Meanwhile my teacher kept wiggling her fingers in my hand. I learned later that she was spelling slowly the names of objects to me.

Next we tackled the box of cubes and beads. I hesitated for a moment about helping her, thinking it was useless, since she would only get them in disorder again; but, understanding from her gestures that she would not take me into the yard to run until the beads and cubes were attended to, I decided I might as well hurry and have the disagreeable task over. So I worked away and had nearly all of them on the string when Miss Bliss, the principal, came into the room. The beads were shown to her and she made much ado over my work, patting me on the head and shoulder while she nodded her head up and down in approbation. I felt proud because I had done something of which others approved.

It dawned on me that the principal had more authority than my teacher, because the principal was the mother of that house. I wondered where the father was and thought that perhaps he had gone to work. I wondered why the father in the other big house, Wissinoming Hall, did not work, but stayed at home all day. Recalling that his clothes seemed to me to be Sunday clothes, I supposed he was rich and did not have to work, but lived in the big house with the smooth marble floor in the hall like the one in the big house in Harrisburg where my father had taken me to see some men who shook hands with me and told him that they would send me away to school. I knew that the big house in Harrisburg was important, because Mother was so particular about everything when she dressed me to go there. I later learned it was the Capitol. I thought Governor Stuart was the father in that house, and I wondered where the mother was. The father in Wissinoming Hall seemed like the Governor to me, and I was proud of having spent my first week at the Institution in the house where the father did not have to work.

I have always been fond of work or action of any kind, so I am at a loss to know how I had acquired such snobbish ideas — surely not from my parents. Perhaps I had picked them up from other children before I became handicapped. Also I had not forgotten that money enables one to get almost everything desired — or, at least, all the necessities. This idea probably was

derived from the fact that my mother always had to take me with her when she went shopping and to market. My sense of smell and touch told me when things were beautiful or objectionable, and I was aware that people who were well-to-do generally had beautiful things.

Next, a big box of empty spools of all sizes and shapes was given to me, and with them two long strings to each of which was attached a bodkin. I was to put the largest spools on one string and the smallest on the other, putting only spools of one size and shape on each string and discarding all except the very large and very small spools. While I was working I was wondering if we should ever get the room in shape. I had taken a liking to my teacher when first we met, and had tried in my own mind to excuse her seeming disorderliness by thinking it was house-cleaning time. But why was she so late about it? Mother had finished house cleaning long before that. I was rejoicing over the thought that Mother was much smarter than other folks when my teacher interrupted me to say that I should be more careful in measuring the spools. I went over every spool that I had strung and found that I had made two mistakes. She told me that when I was in doubt about the size of a spool I should measure it by the first spool on the string.

All this was only one of the many steps in training my sense of touch, to enable me to take up the more exacting work of reading Braille. Few people realize the difficulties involved in teaching the blind. Many think that all that is necessary is to give the child a sheet of dotted print and in a short time he will learn to read. Such is not the case; much preliminary training of the sense of touch is required. The problem of training me was even greater than in the case of the average blind child, for a child sightless from infancy would, on reaching the age of nine years, have already fairly well-trained finger tips, and small dots would not present the difficulties to him that they did to me when I started out on my school career.

Not knowing the object in having me do so much measuring and weighing of things in my mind, I suggested to my teacher that she place the large spools on one side of the table and the small ones on the other side, showing her what I meant by putting a few large spools on the table on the right of me and a few small ones on the left. I touched my eyes, pointed to the spools, shook my head, then touched her eyes and nodded my head, while pointing to the spools, to tell her that I could not see them and she could and that it would hurry things along if she would do as I suggested. Not knowing that 'there is no royal road to learning,' I thought she was a very useless person, but I did the best I could with the spools and won her approval.

II

Weather permitting, we worked on the schoolhouse steps or in the yard, using our schoolroom more as a storehouse and museum, for I would not allow any of my work to be discarded; I wanted to save it all to show my parents. Each day my teacher brought something new for me to do, and I always looked forward joyously to it. She made for me drawing cards which, I have since learned, she invented for the blind, and which are now in general use in kindergarten classes. She cut a square, or some other geometric figure, in a piece of cardboard, then put a sheet of paper over some blotting paper and placed the cardboard with the design cut in it over the paper. After she had fastened the three together, she

gave me a pointed orange-wood stick and showed me how to run the stick around the inner edge of the pattern cut in the cardboard. On examining the sheet of paper which had been placed between the blotting pad and the cardboard, I could feel the outline of the design. With scissors I cut along the lines I had drawn, and then pasted the design in a blank book.

There was no end to the variety of ways my teacher had to keep me busy, all of which she called kindergarten work, but many of which she invented for me. While I was at work she was never idle, although she kept an eye on me all the time and pointed out any error that I made. After I had learned how to do a new thing I was kept practising it a few minutes every day until I had become expert in its performance. Soon our programme became so full that one thing after another had to be dropped as we took up something new. While supervising my work at things that did not need much attention, my teacher would prick holes in cards. I liked to keep my hands on hers to find out what she was doing, but after I discovered that she was just making holes in cardboard with a belt pin I thought it more profitable if not more amusing to be measuring and stringing spools or sorting out blocks. I did not know that I should have to deal with these pricked cards later on, or what pleasure I should derive from them.

For over a week my teacher kept up the wiggling of her fingers in my hand — not so persistently as she had the first few days, but enough to make me rebellious. During my second week at school she showed me how the other girls wiggled their fingers to spell, but still I did not understand and would have none of it. Besides, I did not want to be like girls who walked on the street on Sunday hatless and wearing aprons. Then, too, Mother and Father never wiggled their fingers.

You see, I had brought from home a pattern in my brain of how things should be done, and I expected everyone to conform to this pattern. My awakening came slowly, and not without many heart wrenches, for I had formed a crude little philosophy of my own, and who among us likes to have his cherished idols disturbed by something or someone whose motives he does not understand?

There were two or three girls at the Institution who were having their eyes treated and were not allowed to go to school. They spent their time walking around in the yard doing nothing. But my teacher never allowed anyone around her to remain idle long if she could possibly help it. Everyone must either work, play, read, sleep, or keep away from her. So she pressed these girls into service as soon as they came to stare at us. Calling one of them to her, she took the girl's hands in her own and had me place mine over both of theirs so that I should know what she was doing. Holding the girl's hands, she made the sign for 'box' and pushed the girl and me toward our box, which was on the doorstep a little distance away. The girl held my hand and led me to that everlasting old stuffed wooden box, which she picked up and carried to my teacher, who shook her head to show me that it was I who should have brought it. She patted the girl on the shoulder and gave me a little push, which I did not like, for I understood she was telling me that the girl was smart and I was not. When we repeated the act, I grabbed the box, hurried to my teacher, and received a well-earned pat.

After several repetitions, an orange was placed beside the box, and I was shown where both were. Then, summoning the other girls, my teacher told

us each individually, in signs, to get the orange. How we laughed when one girl brought back the box instead of the orange! Gradually other objects were placed on the doorstep near the box and I, fearing that the other girls had the advantage of me because they could see, complained. My teacher then blindfolded all of us. At last I was able to play the game with the other girls on an equal footing, and we had a glorious time.

After we had practised this game for a few days my teacher put a box and an orange on a small table in the yard, and on the box placed a card in which she had pricked a large Roman B and on the orange a similar card bearing the letter O. After I had examined the cards carefully, she took them in her hand and, standing at some distance from the table, gave me the O card and the B card and told me to place them on the orange and the box, respectively. I did not understand until the girls had gone through the act first. When I understood, my teacher stopped making signs and made O with her fingers, showing me that when she did this I was to bring her the O card. After we had a turn at this, my teacher showed me that when she held up the four fingers of her right hand with the thumb on the palm, she wanted the B card. I understood at once, and did my act so well that I was rewarded with an extra pat on the back.

Then a C card was placed on a small round cake, and afterward put with the two other cards. Since it is easy to make the letter C with the fingers and to read it, too, I was able to get C and give it to my teacher the first time she called for it, but not so with one of the other little girls. The first time she went for C she took a big bite out of the cake, pretending she could not find the card. She explained to my teacher that she did not know the cake from the box and orange until she had tasted it. I was shocked at the girl and shamed her by rubbing one of my fingers over the other toward her. I put my hand on my teacher's face to see how she took the matter, and was surprised to find her shaking with laughter.

Soon the box, orange, and cake were removed and only the three cards were left on the table. Then my teacher called for the cards by making the letters with her fingers. We girls took turns at being teacher and made the letters with our fingers when calling for a card. In this way I was learning to read both Roman and manual letters, and also to make the letters with my fingers, the latter being called 'manual spelling.' Besides, I was beginning to see that the teacher's wiggling fingers meant something, and my attitude toward the wiggling and the box began to change.

We played this game for an hour or so every day, and at the end of three weeks, when my parents paid their first visit to the Institution, I was able to read six of the large Roman letters that were pricked on cards. I could also make the same letters with my fingers. I took great pride in showing my parents what I could do, and insisted that my father try to spell with his fingers. The result was that in the few hours he spent with me that day he learned to make several letters with his fingers. I was beside myself with joy at the thought of Father's being able to play this new game with me when I went home.

Nevertheless, I had yet to discover that by grouping the letters in certain ways words and sentences could be formed, and that by learning to read and understand these sentences a new world would be mine. Nor did my parents, at this time, know how much

skill and thought it required to bridge over the gulf that lay between the knowledge I had acquired from experience and the unknown realm of abstract knowledge. But my teacher tells me that Dr. Crouter, the superintendent, understood, and that he watched with great interest every attempt she made to enlighten me.

Some interested observers of my teacher's work, who did not foresee the results she hoped to reach, thought it was all wrong to teach me Roman letters before I took up Braille, and they did not hesitate to say so. They had met educated, sightless, hearing people who knew nothing of and had no use for Roman letters, so why waste time bothering me with them? To this my teacher tells me she made no reply, although she had a threefold purpose in mind in teaching me Roman letters. First, they served as an excellent means of training my sense of touch. Second, she wished to recall to my mind any knowledge I might have gained of printed letters before I became blind. Finally, she wished me to know the printed letters and later the written forms of letters so that I could understand people at home if they wrote on my arm or in the palm of my hand.

My teacher had confidence in her own plan, and as Dr. Crouter approved of what she was doing, she went right on with a clear conscience. She knew that to the casual observer there seemed to be simpler and decidedly easier ways of reaching me and accomplishing what was desired. For instance, why did not my teacher keep on spelling in my hand until I had awakened to the fact that a letter, no matter how made, 'is a mark or sign used to represent a sound of the human voice, or a conventional representation of one of the primary elements of speech'? The answer is in my teacher's notes: 'Spelling and any attempt at having you read or make dotted print were already causing you to become rebellious. To prevent you from forming a dislike for school work I had to invent other and more interesting ways.'

III

My teacher kept making slight changes in the alphabet game previously described. As soon as I had learned that I should put the B card on the box and the C card on the cake, and so on, when they were handed to me, the cards were shuffled and placed in a heap on the table and my teacher called for a certain card by making a letter with her fingers. My task was to select, unaided, a card from the table bearing a letter corresponding to the one she was making with her fingers. When I became adept in playing all the games I have mentioned, the cards were put away and I was required to give my teacher immediately any article on the table when she made the letter with which the name of the article began. The girls and I had great fun playing this game until a bun was added to the collection of objects with which we were playing. Before the bun was put with the other articles, I was told that it was a B article.

When it came my turn to play and my teacher called B, I hesitated for a second, because I knew that if I gave her the wrong article I should have to stop playing until the other girls had had their turns, and as I did so love to keep on the jump I did not want to lose my play so early in the game. With this in mind, I seized the box and bun and hurried to her with them, but to my surprise she did not take them. I put my hand on her face to see what was amiss and found her lips drawn in and pressed tightly together, while not a muscle of her face moved. This was

to let me know that it was a matter for me to think out before I could expect help from her. I waited for a second or two, but she remained sphinxlike, so I put the box and bun in my left hand and, making B with my right, touched the box and bun to show her that both were B. Then I touched her and threw my right hand out with a quick movement, palm turned up, signifying that she had taught me that 'box' and 'bun' were both B; how was I to know which B article she wanted? First she nodded and made B while holding up one finger, then shook her head while holding up two fingers, to tell me that the rule of the game called for only one article at a time. Then she showed me that BU was for 'bun' and plain B was for 'box.' I got the alphabet cards I had learned and showed her that there was no U among them. She very quickly got a U card, showed it to me, and placed it with the letters that I had learned. She repeated this act every time there was a call for a new letter, until there were no more letters to add to the stack of cards.

We resumed our playing, and when she called for BU, I promptly got the bun. Soon she took her luncheon from the closet, scraped a little butter off some bread, and put it on a piece of paper, which she placed beside the bun and the box. She let me taste the butter and told me that it was BU, but I showed her that the bun was BU; then she showed me an N card and told me that BUN called for the bun, BU for the butter, and B for the box. Now she added a book, telling me that it also was a B article. I indicated again that, when she made B, I should not know what she wanted. Then she spelled into my hand slowly: 'Bun, butter, box, book.' She had me repeat the spelling over and over until I had mastered these words.

My teacher has told me recently that some psychologists might not approve of the method she followed in associating first one letter, then two, and finally all the letters of a word with an object, instead of spelling the entire word to me at first and later breaking it up into its component parts, as is done in teaching children to read. She explained that she could not do that for several reasons. First, I did not have a concept of the meaning of written words. Second, it would have been too difficult for me to master all at once all the motions involved in forming one word. Finally, she wished to set me thinking, as she surely did when I encountered different words beginning with the same letter.

After I had learned a few words, my teacher showed me how, by moving letters from one place to another, I could spell several words with the same letters. Taking four cards, — two O cards, one D card, and one G card, — she showed me how to spell 'God,' 'good,' 'go,' and 'dog.' I was greatly interested, for I had now grasped the idea that everything has a written and spelled name as well as a spoken one. My parents had not allowed me to forget that everyone and everything has a spoken name, even though I could not pronounce it, but I was slow in awakening to the fact that combinations of letters make words and that sentences consist merely of a combination of words. Having once understood what my teacher was trying to have me discover, however, I was all eagerness to proceed and to learn, no matter what problem was given me.

I no longer thought that my teacher was odd. I was delighted to sit by her, or go around with her and have her place my hand on everything we could reach, while she spelled the names to me. After I knew the names of several objects and could spell them with ease, I was given a few verbs, such as 'go,'

'run,' 'walk,' 'fall,' 'eat.' When the verbs were spelled to me I acted them out, and when I spelled the verbs to my teacher or to the girls they would perform the acts indicated.

I did not spell any words of my own accord, however, until I had been in school nearly a month. The other pupils were going home then for their vacation and some change had taken place in the school hours; there was no recess. The first day my teacher and I kept on at our work as usual, since we were not to have a vacation. We were working in the shade out in the boys' yard, and I felt that we had been a longer time than usual at work without stopping to exercise and have a bite to eat. Every day the pupils were given buns at recess, and I always had one. I was feeling hungry, and my teacher made no attempt to stop work. Therefore I slipped away from her and ran to the schoolhouse steps to see if the sun had reached the point where it always was at 'bun time.'

Sure enough, the sun was creeping up the steps far ahead of where it should be at recess, so I went back to my teacher and dragged her, seemingly much against her will, to the steps, and showed her that the sun was far ahead of the 'bun' mark. She did not seem impressed. I led her around the yard looking for the chair on which the basket of buns was put every day, but there was no chair, no basket, nor were there any crumbs on the cement floor of the court, as I made sure by rubbing my foot around. In desperation, I dashed to my teacher and spelled 'bun' with my fingers.

This was the first word I had spelled voluntarily. My teacher clasped me in her arms and kissed me. Then she led me to the kitchen, and I felt her lips moving as if she were talking to someone. In a jiffy a woman brought me a big slice of bread and butter, and as she gave it to me she kissed me. I afterward learned that she was the housekeeper and did all the cooking for Wingohocking Hall. I thought her then — and do still — a very capable and important person, and all through my stay in Wingohocking Hall we were very good friends. She did not give any bread to my teacher, so I offered her some of mine, but she bowed and shook her head, which at that stage of my education meant, 'No, thank you.' I ate the big piece of bread all by myself, for I was just plain hungry.

Next day came recess time again without buns, so, remembering my experience of the day before, I promptly spelled 'bun' to my teacher when I discovered that there was no bun basket in the yard. For this I was again rewarded with a bread-and-butter sandwich, and my teacher told me, by spelling 'bun' and shaking her head while pointing to the bread, that it was not a bun, but 'bread.'

IV

I had learned at home to distinguish my uncle and grandparents by special signs made to me, therefore I found it easy to pick up signs used to designate the various pupils with whom I associated. My teacher was well aware that it was against the rules for the pupils to sign and spell, but she seemed to regard their signing to me as an exception to the rule. Knowing the pupils as I do now, I am of the opinion that much of their attention to me was an excuse to express themselves freely by signs.

My school hours were from a quarter to eight to half-past four, with half an hour at noon for my dinner. All my time was not spent in the schoolroom, for my teacher took me around, spelling to me all the time, and I never lost interest in what she did. As soon as

she was sure that I understood the use of letters, she led me to a girl whose sign I knew, placed her hand on the girl's chest, and spelled 'Who?' Then she held up one of my hands to indicate that I was to spell the girl's name. Of course I could not do this, so I answered by making the girl's sign. My teacher spelled 'No, no,' shaking her head, and then made M, which was the first letter of the name of the girl in question. The other girls in the yard stood watching me, as usual, and my teacher stayed with me until supper time, giving me the initial of each girl who happened to come near us, because I was so interested. Her method was always to strike while the iron was hot.

Some of the girls had the same initials. Remembering my experience with B and BU, and with 'bun' and 'butter,' I held up my teacher's hand until she had spelled all the letters that formed the names of the girls whose initials were the same. My teacher told the girls that any one of them who succeeded in teaching me how to spell her name correctly would be rewarded with some candy. Therefore my next few days were very busy. I enjoyed these days with the girls, because I imagined I was doing them a great favor by helping them win their prizes. I did not know that it was I who was being helped; it was all play to me. Here is an extract from my teacher's notes relating to this episode: —

June, 1909. — Kathryne is making much ado over her playmates. When going to them, she throws her head back, walks with a quick, short step, swaggers, and bends over them in a very patronizing way. To-day I asked her by imitating her why she had changed her manner of approaching the girls, and she replied in signs: 'I teach girls. Many girls no spell. Shame! Shame! No smart. G wrong, Q wrong' — which means that some of the girls could not make letters with their fingers and others made Q for G. This is a very common mistake with orally taught pupils when they spell. It is very evident that Kathryne is not troubled with any feeling of inferiority. I must be careful how I allow others to praise her or she will become arrogant and unmanageable by the time she reaches her teens. Where has she obtained this idea of superiority? If she is imitating any teacher's bearing, I hope I am not that one. She can now express herself fairly well in signs, considering the short time she has been associating with the deaf. I have taught her only three signs, — box, orange, bun, — and these three signs have been dropped by both Kathryne and me since the day I first substituted letters for the signs.

The day after my teacher had shown me how to substitute letters for the girls' signs, we met Dr. Crouter on the driveway, and while I was shaking hands with him she spelled 'Who?' to me. I promptly made C and placed it on my chin. The girls had told me that that was the way to make the sign for Dr. Crouter. While I was doing this she spelled into my hand, 'Dr. Crouter.' After he had passed she cautioned me about making a sign for the superintendent's name and told me always to spell 'Dr. Crouter' when speaking of him. I spread out my hands in front of me and shrugged my shoulders, which was my way of asking 'Why?' and 'What is the difference?' My teacher replied in gestures: 'Many little girls no hear, no talk, no write, no spell, no smart. Sign, yes; baby, yes. Little girl spell — smart, yes; good, yes. Little girl write — smart, yes.' All this made it clear to me that by spelling I should be considered smart, and by signing I should be classed with babies.

I shall never forget what an impression this short impromptu lecture made upon me. On returning to our schoolroom, I shut the door, drew two chairs up to the table, motioned to my teacher to be seated, and then walked around the room to make sure we were

alone. Seating myself beside my teacher, I placed my forefinger on my lips, which meant that she was not to mention what I had to say. She promised by nodding her head, and I proceeded to make C and place it on my chin, point to myself, and then knock on my forehead with the knuckles of my closed fist, while I shook my head slowly in a mournful way. All this meant, 'Does Dr. Crouter think that I am a dunce because I signed?' (Incidentally, the sign for 'dunce' was the first one I had learned from the other pupils, although how I happened to catch the meaning of this so quickly I am entirely unable to say.)

My teacher was all sympathy, and replied: 'No, no. He thinks you are bright and that you will soon learn to spell.' She did this by shaking her head and spelling first 'No, no' and then 'Dr. Crouter'; by patting her forehead with the fingers of her open hand, which meant 'know'; and finally by pointing to me as she tapped my forehead several times with her forefinger, which meant 'smart.' I was delighted. A great load had been lifted from my heart, for I wanted to find favor in the superintendent's eyes. Was he not the 'father' of this large beautiful place where I was? In my estimation then, and even more as time went on, he was a great man whose friendship and good will were well worth cultivating.

Having obtained a clear idea that signs, gestures, the alphabet, manual spelling, and writing could be used as a substitute for speech, there seemed at last to be a royal road to learning for me. But no; every step I took toward obtaining knowledge, even the writing of a simple sentence, though pleasant and very interesting, required steady, laborious work on the part of both my teacher and myself.

(*A culminating chapter, 'Light at Last,' will appear in June*)

SAVING NEW ENGLAND

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

Not only is it affirmed in the Harvard song that the Cambridge shadows are more soothing, the sunlight more dear, 'than descend on less privileged earth,' but Harvard is urged to remain the bearer of sweetness and light

Till the stock of the Puritan die.

Whether the fact that the Harvard Botanic Gardens, founded in memory of Asa Gray for the study of hardy herbaceous plants, are now abandoned and overgrown with weeds, while the new School of Business rises in four-million-dollar majesty across the Charles, indicates a certain debility in the stock of the Puritans, who can say? Certainly the Cambridge shades are less soothing than they used to be; in fact in many places they are now nonexistent. Many sections of less privileged earth grow better trees than

Cambridge. The famous elm beneath whose shade Washington is said (on somewhat doubtful evidence) to have taken command of the Continental army is no more. Its place is now occupied by a 'billy-cop.' Through ancient Brattle Street rolls, night and day, an endless procession of motor cars, cabs, trucks, and buses. Crossing Harvard Square is a nerve-racking adventure, and may well serve as a preliminary course in Harvard's new School of City Planning. The stock of the Puritan has to be pretty spry in Cambridge these days.

Paul Revere rode out beyond Cambridge to Lexington once, and on toward Concord. That highway is now a through-traffic artery which eventually becomes the famous Mohawk Trail. Most of its length it is a swiftly moving steel and rubber river between banks of 'hot-dog' kennels, fried-clam stands, filling stations, and other odoriferous and ugly reminders of this progressive age. On past Hawthorne's 'Wayside' and Emerson's white dwelling it sweeps, and you wonder what would have happened to Hawthorne's delicate nerves or Emerson's serenity had those artists been forced to work beside this roaring torrent. Through the heart of Concord it goes, right through the Mill Dam, trucks rumbling and rattling, buses honking and taking up two thirds of the road, pleasure cars by the thousand; and little old ladies of Concord, come down to the village to do some shopping, stand bewildered on the curb, wondering if they will ever get across. Then on it sweeps, to repeat the same performance in every town it passes through, till it reaches its grand climax on Whitcomb Summit. Here, after climbing up and up beside a tumbling brook, the highway comes out on top of Hoosac Mountain, and discloses that spectacular view to the west of Greylock, the deep hole which shelters North Adams, the collegiate towers of Williamstown, the tumbled ranges of the Green Mountains marching into the north. Here is the apex of the Mohawk Trail. Here is what thousands of the passengers in those whizzing cars have come to see — come from Boston, from Philadelphia, from Columbus, Ohio, from Weehawken and Pottstown. What do they see? Hot-dog stands, filling stations, tumble-down shacks, scrawled signs on every tree, tin tags, old newspapers, lunch boxes, orange skins. Such is the climax of the Mohawk Trail. The human serenity and charm of Cambridge and Concord on the one end, the natural serenity and beauty of the mountain top on the other, alike are gone.

However, that does n't stop New England from advertising itself. Even the Berkshires advertise. Fancy that! Internally and externally. Billboards in the most sightly landscapes proclaim the merits, not only of 'national products,' but also of local hotels; and pretty little park triangles at the forks of the roads sprout signs as thickly as Cadmus's crop of spears: 'Ye Waffle Shoppe,' 'Long Ago Tea Room,' 'Antiques' — and so on, and so forth. The Polly Prim Tea Room, by the way, was recently raided, and the proprietress fined for selling liquor! Up from the south comes a main highway, bringing trucks and tourists. It lays its ribbon of cement for two miles between the elms of Sheffield. Opposite the former homes of General Barnard (who gave his name to Barnard College) and the Reverend Orville Dewey, friend of Holmes and Hawthorne, an 'ex-pug' from New York was permitted to erect a filling station and hot-dog stand. On it goes to Great Barrington, where William Cullen Bryant acted as town clerk for five years, before he descended on New York to spend the rest of his life trying to make his New England

conscience prevail in New York journalism. Beyond Great Barrington it crosses a ridge of Monument Mountain, about which Bryant wrote a poem. The ridge is now crowned with a combined hot-dog stand, filling station, merry-go-round, and tourist camp. Then it enters the lovely main street of Stockbridge, where Jonathan Edwards wrote *The Freedom of the Will*, and where the inhabitants have some to this day, and presently reaches Lenox.

Lenox was once a collection of large and exquisitely groomed estates, spread over its wooded hills, and it maintained a haughty isolation. But trucks and tourists must be fed. Ye Log Cabin, Twin Maples, Joe's Place, and a dozen more line the highway on to Pittsfield, and the highway through the town and up the hill past the white church where Channing preached his last sermon is black with endless traffic. Under the circumstances, haughty isolation is difficult. Recently no less than six of the large estates were sold to a speculator from Palm Beach, who combined them into a fancy club.

The Berkshires have recently spent thirty or forty thousand dollars in advertising themselves; and of course the more they advertise — if the advertising brings tourists — the less desirable the Berkshires become as a resort to the kind of people who built them up in the first place and established their tradition and atmosphere.

All New England, in fact, is advertising itself. This is known as 'waking up.' Thrown into a considerable panic by the desertion of the textile industry, New England became acutely conscious of the fact that it had a summer-resort industry which the South could n't take away from it, and one which was enormously increased by the spread of the automobile. It kept the textile industry as long as it could find fresh supplies of cheap foreign labor. The stock of the Puritans had, of course, to pay dividends, even if the city of the Lawrences became 90 per cent alien, and the city of the Lowells nearly as much so. Nothing remained Puritan about those cities but their names — and the names of their absentee landlords. It is not at all improbable that New England will get a considerable amount of its textile industry back again when labor in the South becomes organized. But New England was too panicky to wait for that time to come. It saw the resort industry as something inalienably its own, and went Rotarian with a rush. Boost and advertise became the order of the day. Some states advertise with public funds, and maintain publicity offices at the capital. The railroads and steamship lines quite naturally help out. Various organizations of private individuals have been formed, also, to raise funds and advertise either New England as a whole or definite sections such as the Berkshires. The New England Conference, the largest and most active of these organizations, is devoted even more to increasing industrial prosperity than to swelling the number of tourists. It has also conducted a vigorous campaign to make New England 'air-minded' and to inspire towns to buy and equip landing fields. Most of them, fortunately, are n't yet used enough to make life hideous for the surrounding inhabitants.

Such a state as Maine, of course, has a great deal to offer the visitor. With its coast, its forests, its lakes and streams, and its lonely and beautiful mountains, all of which constitute its major wealth as resort attractions, it would be rather stupid if in this age of advertising it did not strive to make its attractions better known. But when a town like Revere, Massachusetts, comes into the lists, the thing becomes uproarious. Revere Beach is a splendid

crescent of sand taken over by the Metropolitan Park Commission, which cleared it free of all structures and built a boulevard at the top. But behind the boulevard is a vast collection of shacks, booths, roller coasters, and what not that make Coney Island by comparison resemble ancient Athens, and behind them is an unzoned and hideously unattractive town. To advertise such a place is worse than throwing money away, because it could only attract undesirables.

II

Zoning may be, as some think, merely a local treatment for deep-seated disease, but it does have decided advantages for the individual communities. Some twenty miles out of Boston is a pleasant and characteristically Yankee village, until recently unzoned. Off in the pine woods at one corner of the township is a pond. Suddenly a 'real-estate development' started up on the shore of this pond. The first shack erected, on a pocket-handkerchief lot, the assessors decided could n't be taxed for much more than a hundred dollars, or a return to the town of three dollars. Yet in the shack were several children, whom the town had to educate at a cost of about two hundred dollars per child. The Puritan pocket nerve is considerably more sensitive than the Puritan æsthetic faculties, — wherein the Puritans don't vary greatly from other people, to be sure, — and a zoning expert was summoned to save the village from progress. But in most places the effect of progress is not so directly registered in the town treasury, and nothing is done.

In Sudbury, Mr. Ford discovered that his ancient Wayside Inn was being shaken to pieces by the constant jar of heavy trucks lumbering past on the highway in front; nor was it possible, with the through road so near, and so full of Ford cars, to maintain the traditional peace and quiet of the Ford hostelry. So, at his own expense, he rebuilt a mile-long strip of the state road, taking it two hundred yards or more away from his dooryard. It probably cost him more than the Inn did, but it saved that lovely memorial of the old New England. A similar by-pass has recently been built by the State of Massachusetts behind the village of Deerfield. The elm shadows of Deerfield street to-day suggest even more privileged earth than Cambridge. And under them sit the ancient houses, proudly virgin of paint, doing their best to look exactly as they did in the eighteenth century. Some of them are occupied by an excellent boys' school, and many of the rest by the descendants of the original owners. There is nowhere in New England a village street which has better preserved its characteristic flavor, showing the visitor at a glance the system of town planning, the architectural taste, and the general community atmosphere which our Puritan ancestors developed. But Deerfield had the misfortune to be on a main through highway, and it was fast being shattered by the roll of traffic and invaded by the roadside abominations through traffic brings.

The new by-pass shortens the through route, and eliminates four curves, which was no doubt why the state built it. But the result has been to save Deerfield. Scarcely one car in twenty (and of course no trucks) now turn off the through route to drive through the village. Those who do turn off really want to see the old town. Those who do not evidently don't want to see anything. They just want to be on their way — which puts a somewhat new light on the motives of motor tourists, and suggests inevitably the course New England has got to follow if it wants to save itself.

Let us take one more example. The town of Petersham, lying on the north-and-south route between Athol and Worcester, Massachusetts, — that is, on one of the main connecting links between the two major east-west motor routes of the state, — is a charming and aristocratic old village, its main street running along the ridge of a hill between fine houses and then plunging down into a splendid forest, largely of virgin timber, owned by Harvard University. Through this forest the road winds between banks of ferns and cathedral columns of pine, to the town of Barre. The young man who suggested J. A. Mitchell's once-famous book, *Amos Judd*, lived in Petersham. John Fiske made it his summer home. It boasts a fine inn. And the old Barre road, winding through the forest, is one of its crowning attractions — a cool and lovely and spiritually refreshing drive which is a priceless asset. But, to their horror, not long ago the people of Petersham found the state highway engineers staking this road, planning to widen it, to eliminate the curves, to drive a modern motor highway straight through the ferns and forest, and of course to improve the road through the village — getting ready, in fact, to release directly through this lovely town and its beautiful surroundings the usual roaring steel river. It meant the doom of Petersham as a high-bred New England residential and resort village, and it meant the doom of the wild beauty of that forest drive.

The highway engineers were at least temporarily called off, and efforts are being made to see if the new traffic artery cannot be diverted around the town and the forest. Whether it will be — of course, it can be — remains to be seen. That will entirely depend on how far New England, as a whole, is awake to its own danger. The danger is that it will rapidly lose its individual aspect and flavor, and hence lose not only what brings to it the larger number of its summer visitors but what actually makes it a rather precious heritage to the nation. In its haste to increase its resort business and to provide well-surfaced roads to handle motor traffic, it has given scarcely a thought to the proper entertainment of the visitors, and no thought at all to the battering effect of motor traffic on its ancient villages and its fair landscapes.

III

The natural heritage bequeathed by New England was maintained almost intact through the nineteenth century, in spite of intense industrialization. Just outside of Lawrence, for instance, were Andover and North Andover, where the elm shadows indicated almost as privileged earth as Cambridge. The highway from Andover to Boston ran south through pine woods, and past old white farmhouses. The boys of Phillips Academy went chestnutting or squirrel hunting, which was no doubt a poor substitute for organized athletics, but gave some of them rather pleasant memories. Not only the proud seacoast cities like Salem and Newburyport and Portsmouth, but scores of smaller towns and even villages presented rows of houses adapted, to be sure, from English Georgian, but with a unique individuality and charm of their own. They faced on tree-hung streets, or often around a central 'common,' and usually the community centre was dominated by a white church with a Wren spire. Sometimes, even in very small villages, these churches were architecturally a delight, as in the hamlet of Hancock in New Hampshire. Frequently in the villages there were certain squire families who had erected fine dwellings amid their

neighbors in the early days of the Republic, or before, and in these houses their descendants continued to live. If you pass through Duxbury, Massachusetts, in the Old Colony, you will see four such houses, at each of the four corners of the main village crossroad. Each house is close to the narrow street, each is architecturally beautiful, each could have been built nowhere but in New England, and yet each is quite different from the other three. And each, we may add, is in danger, for at any moment, at the demand of motorists for wider highways to Cape Cod, the Commonwealth may jam a state road down Duxbury street, — so that the tourists can 'see Duxbury,' God help us! — and that road will not only shear off the picket fences and perhaps the very doorstones and porches of these houses, but it will render them all quite uninhabitable by the kind of people who now live in them and keep them in their ancient state, making them the focal point of the dignified charm which emanates from that Pilgrim village. (Not Puritan, mind you. In the Old Colony you must be careful of this distinction.)

Pilgrim or Puritan, New England unquestionably evolved an external civilization which was distinctive and delightful. Some hard doctrines may have been preached in the white meetinghouses, at any rate before they went Unitarian. But the meetinghouses were beautiful, they faced green commons of praiseworthy neatness, they looked across at houses gathered into a community which had grace and distinction, and which nestled into the enveloping landscape as happily as did the long-roofed farmhouses and big gray barns out on the country roads between. If anyone could show that Puritan repressions and intolerances were the result of such gracious town planning and seemly living conditions, or that scrapping them in favor of hot-dog stands, filling stations, and public camps would produce a spiritual awakening among New Englanders, resulting in several new Emersons, a Thoreau or two, and a couple of Hawthornes, then even we dyed-in-the-wool Yankees would cheerfully bid them good-bye. But nothing of the kind is possible. Scrapping them produces, in every community which has not already been spoiled by forces beyond its control, merely a dulling of civic pride and æsthetic sensibility, and an unpleasant sharpening of the instinct for immediate and personal gain.

One of those questionnaires of which college professors are so enamored was recently conducted by an academic Yankee among several hundred summer tourists who had motored into New England from as far away as Ohio. He sought to discover why they came. Much to his surprise, and to the distress of some of those who had prepared New England's advertising copy, he discovered that 'historic interest' had influenced them almost none at all. Few had come primarily for sports, either. First of all, they had come, so they declared, to see an attractive country; and their secondary impulse was to travel where they were assured of good food. They sought the scenery of New England and desired a well-kept inn or boarding house at the end of each day's journey. This indicates plainly enough that if New England is to maintain its resort prosperity it must retain its characteristic landscape, which, of course, includes its unique towns and villages, and that it must provide physical entertainment in keeping with them. The primary foe of landscape charm and village character, in New England as everywhere else, is the motor highway. The problem of saving New England is the problem of handling motor traffic.

Even in New England the bulk of traffic is not tourist. It is commercial or local — using 'local' to mean traffic from within the state or region. Everyone now admits, everywhere, that commercial traffic is not only a nuisance but a menace on ordinary roads, and more especially on the winding roads of New England. Even the most casual observation of traffic conditions near a city or on a through highway discloses the fact that the great majority of pleasure cars bear local plates, and the occupants are either out for a ride or, on a week day, bound on some definite errand. The genuine tourist traffic is the least burden on the roads, even in New England. The problem of maintaining an attractive region unspoiled, then, means much more the proper handling of commercial and local traffic than the handling of tourist traffic. As yet no whole-hearted and farseeing effort has been made to meet it, because New England, in common with most of the rest of the country, has been busy paving existing roads, never designed for motor vehicles or as great commercial arteries, and has not realized that they never were, and never can be, adequate for the new demands.

Almost every town now, like all our cities, is strained to capacity to handle the legitimate and immediately local traffic in its streets. All through traffic, except that relatively small body of tourists who are roaming to see the country, should be kept out. There should be, both for the salvation of the towns and for the efficient speeding up of business, through arteries across and up and down the states, built straight across country, as on railroad rights of way, with definite lanes for trucks and others for faster-moving vehicles. New England villages come on an average of every six miles. Every driver knows the slowing down that means on a hundred-mile haul. The economic gain for everybody using cars for business purposes would be almost incalculable, for those having business between near-by towns would employ the existing roads, now cleared of trucks and through traffic, and all those who are making longer hauls or trips, and who in states like Massachusetts and Connecticut constitute the great majority, would move out from their starting point on to the arterial rights of way and speed to their destinations. Connecticut has already made a tentative move in this direction by surfacing old roads through sparsely settled country, to get unimpeded through arteries, and Massachusetts is planning a very wide and straight motor way from Boston to Worcester, largely through open country. But much more drastic work is imperative.

IV

The stock of the Puritan, of course, has been terrifically watered. Not only the textile cities, but Boston, Worcester, the Connecticut Valley towns, and scores of other towns and sections, have been so infused with alien blood that the Puritan element has been almost submerged, though we have to confess that Judge Webster Thayer raised his head to emit a characteristic remark or two. This relatively new type of population has motor cars — good ones. It constitutes a very high percentage of the traffic. It is responsible for most of that backwash from the cities which results in tawdry bungalows, dirty filling stations, hot-dog stands, dance pavilions, and the other abominations which now line all our arterial highways. It does n't fare forth in its cars to see New England, but merely to take a ride. It occupies, perhaps, most of the nineteen out of twenty cars which by-pass old Deerfield on a summer Sunday. It, much more than the visiting tourists, is re-

sponsible for the slumlike trail all our main highways have spread across New England.

But if this population can afford sixty-miles-an-hour cars, it can afford sixty-foot-frontage house lots. If it can enjoy the luxuries of motors and radios and movie palaces, there is no reason why it should continue to build slums to live in. There is no real reason why its backwash from the cities should progressively befoul the countryside. Adequate town zoning, combined with properly placed arterial highways, would save what is left of the older New England, and provide for a decent and civilized future growth in keeping with the deep traditions of the land.

If the New York Central railroad went through every town down the main street, as it goes through Syracuse, the Twentieth Century would take a week to get to Chicago. Arterial highways are now practically railroads, in purpose and potential speed of traffic, still attempting to function while passing through the main streets of every town. *They have got to be taken out of the towns.* Send them over wide rights of way, radiating from the cities and crossing the states, and three enormous advantages are gained at once. First, through traffic is greatly facilitated in movement. Second, existing towns are reclaimed to live their local life in accordance with their ancient plan of community coherence and dignity. Third, an expanding population, pressed out from the cities and made mobile by the motor car, can move in and out daily over these rights of way, turning down the side roads to new communities built under zoning laws and in the country, where there is room for decent planning. Owing to the present choked condition of our highways, suburban living is restricted almost everywhere to half its potential range and half its proper elbowroom, while village living has lost its character and charm. The country is rapidly being spoiled for tourists, and there is no compensating gain in the flow of industry or expansion of living range. We are being conquered by the automobile. It is our blind master.

Of course what blocks any adequate provision of proper radiating arteries to meet twentieth-century conditions is the expense. But the expense grows greater the longer we wait. Our American cities have already had to spend billions to carry their people about underground and to get them water from far-distant mountains. The automobile is now making cities of whole states, and the new problems can only be solved by large and radical methods. If need be, let the motors pay. If our prosperity is so great that every family can have a car, and many families more than one, a doubled or tripled registration fee is a small price to pay for a system of proper highways on which to operate them, and for the salvation of those natural charms and decencies of life which are a priceless heritage, and which only blind and parsimonious stupidity would throw away.

SCIENCE AND THE MONEY-MINDED

BY T. SWANN HARDING

I

SOME young men are very fortunate. Even some research workers are very fortunate when they are young. I know one who had a rather remarkable fellowship at a large university. For three years he drew a salary of three thousand dollars annually, including the privilege of working in one of the best-equipped chemical laboratories in the United States, simply to potter around with ephedrine — which I may identify for laymen by saying that it seems a drug destined eventually in part to replace adrenalin or epinephrin. The young man could do about what he wanted to do; he was an organic chemist and he had a perfectly ravishing time during the three years — which was unfortunate for reasons that we shall investigate later. His three thousand dollars came from one of the largest and, scientifically, one of the most advanced pharmaceutical manufacturing concerns in this country.

During the three years he was occasionally visited by administrative and technical men employed by the company. They came not to direct him, for they could not do that. He knew more about organic chemistry than the entire company put together and laid lengthwise. They came to question him and to pick up scraps. They picked up, during the three years, scraps valued commercially at $150,000. In other words, this young man, upon whose time the company expended a total of $9000 (for the university gladly gave him laboratory space and working materials, merely to share the glory of his achievements), found out, quite accidentally, more economically valuable things about ephedrine than all the high-salaried executives of the pharmaceutical company ever found out about anything in their lives. In short, the natural drive of the curiosity of a young man with a talent for organic chemistry brought in a profit of $141,000 to an enterprising group of Babbitts (if we may call them that, with no desire to be derogatory) who happened, by pure chance, to set him the problem. At the end of three years the company had enough information; in short, the law of diminishing returns had begun to apply, the research had become too remotely fundamental to be immediately profitable, and the fellowship ended.

Fortunately, just at that moment certain social scientists who had been studying the narcotic problem decided to drop it. In five years, and after considerable expenditure of money supplied by a rich foundation, they had decided that they did not know how to solve the problem and that a more fundamental science had better be called in. A chemist was needed, and the young man got a new fellowship at the old salary, and he now applies his phenomenal genius, for it is no less, to the problem of discovering narcotic-like substances which will have the same benign qualities as morphine and cocaine, but will lack all of their harmful elements — a very funda-

mental way to solve a hard social problem.

Should he solve this problem after a further expenditure of $9000, the results would be too tremendous to calculate in economic terms and he would stand ready to accept another $3000 fellowship. Finally, he could honestly and sincerely declare that he had spent six happy years in the laboratory actually getting paid for doing what he most wanted to do anyway.

What have we found out? That some men make fabulous sums of money by the amicable exploitation of other men with better brains, who are so seduced by the idea of being paid a moderate salary for doing exactly what they want to do that the injustice of the situation, if it inheres at all, does not occur to them.

We have also discovered the manner in which knowledge comes into being, and that contributing to the growth and the enhancement of fundamental knowledge is not an activity which has high economic value in our civilization.

Now how could such a man make money if he wished? I can best answer that by the story of a very prominent engineer which was told me yesterday. This man graduated from a university as an engineer and he worked at this profession to some extent. But there came a time when he had the opportunity to help buy some patents and form a company. As an engineer he had been a productive worker adding to the sum total of human knowledge, but he was not well paid. Now he and certain more wealthy men discovered two other men who had devised a method by which ore of a certain type, which had for years been discarded as unprofitable, could be reworked at an enormous profit. He himself happened to know that a large group of abandoned mines supplying this ore existed in a distant country; the other more wealthy men did not know this; the two men who devised the method would not have thought of trying to find out such a thing anyway.

Therefore the engineer and the wealthy men formed a company in which even the inventors of the process were given moderate amounts of stock, for these wealthy men were soft-hearted. The engineer, however, having in mind the distant mines, desired no stock; he asked only the right to use the process. That is about the end of the story. The engineer bought the poor mines and used the process; the wealthy men got a little wealthier; the inventors got much less than the others, but they had enjoyed what they did and probably thought they were overpaid; and the engineer got very rich — no discredit to him. For he and every other member of the group simply did what people do in this civilization of ours in accordance with the social and economic rules by which we contrive so strikingly to misdirect this civilization for the benefit of the few and the degradation of the many. It works for the benefit of men who have the astuteness to know the location of abandoned mines, and to form companies for the friendly exploitation of a small minority of other men who have brains so remarkable that the mere using of them gives a pleasure that money cannot enhance.

II

Meantime there are voices calling in the wilderness and saying that the research man does not get his just reward. Is this altogether true? It is quite generally admitted that our present civilization rests upon the brains of men of science. It is also admitted that scientists lack power. Finally it is true that, in a democracy, a determined and vociferous minority

can, if they set themselves to the task, do about whatever they desire to do. Must research men therefore remain inadequately rewarded?

Again, the scientist gets as the major portion of his reward the same thing the writer and the painter get — that gloriously and deliriously joyous feeling which pervades a man of more than average mental gifts when the machinery is running at high speed. The article produced may or may not sell at a high price. That is secondary. Give such a man a bare living, and the mere joy of feeling the wheels turn will render him so happy that he can conscientiously regard as his benefactors the astute men of very narrowly limited talent who exploit him in the most friendly way imaginable — so long as his incidental by-products have a high market value. He possesses that which could remake civilization; however, the civilization which exists is not only so regulated as to reduce his monetary reward to a minimum, but its very agencies and powers penalize him at every step and tend to restrict or to inhibit the increase and the application of his knowledge.

I know what this means. I have myself been on friendly terms with a man who was enabled to make $50,000 a year in great part by reason of the fact that four men at $2500 a year, of whom I was one, supplied the essential knowledge which enabled the firm of which he was president to pay 19 per cent annual dividends on its mildly watered stock. When I say I was friendly I mean it, and I believe he was sincerely friendly with me. We four enjoyed having our wheels go round; he looked upon us as slightly insane persons whose rather ridiculous gyrations, none the less, happened to produce valuable by-products which he could sell. To say that he was exploiting me would be to talk nonsense; to say that I felt exploited would be equally nonsensical.

That was twelve years ago, and I was well paid and knew it. He was conscious of my value to the company, and that was why he not only paid me well but offered me both his church pew and his seats at the symphony orchestra concerts. (I took the latter gladly!) We were both parts of a great system which had arisen and enabled him to profit from my brains (he admitted he had none of my type of brains, nor did he want any, for he was quite sure they would be both an annoyance and frightfully impractical), but we were honestly friendly, and when our ways parted this fundamental problem between us was ignored. I left largely because my vagrant curiosity led me into fields which were not economically profitable; we both agreed that this would never do in his industry, but I liked those problems, so I cheerfully took less salary to go elsewhere in a publicly supported research laboratory and let my wheels go round.

Now what is the position of the man who undertakes fundamental scientific research for a publicly supported institution? So far as he is a good investigator, he will want to do work which interests him and gives him pleasure. He will be permitted more leeway in state work than in industry. He will have a problem or project; he will be expected to gather facts, formulate conclusions, and these will be published for the direct or indirect benefit of the general public, depending upon the manner in which they are expressed, and whether further simplification is necessary. Yet, so far as he actually accomplishes what he would like to accomplish, either he himself or someone delegated to the task must present his work to laymen who have economic or political minds, whom we shall hereafter call money-minded men,

whose sympathy must be aroused in order to permit the research and its publication to continue. That means time wasting; it means that research must be penalized; it means loss to the general public and a brake upon the advance of science, but this again is inherent in the very fundamental organization of our social and economic system — a system, let it be understood- admirably adapted no doubt to certain conditions, but not adapted to the end of making knowledge, and the wealth created by knowledge, available to the greatest possible number.

To be specific. A certain group of scientists wished, among other things, to publish a journal which would contain abstracts of work done in all branches of biology. They had to get $100,000 to do this and they had to get it from men who had no slightest idea what fundamental research in biology was all about, much less why it should be published and then republished in convenient abstract form. That fact came out in the first question put to the scientists by their lay benefactors: 'How much do you spend on publishing your results for every one hundred dollars you spend on obtaining them?' No scientist ever thought about the thing that way, so none of them knew the answer. It was useless to stress the great value of having abstracts all over the field of biological research made quickly and regularly available to all research workers everywhere. Money-minded benefactors wanted to know: How many dollars do you usually spend in printing results for each one hundred dollars you spend in obtaining them — that is, on laboratories, equipment, materials, and salaries?

The scientists investigated. The answer was: We normally spend one dollar to make public the amount of knowledge it costs us $3333 to procure, and, come to think of it, that is mighty little, is n't it? Just who was at fault here is a pretty question — the money-minded people for letting such a situation continue, or the scientists for refusing to think like money-minded men just long enough to present the problem to them in such a way that even they could understand it. At any rate it seemed to all of them rather ridiculous to spend only a dollar to disseminate information it took over three thousand dollars to procure, and the funds were made available.

III

The spectacle of a scientist attempting to defend fundamental research before a Congressional committee makes very interesting reading, and further illustrates what I have in mind. Yet neither of the parties to the spectacle should be blamed except so far as they are mutually responsible for a situation which manifestly should not continue to exist. The gap between their planes of thought should be bridged — or perhaps someone should bring along a ladder.

The scientist says, for instance, that we need money to investigate this beet disease. A member of the committee remarks that the scientist said the same thing last year and also five years ago, and that each time he got ten thousand dollars. The scientist says it is a long piece of fundamental research. Well, is it near an end? He cannot say. Has he ever ended up a piece of research in his life? In fact, is n't it true that if he ever gets a project started it goes on forever? Well, new problems constantly arise to be subsumed under that project. Then, if he gets the money this time, what does he propose to do? He proposes to study the effect of certain kinds of light in speeding up the growth of beets. And what on earth has that to do with the beet disease?

It has this to do with it: the disease advances rapidly; we must quickly develop a beet variety resistant to the disease in order to save a five-million-dollar industry in a certain section; the light will make beets mature and give seed in six months rather than in two years and thus speed up the hunt for a resistant variety. Then he launches into a discussion of light which rapidly becomes opaque to the committee. Finally the committee chairman says, 'That sounds like the Ten Commandments — very fine, but too impractical. Now, what is the next item?'

But one day in a moment of enlightenment a money-minded man asked a scientist: 'What value does research in your organization bring back per dollar spent?' The scientist did n't know, of course, for scientists habitually ignore such problems as that. But he decided to find out; he decided it might be convincing if he did find out; so he went through several cubic feet of documents and had trained statisticians make some calculations. He discovered that the return per dollar spent on research by the Department of Agriculture, for that happened to be the organization in this case, was five hundred dollars, or 50,000 per cent, which is not bad outside a public-service corporation, and is impressive even to a money-minded man. It was impressive, and brought agricultural research an earned increment of long-delayed respect and appropriations. The incident also demonstrated that it pays, and does not necessarily demean the scientist, to think like a money-minded man occasionally, and thus accomplish by strategy that which he cannot accomplish by matter-of-fact statement.

There is in history the record of a certain research organization which did very fine work, but which habitually lacked funds to print its findings. Year by year facts accumulated in cold storage simply because certain laymen with money minds could not possibly see the importance of disseminating information which it had cost a great deal to procure. That is very natural. Most lay minds are industrialized, and, as I myself found, an industrial executive sometimes actually objects to the quotation, in a scientific article by one of his technicians, of the work of men who are long-since dead and whose publications are actually available to everyone in public libraries. Why? Because he fears the technician may give away some trade or factory secret. While he has spies in every factory similar to his own to send him full information regarding processes developed there, he is somehow insensible to the fact that his competitors have spies in his, and he guards with extreme care the information his men of brains collect. Naturally, when such men become the directors of altruistic scientific foundations, they cannot possibly see the necessity for large funds to make results available in print to everyone; that is not the way of business.

But it is the way of scientists. So, in the case we are describing, the scientists deliberately connived with certain journalists to attack their institute violently in the press as an organization supported by funds set aside for the public good which actually failed to function efficiently simply because it did not rapidly and widely publish its results. These attacks at once drew the attention of industrial men; these men immediately appealed to those in charge of the funds; funds were released for publication, and all was merry once more. But, given the crazy, chaotic social and economic system we now possess, the method taken by the scientists, though a Babbitt method, was the only practicable one.

IV

This system of ours elaborately rewards the men who, by congenital chance, happen to have the kind of brains which enable them to win in a competitive game which requires an ability of a very narrowly limited character, but it does not commensurately reward the men of brains whose product alone makes the entire game possible and the entire fabric existent. This game tends to bore the artist, the man of literature, and the research investigator, in the same way that it would bore a highly trained engineer if he were compelled to play all day with a toy engine, or the average business executive if he were compelled to read only and exclusively the very best literature in the world.

It is not my intention to be supercilious. I speak from experience, as a personal instance will show. When the depression of 1920 (engineered by the great minds who direct our economic system) occurred, I was working as research chemist in a factory. For some reason best known to themselves, the money minds decided not to discharge me but to put me into a small department as production foreman. I had never been a foreman in my life, but I had to become one. I took hold, used common sense and the veriest rudiments of my scientific training, applied certainly not one tenth the mental power I had previously applied to scientific research, and decreased the cost of production in my department by one half. More could easily have been accomplished, but I was called to other fields of endeavor.

Just how was this done? Well, I found that the average foreman or production manager would, when he received a formula from the scientific department, proceed to throw things together before he had read it completely. He would do as seemed right to him, and when the process failed, as it usually did, down the sewer the material went, and a new trial was started. These trials were all on a large scale and they cost money. I, instead, carefully read the formula before I started to make the product, studied it at each step of the process, and, if in grave doubt, tried out a small laboratory lot before I went ahead with a factory batch.

Again, orders came in for chemically pure sucrose. This is common sugar with a college education; it was then selling at about $1.40 a pound with common sugar at 11 cents. The factory manager, being jealous of the scientific departments, decided to make this sucrose himself without consulting research men. He did it by dissolving one hundred pounds of sugar at a time and later crystallizing it out by the use of alcohol. Each time he sent a sample to the analytical laboratory it came back rejected as making a cloudy solution and being more contaminated with dirt than the original sugar he started from. He had thus wasted about five hundred pounds of sugar, plus a great deal of labor, when I entered the factory. I controlled the crystallization with the greatest ease to keep dirt out of the product, and my first lot passed analysis. I next discovered that a certain sugar on the market was chemically pure anyway, so we crushed this, since it was a lump sugar, packaged it, and sold it directly!

These two things were in a way small triumphs to a commercial or money mind; to me they were too silly for words, but I had to make a living. Had I been a true scientist, of course, I would have starved rather than indulge in such antics — but that is my deficiency.

I said I was called to other fields of endeavor. That is not exactly true; I

went to them when the president of the firm informed me that reduction of 50 per cent in costs of production did not really interest him enough to increase my salary, because selling price bore no set relation to cost of production anyway, except that the former was so much above the latter that 50 per cent, or even 100 per cent, savings were more or less immaterial.

V

Let us turn now to what can happen under present circumstances and consider a case or two, in order to show how disorganized our present socio-politico-economic system really is.

Here is a man representing the beet industry. He says that if a single-germed beet could be developed the industry would be saved an enormous amount. The ordinary beet seed sprouts four or five stalks; these have to be painfully thinned down to one (the longest and strongest) by hand. So two scientists set to work on the problem which, if solved, would make beet growing as easy as corn growing. They found about one single-germed seed in five hundred, so they started out by segregating a lot of single-germed seeds. They planted these, and by keeping the line pure they soon had plants which would yield one half single-germed seeds; a little more selection would have solved the problem. Meantime there had been no publicity — and then something happened.

One of the investigators was offered a better position elsewhere and he took it. The second resigned rather than drop the problem, as a certain lay director requested, but he did not take it elsewhere. The beet man who originally suggested the problem died. The seeds were lost, $60,000 was wasted, and to-day the industry is about as far from the single-germed seed as ever. Had these scientists been alert to get their results published, — but many 'pure' scientists somehow often are not, — this waste would have been avoided. Publicity is a money-mind method, but it decidedly has its place in the scheme of things as they are.

As a matter of fact it is doubtful whether any scientific organization, even in the field of medicine, should entirely lack lay brains and advice. Absolute control by scientists is often disastrous. Perhaps this is because scientists themselves have inevitably become impregnated with the astute acquisitive ideas of money-minded men. In the matter of the beets, of course, publicity was woefully neglected; on the other hand, science itself needs sufficient organization to prevent the permanent sidetracking of important problems so near solution.

Quite recently the chemical director of an important research institute was offered a position as head of a university department. He went to take this new position, leaving, at the end of five years, a ten-year programme of fundamental research in physical chemistry. A great deal had been invested in this programme; the personnel had been very carefully built up, and important results were just beginning to be recorded. But the new chemical director was interested in an altogether different line of work, as he was an organic chemist; he found most of the old personnel and all the old equipment and apparatus useless. He built up a new personnel, put the expensive apparatus in the cellar, and started off on ideas of his own. His ideas were valuable and he was a genius, but science cannot consider itself organized in even a rudimentary way until such expensive disasters as this cease to occur.

A business man or two on the board might help. The National Academy of

Sciences seems to find such assistance from money-minded men invaluable, while the biological institute at Woods Hole, controlling a large endowment, also has a business man Rotarian chairman of its board, the rest all being scientists. On the other hand too many money-minded men will simply wreck science altogether, just as their presence, their ownership, and their ideals have wrecked college and university education in this country. A very, very few of the very best money minds would be enough to put the needed organization into science. I say this because I remember the president of a company who, in my industrial days, came to me every so often to weep quietly about the hundred thousand dollars which, he assured me, went down the sewers of his concern annually. He was probably right. He felt impotent to stop this loss. He probably was. The wastage went on, but profits were so high that it hardly mattered. By this I mean that the returns on knowledge secreted by brains are so high that you can hobble, inhibit, confine, and abuse it, and yet make a great deal of money.

Consider soil as an instance. Soil is fundamental, more fundamental than good roads for pleasure vehicles. We need good roads, of course, to promote agriculture, which again is fundamental. But we do not need miles of roads laid out largely to accommodate endless processions of pleasure vehicles, driven by human automatons with vacuums in their heads, who have been so long debauched by the machine that they feel uncomfortable unless persisting in some meaningless mechanical activity. A soil survey is fundamental. The United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils assures us that such a survey is one of the most valuable things economically imaginable and offers an enormous return on the investment. A detailed soil survey of an average county can be made for less than the cost of one quarter of a mile of state road, and yet so predominant is the money mind in America that it is easy to get the state road and very difficult indeed to get funds for the complete soil surveys we need.

Or, again, Bennett of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils testified in 1929 before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives (money-minded men in the majority — again no discredit to them, things being as they are) that 30,000,000 acres of farm land in the Piedmont Region from New York to Central Alabama had lost the top soil by erosion and that the farmers had to depend on the subsoil. When this washes away, that farm land will be barren and useless. Meantime it requires from four to eight hundred pounds of fertilizer per acre in lieu of a former two hundred pounds. In Fairfield County, South Carolina, 93,000 acres have been destroyed now, and Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and other states tell the same story. The soil often washes away at the rate of forty tons per acre per year. Yet this erosion could easily be prevented. The scientist wanted only $80,000 of government funds to spend on the project; he got $19,000. We spent $274,000,000 on cruisers and $57,000 on the prevention of soil erosion in the same three years. Even the most ardent advocate of cruisers should find this rather disproportionate, but it can easily be seen where money minds stand. The soil-erosion programme did somewhat better later, after a loud prearranged 'ballyhoo' to impress the money minds.

VI

It is said that we spend approximately two hundred million dollars

annually on research in this country. That is a large sum. It is large enough, in fact, to build about five airplane carriers. Our total income is eighty to ninety billion dollars a year. That means that we spend upon research $25 per $10,000 of annual income, which is not so much after all. Of that two hundred millions about twenty millions is devoted to fundamental research in pure science — that is, to the discovery of knowledge and the release of power upon which everything else in our civilization of to-day builds. That means that we spend only $2.50 per $10,000 of income on fundamental research; the remaining $22.50 goes to practical applications — that is, to such abstruse and difficult things as I told about when I mentioned the pure-sugar incident above. These figures are perhaps not exact, but they are relatively correct as given by Professor A. B. Wolfe.

What do they show? They show that the original source from whence all these magic machines of our modern civilization come to us receives comparatively little attention from the money minds. They show further that preaching to the people the value of research can only be effective when the statement is made in plain economic terms of profits and money value. But there is something deeper than that.

The control of the entire machinery of modern civilization remains in the hands of obsolete types of men who were naturally fitted to be leaders in another age. The popularization of science is a futile and largely impotent gesture so long as the fundamental basis of our social structure naturally gives all direction and power to money minds and practically no power, with scant reward, to productive brains. So long as this condition exists scientists must cry plaintively for funds, must pathetically cultivate money-minded men in order to placate them into making very minor investments in brains.

Furthermore, science is penalized and crippled so long as the production of knowledge must be at the behest and under the direction of men who, however honest, sincere, and good at heart, have narrowly limited minds, entirely unable to think about abstract concepts. Hence it is very doubtful whether all the publicity campaigns undertaken by scientists can ever achieve what they want to achieve, so long as they direct their efforts at superficialities and ignore the root of the problem. To inveigh against the money minds is useless. They are what they are, without the slightest conscious desire to be what they have become. To wheedle funds out of such minds by pathetic beggary demeans the men of brains. For the latter to gain some of the power and control which are rightfully theirs can alone solve the problem.

Of course circumstances occasionally put even a scientist in a position of economic power. During 1917 there came to an industry in this country an English chemist at an annual salary of $25,000. Since we were at war with Germany, he was the only man in the world available who had the knowledge to do a specific thing a rich industrial concern wanted done. But such events are rare, and they are both accidental and incidental. Even when, in the same year, I went to industry as a research chemist at one tenth that salary, I got a stipend relatively so good, for a beginner, because I happened to know more about a certain narrowly limited sphere of organic chemistry than any other man available. When that knowledge had been utilized I became both less valuable and less important to my firm.

Implicit, if not explicit, in our entire ethic and philosophy is obeisance to the money mind. James Truslow Adams was perfectly correct when he declared that we educate people to *do*, not to *be*. The men of brains who dispense knowledge to youth do so under such circumstances that they erect in the students' minds a wall. This wall surrounds the Temple of Money. Against it thought beats in vain, save for inconsiderable moments of beneficent generosity. Thus the men of brains who dispense knowledge erect the very barrier against which the fundamental scientists who discover knowledge have later to thrust themselves in order to get meagre funds for their work. The situation is absurd, but so long as it exists we must expect research to occupy the place in our scheme of things which it occupies at present. No amount of popularization of science can ever be really successful until that wall is demolished and men are respected for what they *are* rather than exclusively for what they do.

VII

We have, then, this situation. The competitive economic system developed at a time when mechanization did not exist, and when success in the system required brains, initiative, and courage. The same qualities were also required at that time to make a good soldier. Science came; it produced knowledge and released power. Scientists enjoyed producing the knowledge and were relatively uninterested in the power released. The best brains gravitated to science as science made the system a thing of chance — depending upon unearned increments, open markets, preëmpted fields, opportune moments, banking and stock-market manipulations, and a certain simple acquisitiveness and astuteness uncomplicated by high mentality or impractical ideals and aspirations. At this time you could be a good soldier with a modicum of brains, initiative, and courage if you had a machine gun. In short, it became too easy to accumulate power and wealth, and mentally talented individuals naturally entered more difficult fields and drew their reward, as they had even when making money, largely from feeling their own machinery in operation.

To-day the old economic system — antiquated, obsolete, anachronistic — still nominally runs things. Centralization increases; production increases; big fortunes increase; skilled workers who are employed (including good scientists) profit more than ever before, but the group of the dispossessed constantly increases. The scientist makes a good living and he has the joy of doing what he wants to do; he is therefore uninclined to be critical of things as they are. Money-minded men succeed better than ever before in history. But the public loses; it loses knowledge, power, and wealth which rightfully belong to it. These things belong to the public both because civilization and wealth are the heritage of humanity to-day, bequeathed to it by humanity of the past, not the gift of one man nor the right of individuals, and because men who have knowledge, which makes power and wealth, have always freely given since the world began, and it is their nature to give. They give to-day — but their gifts are at once fenced in, and only reach the general public after the money-minded men have taken just as large a portion of them as they desire.

The relatively complacent self-satisfaction of the scientist is, therefore, unmerited. The situation exists. If any remedy is needed, it is in the hands of one hundred thousand scientific workers of sorts.

LEGEND

Makers of fables and of verses tell,
And many times have told,
Of an imagined country, free from pain,
From weariness, and death, and cold.
It rises in bright meadows from the swell
Of the wind-darkened sea.
No snow falls there, nor hail,
Nor God's contemptuous phlegm, the autumn rain.
The age-old tree
Is riven by no shrill, disheartening storm,
But always in Hesperian light,
Such as on shores beyond the wind and foam
Brightens across dark waves before the night,
The fabled country stands.
It is the mother of all perfect lands
Shaped by the mind, or sought in ventures far.
It is the image of the wished-for star
Trembling upon the mortal stream.
And whoso has regarded it in dream,
Has seen its clear fields at the end of day,
Must feel his spirit warm with inward tears,
Must bear through all his years
A longing inexpressible, unsought,
But dear as life, with very life inwrought.

Light is the essence of that fabled land,
Light that is ever present through the world,
Changing as winds and waters change,
Blowing through sea-green grasses over bright sand,
And in green caves of breakers curled.
Light, the most vulgar of familiar things,
Light the impalpable and strange,
The swift of foot that through the bright leagues races
And visits clouds and in the wild rose sings.
Often from ranging in the world's broad spaces
The swift feet of the light descend
Upon a shore by dark waves breasted.
Then barns and spires and the rich shapes of trees
Are changed and held immortal and arrested,
And then across the intervening seas
The meadows of the fabled land appear.
He that beholds them thinks of lover and friend,
Of all that he holds dear.
They throb within his pulse, till they and he
And all the world are lost, and what is real
Is only longing without depth or end,
A strong, sad, burning wish that life might be
Secure, and worthy of man's breath,
A light and recompense for death,
Clear as the fields imperishably clear
And shining in the barriers of the sea.

THEODORE MORRISON

AUNT COFFIN'S ART

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

To a small boy's eyes Aunt Coffin was both fusty and formidable. She was of short speech and small amiability, and she wore a manner of widow's weeds perpetually. She was emphatically what a steamer girl once described to me as 'a black-silk aunt,' but very dowdy silk. It had been impossible to domicile her amid her aging and aged brothers and sisters who lived in dignity up at the family farm, so she boarded below in the village, as a dreaded pensioner. However, she felt her rights in the homestead to be intact, and from time to time, by way of asserting these rights, she raided the silver basket and even the ice box. Much had to be borne from Aunt Coffin.

But she had, as you choose to put it, her silver lining or her comic relief. She painted. In their teens several ladies of the family had painted flowers or copied landscapes, but Aunt Coffin practised this worldly accomplishment in extreme old age. Shut up in her air-tight room, she composed out of her head the strangest pictures — odd poesies, quite indecent in a woman of her years; and, unpardonable habit in a dependent, she painted expensively, fairly modeling her hills and trees and persons in the pigment. Her paint bill for a season would have gone far toward renewing the fusty widow's weeds. But Aunt Coffin, caring everything for the appearance of her pictures, cared just nothing for her own appearance — hence was an eyesore to her neat and godly sisters at Maple Green, up on the hill. As for her painting, it was the family joke. In rare expansive moments she bestowed a well-loaded canvas on some kinsman or kinswoman. After a reasonable delay, it joined the foot warmers and spinning wheels in the attic. But Aunt Coffin depended in no way on appreciation. She painted on until she died in the late eighties. For a few years she remained a grotesque family legend, and then she and her art were forgotten. All this was some fifty years ago.

But not entirely forgotten. In too rare visits to the haunted farm on the hill, I found myself paradoxically remembering outcast Aunt Coffin. What was this art of hers for which she had cared so deeply? Was it after all so ridiculous? One would like to see. So while the *œuvre* of Aunt Coffin is, I fear, hopelessly scattered and much of it probably even destroyed, I have managed to recover three examples of her painting, and I think them worth a few words of description and appreciation.

The first is an unpretentious little picture. A very blue stream swings across and up the canvas from right to left, broadening to the point where the sails of a heavy sloop cut the horizon. The lower sky is flushed, and there are stray rosy clouds in the blue upper sky. The curve of the stream is balanced by the thrust of a brown road which passes from the left to the strand near the centre, where a skiff is shoving off. Touches of sharp red in the bodices of two women passengers carry forward the note asserted more moderately in

the clouds and the pennon of the sloop. There is a great tree with its green beginning to rust to autumnal brown on the left bank, while on the right bank a coppice of such trees cuts impressively into the sky, shadowing two settlers' houses such as Aunt Coffin could see along her village street. The whole effect is very simple and emphatic, with something of a more colorful Ryder in its suggestion.

Since Aunt Coffin never signed her pictures, nor, as they are most recognizable, needed to sign them, a review of her mannerisms may be useful to the amateur of her art. It should be admitted that the generalization is made from three pictures, but memory of the many I saw in childhood makes me confident that the analysis will apply to the work as a whole. In a good and authentic Aunt Coffin a very blue river should occupy the middle space; the lower sky should be rosy and should be reflected in the upper stretch of the stream; there should be tiny floating clouds high up; all greens of grass or foliage should be heavily loaded, apparently squeezed straight from the tube, and much dosed with warm browns and even reds to gain brilliancy. In or near the foreground there should be a fine tree, of maple sort, whose densely fronded top bulges monumentally before the sky, rising to the top of the canvas. The difficult motive of sky seen through foliage is always capitally managed. Skiffs of a punt-like sort are to be expected.

Let us consider a more ambitious Aunt Coffin. The central blue stream is reduced to a bend caught between a bank on which there is a ruin — a glorification of a derelict factory chimney — and a grove where beside a blasted tree graze a white buck and doe. The still water is full of reflections of a skiff, a sailboat, and the farther bank. On the bank beyond is a porticoed and domed structure like the Pantheon, though I fancy it may rather be an excerpt from the Boston State House. From the temple a path follows the river, while two lovers follow the path. Higher, there is a misty hill bearing a castle, — or is it a glorified summer hotel? — which catches the roseate glow from the lower sky. The romance is all carried off, and the whole thing has odd but real affinities with such a masterpiece as Ryder's 'Temple of the Mind.'

I adore Aunt Coffin in this unabashed vein of romantic escape from the fustiness of her person and setting and from the superior respectability of her brothers and sisters up at the farm, but I think she is really more impressive when her eye is at least approximately on the object, and I present as her masterpiece a picture which rests solidly on memories of the Connecticut Valley, only a short ten miles away. Seldom enough Aunt Coffin saw this lovely river vale, for her pittance did not run to livery expenses, while she herself was too unlovely a companion to be welcome in the family carryall. Still she had caught the feel and look of the gentle stream as it turns about the foot of some little mountain, and the picture which she painted in her air-tight room has the real truth of the matter. The blue stream is a chevron ending in reflected rose, with a distant blue mountain hanging between rose of river and sky. This is seen through a tangle where a fallen yellow maple is held slantingly by two crimson sugar maples. Dull, conical spruces set off the brilliant hues and rounded forms of the maples from the background. A cliff occupies the river bend at the centre. I see in it a sublimation of Sugar Loaf, opposite Sunderland. Two of the usual skiffs are on the nearer, blue reach of the river. At the right a cloaked rider on a white horse quietly

drives two tranquil oxen out of the picture. The beasts are realized with a Blake-like simplicity. The whole composition is large in scale and of a sombre gorgeousness in color.

The red maples glow incandescently from within; the half-fallen yellow maple sings splendidly. Again plenty of paint is the expedient. But it is the right paint, at the right spot, in the right intensity and relations. In short, while it looks easy, I feel that anyone who thought he could do it by simply getting gay with the tubes of vermilion and chrome yellow would be in trouble. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that Aunt Coffin is the only American painter who has really done our autumn foliage. The rest think of it as a color; she thought of it as a conflagration.

I forgot to say at the outset that Aunt Coffin's baptismal name was Wealthy; that her husband, who soon left her for a better world, was a local poet; and that a daughter achieved within a short life a certain literary accomplishment. Whatever capacity for the arts lay in the family up at the farm was all canalized in Aunt Coffin's direction. She was born in 1800 and died in 1887. Ryder was just beginning to emerge, and nobody had heard of Rousseau le Douanier. There were no models for Aunt Coffin's style. It simply shaped itself in homemade fashion as she puttered masterfully in her air-tight room. My friends Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More were undergraduates in Aunt Coffin's last years. So she never had the good chance to know the perils of the romantic escape she was practising. I dare say she would have been surprised to be told either that she must or that she must not express her soul freely. She did n't think in such terms. They could n't stand her on the farm, and she loved to paint. Could she prophetically have read the books of my friends, she might have felt the duty to tidy up, cheer up, and come to an agreement with the brothers and sisters at Maple Green. This, I agree, would have evinced a superior morality on her part, but I am sure that neither she nor they would have had so good a time. They, after all, liked her quaint and at a distance, and she willingly accepted a situation that fitted in nicely with her painting.

As an ironical afterthought to a serious essay — if I could assemble thirty or forty pictures by Aunt Coffin, I would guarantee a cult and the posthumous justification of her Christian name, Wealthy. The sort of art she represented is no longer ridiculous, and of course it was n't ridiculous at the time. I could wish for Aunt Coffin theoretically possible triumphs in the auction room, if only to perturb in their celestial seats the benignly condescending shades from hilltop Maple Green.

DEATH SONG

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

Miss Sarah Boggs sat in her small bedroom in the home of three-times-removed Cousin Caleb Hicks in Stilton, Massachusetts, staring raptly at her favorite picture: an exhausted, drooping Indian on an exhausted, drooping horse standing at the edge of nothingness. Miss Boggs was going there! Actually! To 'the end of the trail'!

Of course, the end of the trail, Miss Boggs knew, was not really the jumping-off sort of place the artist represented it to be in the picture; that was merely a symbol. No, the end of the trail was the far-off reservations to which the Indians had been pushed and pushed until they could be pushed no farther. Miss Boggs knew all about that old business, for she always had been interested in the Indians, and belonged to societies for their defense and the protection of their rights, and read articles about them in the magazines, and went to lectures by ladies and gentlemen — but mostly ladies — who sometimes wept over their woes. Miss Boggs 'just loved' the Indians.

She read her appointment to the position of clerk at the Fort Stanton Indian Agency for the eleventh time since receiving it that morning. Then she went and bought a trunk — 'Not expensive, please, and not very large.'

Bigmeat, she decided the moment she got off the train, was just about the same size as her own little village of Stilton in Massachusetts, but very different.

'The agency is forty-five miles away,' the station agent informed her, 'and you take the stage over there in front of the hotel.'

Miss Sarah Boggs was not only at the end of the trail, in the land of the Dakotas and of sky-blue waters, but she was also about to ride on a stage! And just then, as if all this were not enough, she saw two Indians leaning against the station! They did n't wear any blankets or feathers, and their hair was short, but something told her they were Indians. She caught her breath and fluttered over to them. 'I've come to live with you,' she told them happily. 'I'm going to live right on your reservation!'

The Indians looked at her, then at the train which was just pulling out.

'I know you don't speak English. But I'm going to learn your language,' she promised, 'and then you can talk to me. We're going to be such good friends!' And, smiling and waving, she fluttered away toward the hotel and the stage.

'What's matter with her?' one of the Indians mumbled.

'Kinda nutty, I guess,' mumbled the other.

The stage turned out to be a panting, rusty-looking old automobile without a top, and Miss Boggs had her first disappointment.

Her bag thumped down on a lot of tools in the back of the car; the driver inserted himself into the seat beside her. 'All right, sister?' And without waiting for an answer, 'Here we go!'

The sudden leap of the car almost dislocated her neck. She was just recovering and beginning to worry about her trunk when they reached the top of the first hill. She forgot both her trunk and her neck to marvel. She had never seen so much air! In fact, there was nothing else. Just air. Everywhere. And the hill on the crest of which they were driving was higher than any of the other hills, so that they could look off to limitless distances in all directions and see more air. There were no trees, no houses — just the hills and the air. . . .

II

'You were at dinner and you all heard her. Is n't she the little reformer, though!' said Dotty Little Elk, the stenographer, on returning to the office after luncheon. 'I bet I win the pool.'

'Le's see,' said Bill Thomas, the property clerk, taking an envelope from a drawer in his desk, and from the envelope five slips of paper and five quarters. He read the five slips and announced that he guessed Miss Little Elk had won all right, whereupon the other clerks gathered about him to verify his report. 'Will she be tall or short?' they read, and, in Miss Little Elk's handwriting, 'Neither.' 'Will she be thin or fat?' 'Thin, of course.' 'Will she be dark or fair?' 'Just plain sallow.' 'Will she like Indian things?' 'She'll buy them all.' 'What will be her favorite expression?' 'I just love the Indians.' 'Will she want to reform the Indian Service?' 'Oh, my, yes! And may the Lord help us.'

The five questionnaires having been compared, it was agreed that Miss Little Elk's had more answers which correctly applied to Miss Boggs than any of the others, and she was officially pronounced the winner of the pool.

'The next time a new employee comes and we play this game,' said Bill Thomas, handing Miss Little Elk the five quarters, 'we'll add another question to our list.'

'And what will that be?'

'"Will he or she be the kind that lose their perspective?" You know, the way some of 'em do. They come out West here and go nutty over the Indians, and then they lose their perspective, and first thing you know they think an Indian's as good as a white man. Or better, maybe. You can tell 'em and tell 'em, but they just can't see it. They forget, or something, and the women get all excited about the noble red man and think they're romantic and picturesque, and the first thing you know, especially if they come from the East, one of 'em ups and marries some big Indian buck and —'

'Now, now, Bill, better pause to get your breath. And what do you think I am, a Swede? Talking like that before me!'

'Oh, gee, excuse me, Miss Little Elk. I forgot — I mean —'

'That's all right, Paleface. And don't worry about Miss Boggs's perspective. She could n't lose it any more 'n she could lose her mind. She has n't any.'

III

Miss Boggs's trunk having arrived, she unpacked 'The End of the Trail,' and hung it up. Then she bought an Indian blanket for her bed and another for her floor. As soon as her first month was up and she had paid her board at the mess, and sent twenty-five dollars to Cousin Caleb as first payment on the sum he had advanced her for her course at a business school, she went out and bought all the beaded bags and willow baskets, bows and arrows, peace pipes and pottery, beaded chains and headbands, which the

remainder of her salary would allow, and hung them all up on her walls.

'Ain't it funny the way they all do that when they first come into the Service?' said Bill Thomas to young Sidney Jeffers. 'Buy all that Indian junk, I mean.'

'Well, you did it too, did n't you? So what are you kicking about?'

But Miss Boggs was very happy, though considerably disconcerted by the lack of that nobility of bearing and solemnity of manner which she had been led to expect in the Indians. Theoretically, the Indians inhabited the small frame houses which the government had ordered built for them; actually, they lived in the tepees which they themselves set up beside the houses. The men generally lounged about the agency or loafed around the trader's store, and the women sat on the ground in front of the tepees and sewed beads and porcupine quills on buckskin while they discoursed, not impressively and with melancholy dignity of the old free days when their people had owned the entire United States and roamed about it at will, but, with much laughter and a sad lack of restraint, of the scandalous escapades and gay *fredaines* of their neighbors, of births and weddings, of the employees at the agency, whom they seemed to consider funnier than anything else they knew of, and sometimes, and for brief and more sober moments, of illness and death. They were, one and all, inveterate gossips. And always, it seemed to Miss Boggs, they laughed, which disturbed her not a little; their business was to be sad.

'We've robbed them of their dignity as well as of their lands,' she thought, and, because she was so very sorry, sat flat on the ground with them, a position which she found uncomfortable in the extreme and which inevitably put her legs to sleep. She took a morbid pleasure in this discomfort. It was her act of humility, the gesture by which she hoped to convey to her friends her repudiation of the works of those members of her own race who had humbled and demeaned them.

Strangely enough, the Indians never referred to their unhappiness (she knew they were unhappy because everyone she had ever heard lecture and every book she had ever read about them said they were) unless she herself brought up the subject. And then, to be sure, the floodgates would open and the torrent of their misfortunes would pour in on her. And, for people who laughed so much, the number and the depth of their afflictions were astonishing. 'Laughing while their hearts break,' she thought, sentimentally.

Best of all she liked to sit beside a camp fire at twilight and listen to the tales the old men unfolded. They had a marvelous gift of narrative, elaborating the simplest story with a wealth of enlivening detail, their hands moving in smooth, graphic gestures as expressive as their words. They wrought for Sarah Boggs enchanting pictures of carts and ponies and travoises marching in endless caravans over endless prairies; of evening camps beside quiet waters, thin smoke ascending from many fires, children playing and dogs barking, muffled drums beating softly the rhythm of a crooning chant; of night and sudden war cries, and the confusion of carts drawn close for ramparts and of trenches being dug for the women and children; of horses neighing in the dark, and the sound of guns; of bows and arrows and scalps; of quiet at last, and dawn, and chiefs on high hills wailing bloodcurdling death songs.

They told her about the battle of Wounded Knee, and of that terrible day at the Little Big Horn, and they

brought to her men who had been scouts under Custer and Sitting Bull. The greatest of them all, they said, was Wanmbidi Sapa (Black Eagle), who had been kept in a white prison for a long time, and who never talked. He was away just then. Some said Sitting Bull was a great warrior, others that Custer was greater, and still others that Sitting Bull had been a coward who had sat in his tepee and made medicine while others fought his battles. They wrangled amiably and without rancor.

Age had dimmed the fire in their eyes and cooled the ardor in their fierce old hearts. The years had conquered where force of arms had failed, and they sat, shrunken and feeble, beside their dying fires, reciting the saga of their tribe; no longer proud, no longer brave; anxious about the piece of pork and the few pounds of flour which the government tossed to them each month, their only reprisal an occasional outburst of futile oratory.

'We've not only taken their land and robbed them of their dignity, but we've killed their pride,' mourned Miss Boggs.

'But what's the use fussing about it?' Mary Wilson, the full-blooded Seneca teacher at the boarding school, would remonstrate.

'The government could give them back their freedom.'

'And what would they do with it? Hunt? My goodness, three fourths of the Indians I know could n't hit the side of a barn with the biggest gun that ever was made. And there is n't any game left, anyway. No, no. Listen, Miss Boggs, the Indians have got to live like white people. There's no other way for them, and the sooner they forget about the buffalo and shooting the enemy, and learn to make a living like civilized men and women, the better for them. I know; I'm an Indian. What good would it do me to sit in a tepee and sew beads? I can sit in a house and sew dresses and make fifty times as much money with half the labor. My mother lived in a tepee, and I want to tell you I'm having a far better time than she ever had, poor thing. My goodness, the way the Indian men used to sit around beating a little drum while the women did all the dirty work! I'd like to see any Indian dishrag me around like that! When I marry it's going to be on a fifty-fifty basis, and if my old man can't see it like that he'll just have to pack up his drum and go.'

'Oh, my dear, they can't all be clever and sensible and practical like you!'

'Why not?'

'But you can sew and cook so marvelously! And you're an exceptionally good teacher. And you're so wise with children. Oh, my dear!'

'I learned all that, and so can they.'

Miss Boggs's next purchase was an 'Indian costume,' a straight slip of buckskin with leggings to match, fringed and decorated with beads and dyed porcupine quills. She did not wear it, but wrapped it up in tissue paper and laid it away with a pair of moccasins she already owned. 'Pretty soon they won't make any more,' she thought sadly; 'they'll lose their art as they have lost everything else.'

She did n't like Mr. Bradley, the superintendent. 'Why?' Mary Wilson asked her.

'I don't know,' she admitted. 'Maybe it's his jokes.'

'You mean you don't understand them?'

'Well — no.'

'You're not missing anything,' said Mary dryly.

'I saw him shake a small boy.'

'Oh, that! The small boy probably needed a shaking.'

'You're so hard, Mary,' complained

Miss Boggs. 'And it's your own people.'

'And you're so soft,' laughed Mary. 'And I don't see you shedding any tears over your own people. Don't they have troubles too? Don't people shake small white boys sometimes?'

IV

One evening Dotty Little Elk dressed herself up in a new frock and went to the trader's store to show herself. But no Indian young men loitered about the store, nor had any white cowboys ridden in from the adjacent ranches to get their mail. The only other public available to a young lady intent upon displaying herself was at the boarding school, but as this was an almost purely feminine public it held no interest for Miss Little Elk. So Dotty went back to her room in the mess building.

The idea of putting away her finery before anyone had had the opportunity of admiring her was too much, however, and she went in to call on Miss Boggs. Having pirouetted before her hostess and been duly felicitated upon her appearance, she sat down in a rocking-chair near a window facing the west. 'My, but this is a poky old hole,' she lamented. 'I wish there was a dance, or a picnic, or something to go to. Gee, we're young only once; what's the sense wasting our time like this? I think I'll ask for a transfer.' Miss Little Elk very seldom thought before she spoke, and even more seldom meant what she said.

'Oh, my dear, don't you like it here?'

'Oh, I dunno. I suppose it's all right. But — I don't like the boss.'

'You poor child,' Miss Boggs condoled, and sighed, 'So many don't. It's very unfortunate.'

'It's different with me,' said Dotty, who liked to appear more interesting than other mortals. 'I've got a reason.'

'Oh,' said Miss Boggs, discreetly.

'I'd like to stick a knife into him,' said Miss Little Elk, cheerfully.

Miss Boggs clasped her hands and gasped, 'Oh, my *dear!*'

Miss Little Elk slid farther down in her chair, dropped her chin, swung one foot moodily. 'I could tell you a few things about that old booze-fighter that would make you sit up and take notice.'

'Oh, Miss Little Elk, do be careful what you say!' begged Miss Boggs.

'Aw, I'm not afraid of that old Bradley. *He's* the one's got to look out for *me*. I'm not afraid of any white man. Ever since they came to this country they've been picking on us Indians, but I'm not the kind to take it. I don't have to take any dirt from any white man. See? Why, I could put old Bradley behind the bars for the rest of his life if I wanted to!'

'Oh, Miss Little Elk, please!' pleaded Miss Boggs, in a horrified whisper.

'Yah, I know all about white men,' drawled Miss Little Elk, 'I know what —'

A distant hair-raising wail interrupted them, sending Miss Boggs's hands flying to her scalp. 'Oh, my God!' she gasped.

'It's my grandfather, old Wanmbidi Sapa,' said Miss Little Elk, in a whisper. 'He's singing the death song.'

'The death — Oh! Oh, my goodness!'

The desolate wailing poured in at the window, and 'Oh, dear!' Miss Boggs whimpered at intervals. 'Oh, dear!'

'See?' whispered Dotty Little Elk, pointing. 'He's up there on the hill, facing the setting sun. He's mourning for my sister.' Miss Boggs stirred in her trance. 'My little sister,' sighed Dotty, reminiscently, and wiped her

eyes. 'Bradley killed her. Yeh! Sure! Well — well, anyway, she died! She was at his school and they sent her home because she was sick, and — well, a little while afterwards she died.'

'But — but what did Mr. Bradley —'

Miss Little Elk leaned forward and whispered, sat back, pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes. Miss Boggs paled. Miss Little Elk thought of something else, darted forward, whispered some more. Miss Boggs grew paler.

'No,' said Miss Boggs after a while, her white lips trembling. 'No. That sort of thing does not happen. Even to Indians. We've done some pretty awful things to your people, but — No, no! We never did that! Never!'

'"He killed me, mamma!" my sister said when she was dying. She meant Bradley. And she died like that, screaming and cursing him something awful,' recited Miss Little Elk glibly. 'I'm telling you because you like Indians. It's all true. Is n't it awful? I was too young to remember. I mean I was away at school, and my mother died soon after, but my aunt told me when I grew up.'

'Oh, my dear! Are you sure? But it can't be true! It's unspeakable!' Miss Boggs gibbered.

'Sure? Of course I'm sure! And my grandfather, Wanmbidi Sapa, knows all about it. That's what he sings about when he's here. He's a pagan, you know, and he thinks my sister is there where the sun sets, and he tells her he's sad, and that he has n't forgotten, and that he'll avenge her death and everything. In the old days he would have killed Bradley, but he's scared now. He was in jail once, and he just could n't stand it.'

'Oh, my dear! Oh, my — Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

'Somebody that knew about it got mad at Bradley one time, and told on him. The people in Washington sent an inspector. But, gee, Bradley's got a pull and you can't do anything to him.'

'A pull?'

'Yah, everybody in the Service's got a pull,' said Dotty, largely, 'and you just can't do anything. Now Bradley wants that big school at Brandon, and I bet you anything he gets it. Over four hundred girls there.' She laughed.

'Oh, don't!' said Miss Boggs, piteously.

A few days later, after much profound reasoning with herself, Miss Boggs wrote to Washington, reported what Dotty Little Elk had told her, and asked for an investigation.

'Oh, my goodness!' Mary Wilson moaned, when she heard of it. 'All on the strength of Dotty Little Elk's word! Oh, Miss Boggs, whatever on earth made you do a thing like that?'

'No Indian would lie to me; they know I have their interests at heart,' said Miss Boggs, with a touch of complacency. 'Moreover, no one, Indian or white, would lie about a thing like that.'

Mary Wilson stared at her incredulously. 'Oh, Miss Boggs, don't you know *anything at all* about Indians?' she said.

An inspector came, inspected, went away. Mr. Bradley went to Washington.

'You're a nice one,' stormed Dotty Little Elk in Miss Boggs's room, 'blabbing all that stuff I told you! Any time I ever tell you anything! You've got me into a nice mess!'

'You don't mean that what you told me is n't true!'

'Of course it's true! But that does n't mean you've got to go and blab it all over. You've just gone and made trouble for everybody, and now Bradley is going to be down on us good

and hard. You'll see! The first thing you know we'll all be out of our jobs. My, but you're foolish!'

Soon after Mr. Bradley's return from Washington another inspector arrived, inspected, warned Miss Boggs to be more careful what she reported in the future, mentioned loyalty, officiousness, malicious interference, libel — and went away.

'Did n't I tell you Bradley had a pull?' scolded Dotty. 'They've whitewashed him, and now we'll all be fired. And it'll be all your fault, too! Now, you just watch!'

Miss Boggs watched. Also she listened to the death song, ate scarcely anything, slept not at all. And everybody held aloof: Miss Boggs was that creature most dreaded by Indian Service employees — a trouble maker.

One evening she climbed the hill where Wanmbidi Sapa stood wailing his grief. She stood beside him, looking straight into the scarlet sun until it had disappeared below the horizon, then she laid her hand on his arm. 'I'm so sorry,' she said.

'How!' said Wanmbidi Sapa, and shook hands with her. 'How! How!'

'I tried to help you,' she faltered.

'How!' said Wanmbidi Sapa, and shook hands with her again. 'How! How!'

'Perhaps,' she ventured, 'if you — perhaps if you went to Washington —'

He gave her a frightened look, nervously tucked his cane under his arm, and scurried down the other side of the hill.

'Don't you think,' practical, sane Mary Wilson said to her, 'that you had better ask for a transfer? You see, your six months of probation are not up yet, and Mr. Bradley is pretty sure to recommend your dismissal. My heavens! Who would n't?'

'You think they'll dismiss me?'

'I don't know, but you certainly deserve something. A transfer, at least. Now, by asking for it yourself —'

'I'd save my pride! Well, I have n't any pride where my poor friends, the Indians, are concerned. Moreover, if I left there would be no one here to oppose Mr. Bradley's appointment to Brandon.'

Mary Wilson stared. 'You don't mean you're going to keep on fighting that?'

'Why, of course!' said Miss Boggs, naïvely.

'Well,' said Mary Wilson, after a while, 'I wish Mr. Bradley had killed Dotty Little Elk instead of Susan.'

'Oh, then he did kill her!'

'I don't know a thing about it, and I don't want to,' said Mary firmly. 'No matter what the truth of the case may be, there will never be but one outcome: anyone connected with it will get fired. I need my job. And Dotty Little Elk has always been a liar. So what's the use?'

'Oh, Mary,' sighed Miss Boggs, 'your own people! Your own long-suffering, oppressed people!'

'Well, if we mix in this thing,' said Mary, 'we'll all be oppressed, and that without relieving the pressure on "your friends, the Indians."' She lowered her voice persuasively: 'Listen, Miss Boggs, be nice and sensible and write to Washington and ask them for a transfer; then begin all over again. I mean sit tight until you know more about Indians and Indian affairs. Ask the Indian Office to send you to the Southwest; you'll like it there — the Indians are so much more downhearted than they are up here.'

'I will not,' said Miss Boggs, with crisp finality. Her soft mouth was a thin, hard line; sharp points gleamed in her mild brown eyes. Mary Wilson was dumbfounded. The idea of meek, harmless little Miss Sarah Boggs looking like that!

V

A few days later Mr. Bradley instructed Bill Thomas to make a complete inventory of the property and to prepare the necessary transfer papers for a new superintendent. 'I've accepted a transfer to Brandon, and I'll be leaving on the fifth of next month,' he said.

Miss Boggs felt something cold stir in the pit of her stomach; her scalp prickled, and a queer numbness was spreading all through her body. So that was the way the government looked after its Indian wards! Presently she went to her room and threw herself on the bed, sick and shivering with rage.

Miss Boggs could not get her mind off the girls who were laughing and dancing and idling away their vacation on the care-free reservation. 'And when the time comes for them to go to school again we'll all sit safely aside, with our eyes on our little jobs, and allow them to go back to — what?'

'Oh, stop being so foolish,' Mary Wilson reproved her, impatiently. 'The government schools are all right. And I think I ought to know — I spent sixteen years in them. They have weaknesses, — what institution has not? — but in the end they do a great deal of good. They are the best thing the Indians have. I, myself, owe them everything I've got. The best friends I ever had I found there. You don't understand, Miss Boggs; the Indian Service is just like any other place in the world — it has its good people and its bad people. Now don't do anything to keep an Indian girl from going away to school; you'd be doing her a great wrong.'

'Ah, Mary,' sighed Miss Boggs, 'you've lived among white people for so long that all your sympathies are with them.'

'I'm an Indian,' said Mary, warmly, 'and I love my people. But that does not keep me from wanting to be fair, or from being loyal and grateful to my white friends.'

'Mr. Bradley is going to be the superintendent at Brandon; if you had a young sister, would you let her go there?'

'Any government school is safe for Indian children,' said Mary evasively. 'Because one man fails — Mind you, I don't say Mr. Bradley did! I don't know a thing against him except what Dotty Little Elk has been telling you. But, even if he had, that would be no reason for condemning the entire school system. It's as if you were to lift a sentence from its context in a book, then hold it up as representing the meaning of the entire volume. It is n't fair! And will you tell me what Bradley is hanging around Dotty so much for if — Now I'm talking too much,' said Mary in disgust, and rose.

'Dotty *despises* Mr. Bradley!' said Miss Boggs, indignantly. 'I'm surprised at you, Mary, that you should insinuate —'

'It's going to be a nice mess, I can see that,' said Mary, and went home.

Mr. Lancy arrived. The Indians were used to inspectors. Cats, they called them. But this was Inmutanka, the Big Cat. In fact, it was the biggest cat of all, the chief of the Inspection Division, no less. The Indians flocked to the hills east of the agency, hundreds of tepees went up, and an even greater number of complaints were quickly memorized. Miss Boggs retired to her room, laid her head on her arms, and wept with relief: she was to have the opportunity of laying the facts before the chief of all the inspectors himself!

Without warning, her door opened, and Wanmbidi Sapa stepped into her room. He went to her bed, untied the knots in a dingy square of flour sacking,

and from it lifted a beaded object which he laid in her lap.

'How much?' she asked, automatically. But the old man already was on his way to the door. '*Mazaska tona?*' she said, in Sioux. He shook his head, 'No. No, no.' He laid his hand on her shoulder, squinting at her with wrinkled old eyes. 'My frien'. How!' Then he went out.

Miss Boggs examined her gift — a beaded belt of unusually fine workmanship, and attached to it a sheath in which was thrust an old knife with a buffalo horn crudely inlaid with silver for a handle, a band of silver with pendants of beads and small red feathers circling it where it joined the blade. She shuddered at its razorlike edge, reminded of the grisly uses it must have been put to in the days when its owner had followed the warpath; shuddered again at the idea of possible sinister significance in the tribute. Disturbed and fearful, she laid it away with her buckskin dress and her moccasins.

Mr. Lancy arrived at noon, announced he would leave that evening, made a speech to the Indians assembled to greet him, and late that afternoon received Miss Boggs in audience.

In broad daylight, and with a pair of flat, fishy eyes looking straight into hers, the story was harder to tell than she had imagined. It sounded horribly exaggerated, unbelievable even.

Mr. Lancy waited for several moments after she had ceased speaking, then asked, 'Do you believe that?'

'I have no choice. What I have told you is according to the facts.'

'And do you think that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs would overlook a thing like that if it were at all possible that it might be true?'

'But —' Miss Boggs flushed hotly, then went on resolutely — '*has* the Commissioner heard of it?'

'M'm,' said Mr. Lancy, and rubbed his nose. 'I suppose it has never occurred to you that your friend Miss Little Elk might be a liar.'

Miss Boggs's face grew even redder, with anger this time. '"Liar"! Your attitude toward the Indians is revealed in that word. You would not use it in connection with a white woman. Now would you? Miss Little Elk gave me her word that what she told me was true. Her story can be substantiated.'

Mr. Lancy looked at his watch resignedly, sat back. 'There is a type of Indian woman,' he said, in a low, dispassionate voice, 'that is emotional. Oh, yes, Indians are emotional, and don't you forget it. And these women like to dramatize themselves. Generally they are mixed-bloods, more white trash than Indian. Miss Little Elk belongs to that class, and so did her sister Susan before her. Susan was no better than she should have been. And so Mr. Bradley, who was an Indian agent then, had to send her home. Resentful and hysterical and dying, she slipped into high drama.' He sighed stertorously. 'They don't do it consciously, really, but — well, the opportunity presents itself and — well, they just can't resist the chance of appearing different and interesting. And that's what your little friend was doing when she disclosed her terrible secret to you. You'll find women and girls like that on every reservation and in every boarding school, and in one way or another they usually succeed in making a darned nuisance of themselves.'

'Miss Little Elk was not hysterical or excited or anything when she was talking to me that night. She was as sane and quiet and composed as —'

'As I am. Yes. Until she fainted.'

'Well, the poor child —'

'And you sat up half the night hold-

ing her hand and stroking her forehead. You certainly gave her a treat, Miss Boggs.' He rose. 'We sent the best men we had to investigate this case, and they reported that your charges were without foundation. And that's the report that was sent to the Commissioner.'

'It would be a very simple matter to keep a report from *reaching* the Commissioner.'

'Not unless *I* chose to hold it back myself,' said Mr. Lancy, softly. The interview was ended.

VI

Miss Boggs did not go down to supper. Later she walked up the hill where the Indians were dancing. The camp was in disorder, untidy with the preparations for the evening meal. Drums beat and voices shrilled. Within a circular enclosure bound by a rope the women shuffled round and round, huddling shoulder to shoulder, their eyes on the ground, chanting nasally.

In the centre of the circle the men danced. Their faces were painted in grotesque patterns; long war bonnets trailed behind them; beads, strings of small mirrors, brass-headed nails, glinted in the sun as they dipped and writhed and whirled, tossing their feathered heads and uttering piercing war cries; tomahawks threatened aloft, bows bent, and flint-headed arrows pointed to the skies; ribbons, tufts of colored feathers, fluttered in the wind; sleigh bells, twined about the dancers' ankles, jingled; sweat poured down the painted faces, stained the cotton union suits.

'A war dance, indeed! Tomahawks, deadly arrows, war cries — and baby-blue union suits! The poor things don't even dare take off their underwear without an order from the government!' thought Miss Boggs, her very soul bowed in shame for their dishonor. 'We've taken everything they had! Their land, their freedom, their courage, their pride, and their dignity! And we're not satisfied! We want to destroy their children!'

She could n't bear it, and she went stumbling down the steep hillside to the agency. There was no one in the office but a new policeman, Joe Clark, who was sweeping. His revolver lay on one of the desks. She eyed it nervously. 'Do you have to wear that?' she asked.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Joe importantly, 'it is the rules and the regulations.'

'At what time will Mr. Lancy be leaving? Do you know?'

'Eight o'clock. Mr. Bradley, he's goin' to take him. Mr. Bradley told me to get this cleaning done early because him an' Mr. Lancy they're goin' to have a talk here before they go.'

Miss Boggs went back to her room. She had n't eaten anything all day, and the odors at the camp had made her sick: meat cooking, singed hair, sweat, beef drying in the sun, dust, kinnikinnic. She took a bath and tried to lie down. But her heart was pounding at furious speed and her eyelids twitched and quivered unbearably. She got up and began to dress. For a long time she stood before her mirror, thinking. Presently she took her buckskin dress from its layers of tissue paper, slipped it on over her undergarments, drew on the leggings, put on the moccasins, braided her hair in two braids over her shoulders, fastened a beaded band around her head, looped strings of beads around her neck, and gingerly adjusted Wanmbidi Sapa's belt and knife about her waist.

'M'm,' said Mr. Lancy, to himself, when he saw her coming. 'So that's the kind of trouble maker she is.'

'The Indians,' said Miss Boggs to the flat gray eyes before her, 'have no one to speak for them. Their braves are all scared to death. So I've come — as one of them. I've come as an Indian to plead for the Indians. Not for justice, — there is no justice for them, — but for mercy. For mercy for their children.'

'Miss Boggs,' said Mr. Lancy, interrupting unconditionally, 'you are a very tactless person; a very indiscreet, very foolish, very reckless young woman. You are making yourself ridiculous. You know nothing about Indians. You come here with a lot of half-baked notions which you have acquired from an assortment of sentimental and mawkish people, and you try to tell us how to run the Indian Bureau. Well, I for one will not listen to any more of your nonsense. You already have taken up more of our time than any fifty average normal employees would ordinarily receive, or ask for.'

Miss Boggs did not walk to the end of the porch that faced the west, but floated there, it seemed to her, the floor accommodatingly rising gently to meet her feet at every step.

The sky was lurid flame, bordered with lemon-yellow and slashed with purple and green. Lined up in neat scallops against the debauched horizon were the dark smooth hills, as incredible as the sky in their amateurish symmetry. And never had the spaces about her seemed so vast.

Bent, shrunken old Wanmbidi Sapa was climbing the nearest hill, hastening with short, nervous steps to his weird rendezvous at the top. A cowed and frightened old man, and a song! It embodied all that remained of courage in a tribe that once had been marked for its bravery — and that man inside, asking her to believe that white men wanted to be kind! Could anyone be such a fool as to believe that this once dauntless, fierce, proud race had been reduced to sniveling recreancy by kindly and wise and fair-minded procedure? Oh, that man Lancy, with his flat round eyes like a fish! As long as he was there, no Commissioner would ever see any report that held the true facts in this case. His was a political appointment; he owed many things to many men.

Near by someone giggled. She leaned forward, peered around the corner of the building. It was Dotty Little Elk. And with her was Superintendent Bradley.

Miss Boggs leaned against the wall and closed her eyes. On one hill drums beat monotonously, idiotic sleigh bells jingled, high falsetto voices rose and fell. On another hill Wanmbidi Sapa wailed his song of death. At her elbow Dotty Little Elk giggled obscenely. It was a mad world!

Joe Clark was behind a desk dusting a chair when Mr. Lancy sauntered in. Mr. Lancy picked up the revolver, laid it down again, and carefully set his watch by the office clock.

Miss Boggs came in. When she was a few feet from Mr. Lancy she raised her hand. He saw that she carried a knife, and her eyes were queer — a dull, opaque black with a red glow playing over their surface. Her mouth was twisted, gray-white, the lower lip caught at one corner between her teeth. Mr. Lancy decided that, whatever it was she had in mind, it had gone far enough, and was about to raise his hand to take the knife from her when Joe Clark happened to look over the top of the desk. Aie! The Big Cat was about to be massacred! Valiantly Joe Clark grabbed his gun, unsteadily with both hands, and fired. 'Ah,' Miss Boggs sighed, dropping her knife and leaning on the hand that pressed the bullet hole in her buckskin dress.

VII

The agency employees stood outside the little mission church and talked. 'Mr. Bradley and Dotty Little — Mr. and Mrs. Bradley — were right beside the office when they heard the shot and they —' the laundress was repeating, and the cook cut in with: 'I know. Dotty — Mrs. Bradley says they were on their way to tell Mr. Lancy about their wedding and —'

'They were married at Bigmeat at three o'clock,' the carpenter interrupted, 'but the car broke down on their way back, which made them late.'

'Anyway,' the laundress resumed firmly, 'they were beside the office —' But her firmness was not proof against the baker, who asked, 'But what in the world did she want to go put on that Indian outfit for?'

'Miss Boggs? Oh, she was just queer that way,' said the carpenter, 'and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were just —'

'Imagine Dotty Little Elk married to the superintendent!'

'Well,' the carpenter assured everybody, 'it just proves that all that stuff Miss Boggs was so excited about and made all that trouble over was n't true. See?' He waited, but for once nobody seemed to have anything to say. 'Don't it?' persisted the carpenter. Somebody mumbled, 'W-e-l-l . . .'

'What I want to know is what Miss Boggs was doing in the office at that hour? That's what's never been clear to *me*,' the engineer interposed. But the carpenter knew all about that too: 'Mr. Lancy says she was just standing there, talking to him and showing him her costume —'

'When all at once that silly Joe Clark's gun went off,' the cook finished for him.

'I always said Joe Clark was too nervous to be a policeman,' said the dairyman.

'I guess Miss Boggs meant well, all right,' said the baker charitably, 'but — Well, she *was* a trouble maker.'

'Yah. Dotty Lit — I mean Mrs. Bradley says she never told her anything. Mrs. Bradley says she can't imagine where Miss Boggs got all that stuff.'

'I often wondered where she got it,' said Bill Thomas.

'Has any of her folks been heard from yet?' the seamstress asked.

'Naw. I bet we never do hear from 'em,' said the all-wise carpenter. 'I bet she was wild like that and a trouble maker even back there when she lived at home in the East, and I —'

'No,' said Bill Thomas, ponderously, 'no, I don't think she was so wild, only — Well, I'll tell you, she just lost her perspective.'

The cook screwed up her face and cocked one ear. 'Her what?'

Sidney Jeffers fled to the other side of the church, and there came upon Mary Wilson, sitting on a rock all alone.

'Mary,' he begged, 'what in heaven's name is it all about? Dotty married to Bradley and — Lord, Mary, what does it mean?' Mary continued to look sullenly at nothing. 'She's married to him. Then — was she lying, Mary? Lord, what a nasty little beast she is, any way you look at it!'

'She's nastier than you think, and he — I wish you'd go way!' said Mary angrily.

'If Dotty lied, then what the devil has old Black Eagle been singing about all this time up there on his hill?'

'Black Eagle is childish,' said Mary, who seemed to be quoting, in a voice as stony as the rock on which she sat, 'and he likes to sing.'

Sidney Jeffers looked at her blankly, then went into the church. Mary Wilson followed him inside.

The coffin, of rude boards, stood on

two sawhorses, looking cheap and garish in the raw light. Wanmbidi Sapa was sitting on the end of a bench near the foot of the coffin, and Sidney Jeffers touched him on the shoulder. 'I'm going to take the body back to her home,' he said. Wanmbidi Sapa did not seem to have heard him. Suddenly Mary Wilson spoke: 'You go too, Black Eagle?'

Tears spurted from the old Indian's eyes. 'How!' he said, and went and shook hands with Mary Wilson. 'How! How!'

'I suppose,' Sidney Jeffers said resentfully, 'he cries for the same reason that he sings — because he likes to.'

Mary Wilson's eyes were overflowing. Sidney Jeffers sat down on a bench and clutched at his distracted head.

'My frien'!' wailed Wanmbidi Sapa, patting the coffin and weeping extravagantly. 'My frien'! My frien'!'

THE CITIZENSHIP OF AMERICAN WOMEN

BY JOHN L. CABLE

I

THE famous trial of Susan B. Anthony stands out as the decisive legal battle which sped the day of equal suffrage. She was convicted of knowingly voting for a representative in Congress without having the right to vote. There followed a half century of incessant and untiring labor by women leaders, and their efforts found fruition in the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, giving women equal rights of suffrage.

Public attention was then focused on the nationality rights of women in the United States. At that time the American woman who married an alien lost her right to vote and to hold office, even though she continued to live in the United States. Furthermore, the laws of some states prevented her from serving in an official appointive capacity, from teaching in the public schools, from practising law or medicine, and from carrying on many of the other vocations of life.

An alien woman at that time became an American citizen only by the consent of and through the naturalization of her alien husband, and in case her husband refused to become naturalized she could not become a citizen of this country. Again, there was a class of alien women who automatically became American citizens, either by marriage to Americans or by the naturalization of their husbands. The marriage ceremony was a naturalization process which did not give the alien woman an intimate knowledge of our country, its national institutions, ideals, and principles. She was not given the same educational advantages as her husband, who could attend citizenship schools in preparation for the naturalization examination. While her husband was studying in the night schools and her children were learning to speak English in the public schools, the alien woman was entirely neglected. If her husband's knowledge was not sufficient to pass

the examination, she also was denied the right to become naturalized. If her husband's petition was granted, she thereby automatically became a citizen, without being required to qualify as such, and without being required to renounce her allegiance and fidelity to her former State and to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Such was the citizenship status of women in America.

It became apparent that the American woman was subjected to undue and unfair hardships. If she married an alien, she acquired the nationality of her husband and lost the right of protection by the United States. (The converse, however, was not true, since the American man who married an alien woman retained his American citizenship and the right of protection by the United States, even though he went to reside in the country of his wife's nativity.)

The alien woman was in an equally unfortunate position, for her citizenship status was likewise entirely dependent upon that of her husband.

Out of this situation grew the need of independent citizenship for women, which was the next logical step in the general movement for equal rights. The woman's privilege of making a choice of nationality should be equal to that of the man. Expatriation should be voluntary. The marriage ceremony should not determine citizenship status.

II

The principle of equal citizenship for women came before Congress pledged by the platforms of both major political parties. As a member of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, I introduced a bill which conformed with these pledges, and received the support not only of Congress, but also of the leading women's organizations in the country. The bill passed both houses of Congress and was enacted into law as the Act of September 22, 1922.

That the proposition of independent citizenship for women in America, promulgated by the Act of 1922, is not a new one is readily shown by a brief review of the history of nationality laws in the United States.

In 1830 the Supreme Court held that the marriage of an American woman to an alien did not alone denationalize her.

In 1925 Secretary of State Hughes ruled that Mrs. Lewis Gehring Marshall, who was born in Cleveland, Ohio, who had married a British subject before the passage of the Expatriation Act of 1907, and who had continued to reside in the United States, did not lose her American citizenship status, and was entitled to have a passport issued by the Department of State. The Act of 1907, referred to by Mr. Hughes, provided, in substance, that when an American woman married an alien she ceased to be an American citizen.

The courts were in confusion on the question of whether the marriage of an American woman to an alien changed her nationality to that of her husband. While a majority of the courts held that the American woman lost her citizenship by marriage to an alien, there was no provision whatever for her resumption of that citizenship upon termination of her marital status. It was not until the Act of 1907 that such resumption was permitted by meeting certain prescribed regulations, upon the termination of the marital status. That law also provided that the American woman who married an alien should take the nationality of her husband.

The principle of independent citizenship for alien women found at least a

partial legislative expression in the Act of 1804. This act stated that when an alien had taken out his first papers, and then died before the naturalization process was completed, his wife and minor children should nevertheless be considered citizens of the United States and should be entitled to all rights and privileges of such, upon taking, in their own right, the oaths prescribed in the act.

Congress did not provide by law until 1855 that any alien woman who was then married, or should afterward be married, to an American citizen should be deemed and taken to be a citizen of the United States.

These laws determining citizenship, expatriation, and protection abroad remained in effect until Congress in 1922 passed legislation granting independent citizenship to women.

III

The Act of September 22, 1922, was particularly designed to give the citizenship of American women the dignity and individuality which had been the exclusive attribute of male citizenship. There was merit in the argument that a woman should have as much right as a man to determine the country of her choice, and it seemed unreasonable to deprive a married woman of the protection of the United States because of her marriage to an alien. Still another reason for sponsoring the bill which became the Act of 1922 was to make it possible for the alien wife of an alien husband to become naturalized separately and apart from the naturalization of her husband. Alien women would have to be educated in order to qualify for naturalization, which was advantageous both from the standpoint of their own interests and in view of the benefits that would accrue to the country at large.

By the terms of the Act of 1922, when an American girl marries an alien she may either retain her citizenship or take that of her husband. Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt preserved her citizenship rights after her marriage to Sir John Cecil. On the other hand, the daughter of Marshall Field, Jr., relinquished her rights of citizenship in the United States by making a formal renouncement before the Federal Court of Chicago in accordance with the terms of the act; and, by the laws of Great Britain, she became a British subject. The new law specifically provides that a woman citizen of the United States shall not cease to be a citizen by reason of her marriage after the passage of the act, unless she shall make a formal renunciation of her citizenship before a court having jurisdiction over the naturalization of aliens.

There is one exception to this privilege of electing to retain or relinquish American citizenship. The law provides that an American woman who marries an alien ineligible for citizenship thereupon loses her own citizenship. In this regard the constructive criticism of Miss Jane Addams is a good one. She writes, 'A curious inconsistency of the Cable Act is that it takes away the birthright of an American-born woman if she marries an ineligible, — that is, a man from a country whose people cannot be made citizens, — although it is precisely under such circumstances that a woman most needs her citizenship.'

Perhaps Miss Addams is right. At any rate, I am expecting to submit to Congress the question of repealing that portion of the act. If it is desirable in some states that American women married to aliens ineligible for citizenship should not have the right to hold property, that is a matter for state laws rather than Federal nationality legislation.

Under the laws of Great Britain, which are typical of those of many States, when a British woman marries an American she loses her British nationality. She may acquire citizenship in the United States by the naturalization process, but during the interim she is sometimes a woman without a country. If otherwise admissible, she may enter the United States independently of her country's quota because she is the wife of an American citizen. If she wishes to travel with her husband, she may use an affidavit in lieu of passport for her traveling papers. This affidavit is generally recognized by all foreign governments.

Mrs. Ernest A. Martin, who had married a German prior to the Act of 1922 and by her marriage had lost her American citizenship, returned to the United States to be naturalized by the shortened process provided in the act, and applicable to American women who had lost their citizenship by marriage. After residing in the United States for the required period of one year, she appeared in court for her examination. She stated that she intended to return to her husband and children in Germany, and for that reason the court refused to naturalize her, holding that her residence here was temporary rather than permanent in character, as required by the act.

I believe that any American woman who has lost her citizenship by marriage to an alien prior to the passage of the act, whether the marital status continues or whether it has been dissolved by death or divorce, should have the privilege of naturalization by establishing temporary residence in the United States and by filing her petition, offering proof of former American citizenship lost by marriage to an alien, and taking the oath of allegiance before a court of competent jurisdiction. Any alien woman, being otherwise qualified, who marries an American citizen or whose husband is naturalized after their marriage should have the privilege of becoming naturalized without being required to file a declaration of intention or to establish proof of permanent residence in the United States. Any other alien woman should continue to have the right of separate naturalization in the regular manner.

When Miss Ruth Bryan married Major R. A. Owen, a British subject, in 1910, she lost her American citizenship, according to the provisions of the Act of 1907. She did not pledge allegiance to a foreign State, nor did she renounce allegiance to the United States, under whose flag she was born, but, as she herself states, 'I became, by reason of my marriage to Major Owen, involuntarily and automatically a British subject.' She resided abroad for some time, and during the war was engaged in Red Cross relief work. Later she returned to the United States with Major Owen. He retained his British nationality, but Mrs. Owen, without the least hesitation, filed her petition for naturalization in a Federal court in Florida, and was by the shortened process of the Act of 1922 restored to the status of one who had never lost her citizenship.

IV

After observing the law in operation for seven years, one might well ask, 'Have the hopes and expectations of those who sponsored the women's independent citizenship act been realized?' It is true, I think, that dignity and individuality have been added to the citizenship status of women. Men and women now enjoy equally the right of assuming whatever nationality they will. The American woman is no longer automatically denationalized by her marriage to an alien and thereby

deprived of the protection of the United States.

One of the most encouraging results of the act, however, has been the improvement in the educational standards of alien women who become citizens of the United States. The records of the Labor Department show that the number of alien women seeking naturalization has increased from 6011 in 1923 to 57,063 in 1929. These women have had to obtain an education in order to become citizens of the United States, and the country has benefited accordingly.

Recently the League of American Citizenship made a public report that the general character of women applicants for citizenship is higher, and the percentage of denials is smaller, than ever before. Incidentally, the League reported that while the number of foreign-born men who apply for naturalization is decreasing, the number of women is increasing steadily.

Miss Jane Addams says, 'One good result the law has produced is that the [alien] women most valiantly prepare themselves for securing their own citizenship papers. All over Chicago the Board of Education arranges afternoon classes for these women.' Similar provisions are made for the education of alien women in all the large cities in the country, and sometimes the educational work is even carried by teachers into the homes.

Of course, it must be realized that any law which affects a large mass of people may at times work hardship. However, it is my belief that if inconvenience, distress, and even suffering have been experienced by reason of the Act of 1922, they have been less serious than the conditions existing prior to its passage. Moreover, they can be obviated by other nations taking the same forward step in granting independent citizenship to their women, rather than by the United States taking a backward step in repealing the act and placing women again in a position subordinate to men. France, Denmark, Norway, and several other countries have recently passed laws providing that their women nationals who marry aliens do not lose their nationality unless they acquire that of their husbands.

A Convention on Nationality has been drafted by Dr. Manley O. Hudson of the Harvard Law School and an executive and advisory committee consisting of the foremost authorities on international law in the United States. This convention has been prepared in anticipation of the First Conference on the Codification of International Law at The Hague, in 1930. How well Congress has builded by the enactment of the independent citizenship law of 1922 is shown by the fact that Article 19 of the Convention recommends the inclusion of a similar statement in the proposed International Code which is to be submitted, for adoption, to all the countries of the world.

This article provides: 'A woman who marries an alien shall, in the absence of a contrary election on her part, retain the nationality which she possessed before marriage, unless she becomes a national of the State of which her husband is a national and establishes or maintains a residence of a permanent character in the territory of the State.'

BOCCACCIO AND HIS 'DECAMERON'[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

THE love which Dante so magisterially celebrated and to which Boccaccio was paying his faltering tribute in the *Ameto* was the mother, not of religion, but of culture. Christianity had turned the barbarian animal into one kind of man; romantic love was equally capable of turning him into another, and it was a perception of this fact which Boccaccio was expressing in his allegory of love, the civilizer of the new man. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that he himself was aware of the utter disharmony of the *Ameto* and of the fact that that disharmony must somehow be resolved, for in his next work, *L'Amorosa Visione*, he strives to effect some sort of compromise with the theology of Dante which would leave him free to celebrate that earthly love which he was by no means ready to abandon for the love of God.

Here the form is once more that of an allegory, and the allegory is again borrowed from Dante. Like the master whom he had so inappropriately chosen, Boccaccio, too, finds himself lost somewhere near the midway of this mortal life and with an artistic soul to save. Thinking of Fiammetta and his love for her, he falls into a sweet sleep, and to him, as to Dante, there appears in a vision a guide. Offering to lead him to his eternal salvation, she points to an imposing but forbidding castle, and though at first there seems no entrance, she indicates at last a tiny door, narrow and low, which leads to a difficult stair. Over this door is written: 'Entrance to Eternal Life.' But Boccaccio turns to the right, where another door, wide and high, bears the following inscription: 'Riches, honor, treasures, earthly glory, these are that which I give to those who enter me, promising them happiness and the joys of love'; and to the horror of his guide it is this door which Boccaccio enters. 'That,' she cries, 'is the road to perdition,' and 'Quite so,' he answers; but with that air at once sly and naïve which is so characteristic of him, he adds the doubtful assurance: 'Presently we shall return to the narrow gate; meanwhile I should like to see for myself.'

Thus Boccaccio, breaking with Dante and the whole ascetic tradition, takes for the first time his own road in the full realization that he is taking it. In the vast secular world to which the broad and pleasant gate leads him he sees all the glories of the world, which his soul, rebelling against the mediæval doctrine, refuses to consider mere vanity and filth. Gazing upon huge allegorical pictures which symbolize respectively Science, Glory, Love, and Wealth, he recognizes the likeness of many resplendent figures, among them Virgil for Science, the heroes of King Arthur's Table for Glory, Helen and Guinevere and Lancelot for Love — and at last he comes into the bodily presence of Fiammetta herself. The guide gives them one to the other, and then at

[1] A discussion of Boccaccio's earlier life and works appeared in the April number. — EDITOR

last they enjoy in their perfect union the highest felicity of the soul. No atheist and no heretic, he does not reject the Church's plan of salvation, but for the moment he is in no hurry to escape from this very pleasant world, which may be only an inn in which travelers repose upon their journey to eternity, but which is, nevertheless, a very delightful caravansary.

This turn to the right which Boccaccio took was the one which the generations immediately following took after him, and the compromise of Boccaccio was the compromise of the Renaissance. He showed how it might completely secularize itself without ceasing to be nominally Catholic, and how by according a nominal assent to religious and moral dogmas it could free itself from the necessity of concerning itself with them in the worldly life which it had completely detached.

Our immediate concern is, however, with the art of Boccaccio, and the effect of the clarification which *L'Amorosa Visione* accomplished was immediately apparent. He is done now with that struggle to spiritualize himself which could result only in grotesque if unintentional parodies like the *Ameto*, and for the time being done with allegory too, which had served its purpose and led him to self-knowledge. Henceforward human experience is his theme and he will describe it in human terms.

But one thing now remained to be accomplished in the long unconscious preparation for the startling mutation which produced his and his generation's masterpiece, the *Decameron*. Self-knowledge, laboriously and tortuously won, had made realism possible and had brought him to the place where he could deal with his own experience in terms genuinely appropriate to its quality; but though he could now be realistic, he was not yet objective. Fiammetta was still the centre of his universe, and it was still his personal experience which alone could furnish him the materials for his art. Hard upon the *Amorosa Visione* came, however, the prose work which he called by her name, and which not only constitutes an achievement in itself, but also marks the end of his apprenticeship.

In this work he represents Fiammetta as herself recounting the story of their love. The moment which he has chosen is that in which she, whom he represents deserted, not deserting, is at the full tide of her grief over her loss, and the method — in which there is no touch of allegory — is a method obviously no longer inspired by Dante, but borrowed from Ovid. The style is still rather precious and there are many classical allusions, ostentatiously paraded, but the background and the manners described are those of that real Naples upon whose sunny days and warm amorous nights he is looking back. Not since Ovid wrote had anyone so vividly portrayed the effects of a love which is neither the mere lust of the mediæval comic tale, nor the mysticism of Dante, nor the extravagant, finicky emotional posturings of the troubadours, but something at once full-blooded, powerful, and yet never coarse.

Most of the works, either in literature or in pictorial art, which survive to us from an age as remote, not merely in time but in mind, as that of the fourteenth century take much of the charm which they still have for us from a certain quaintness, but though the *Fiammetta* has its passages of quaint charm, it has something more substantial as well. Such is the strength of the emotion which gave it birth and such the art with which that emotion was described that one is still moved by a keen compassion for the sorrows of

a fictitious woman upon whom was projected the anguish of a man dead these six centuries.

As an artist, Boccaccio was passing from the autobiographical to the objective stage. He was still too absorbed in his personal experiences to write about anything except them, but he was already moving toward the creation of character, and the plan of the *Fiammetta* afforded a compromise. The emotion which gives to the character its living warmth is his own, but it is projected upon a character not himself. Using his own feelings, he transfers them to Fiammetta, and, while still having himself to draw upon, he adapts his own emotions to the changed circumstances afforded by the change of sex and he uses his own soul in order to understand another.

Thus the *Fiammetta* serves to complete the education and training of Boccaccio as an artist. When he began it he had already learned to accept himself, and when he finished it he had learned also how to see not only himself but other people as well from the standpoint of his own view of the world. Fiammetta served as the bridge over which he passed from himself to the world, because in describing her he was at once describing himself and another. Moreover he had for the first time actually succeeded in what he had many times unsuccessfully attempted, — he had, that is to say, given adequate expression to his love and his pain, — and as a result he was freed from their obsessive weight. He could now look at the world around him with a penetration which he had learned in studying himself and describe it with a detachment to which he had earned the right by a final acceptance of his own tragedy. He was living now in his own naturalistic world and seeing others as well as himself in its terms.

II

For a century at least before Boccaccio began the *Decameron*, popular story-tellers had delighted their non-literary audiences with anecdotes and tales. Some were merely brief records of practical jokes or popular witticisms; some revealed the memory of real comedies or tragedies acted by real Italian people; and some embodied the *disjecta membra* of Greek or Oriental stories which had survived in fragments from an earlier civilization. Neither Dante nor Petrarch would have deigned to notice them, but Boccaccio, when he had come to know himself, recognized the materials of a native art and he made them body forth a view of life which seemed to his contemporaries and successors the most adequate and the most sensible which had ever been given.

A hundred stories, ranging in plot from rude farce to romantic tragedy, and ranging in mood from Rabelaisian brutality to tender sentiment, compose the collection, and though it is not likely that he invented a single one of them, he did make each his own by realizing it completely and recognizing the unity which lay behind the apparently boundless diversity of the stories. He saw in the rough, boisterous comedy and the bloody tragedy, as well as in the romanticism which some of the popular tales embodied, a crude expression of the Italian temperament — something quite different from the classical modes of feeling which the learned were attempting to revive, but something completely comprehensible to him. Ceasing for the time being to aspire, he devoted himself to the task of making them art by giving them perfect form.

Everyone is familiar with the famous setting. A plague, the worst of the many that preyed upon the people of

the Middle Ages, has descended upon Florence. In a few brief paragraphs whose vivid unadorned force is both extraordinary in itself and doubly surprising when compared with the diffuseness which marks all Boccaccio's previous writing, he describes the terror and despair which the visitation brought with it, and then, like a man whose concern is with the bright things of life and who is completely devoid of any impulse to seek life's meaning in its agonies, he turns his attention to a group of young men whose sole concern is to escape from a threatened danger. To them, gay with a new sense of the pleasantness of life, the possibility of leaving the world suggests nothing except the duty of using whatever days may be left to them, and they plan with their ladies a retreat to a villa among the hills. Upon each day of their sojourn each member of the company shall entertain the others with a story, and each day a newly appointed queen shall set the general subject with which these stories shall deal.

And so, with a sense of well-being which the realization of a danger escaped serves only to heighten, they seat themselves upon one of the sunny upland meadows below which the pest is raging and there they unlock their minds, pouring forth the tales which in idle moments they have heard and embellishing them with sly wit or tender sentiment. Unorthodox in morality and philosophy most of the tales turn out to be, but such is the company's sense of safety and freedom that there are few signs of the bitterness which so generally marks a protestant literature. The tone is rather of tolerant satire than of anything approaching invective, and the stories throughout reveal all the suppleness and variety of a mind keenly receptive but little concerned with any conscious doctrine to be proved or illustrated.

No incident is too vulgar, none too romantic, to concern these young people, who are willing to consider with an equal and almost childlike delight both the witty trick played by one peasant upon another and the high adventures of noble dukes in war and love. No mystics — save perhaps those who have been made such by love — appear. For these people nothing ineffable, nothing transcendent, exists. They know no character more exalted than that of the *honnête homme*. But within the limits of the purely human their interest and their sympathy are all-inclusive. For them only the sensual world exists, but that world is present in all its variety.

Before the profusion of this collection, whose individual stories came to Boccaccio from many sources, one stands for a time bewildered. It seems hopeless to attempt to characterize anything whose parts are so diverse, and one is tempted to say that the absence of an informing view of the world is the only thing which will serve to explain such catholicity in the choice of subject matter. But such is not indeed the case. Various as the individual stories are, the greatness of the whole consists in the fact that a unity of mood pervades it and that that mood is the one which the experience of Boccaccio with his world had generated.

If one searches the apparently boundless diversity for some story which may be taken as typical and which will illuminate the rest, one cannot, perhaps, do better than to light upon that tale of Cymon and Iphigenia, which was foreshadowed in the cumbersome allegory of the *Ameto*. The fact that it is given a position (first story of the fifth day) in the middle of the

collection and that it is told on the day when Fiammetta is queen might lead us to suspect that to Boccaccio himself it was the key to his work, and its symbolism is transparent.

Cymon, we are told, was the dull and oafish son of a man of great wealth and distinction in the island of Cyprus. His brutish nature had resisted every effort to instruct it and he remained so completely without manners or learning that the citizens of the island had bestowed upon him the name of Beast. But, wandering one day in the woods, he came upon a beautiful woman sleeping there, and then he who had been insensible to all else felt the power of love. Suddenly, in the rude, uncivilized breast which had hitherto been incapable of receiving the least impression of politeness, a thought arose which seemed to intimate to his gross and shallow understanding that this was the most agreeable sight that was ever seen.

> Love having thus pierced his heart, when no other lesson of any kind could find admittance, in a little time his way of thinking and behavior were so far changed, that his father and his friends were strangely surprised at it, as well as everybody that knew him. First of all, then, he asked his father to let him have clothes like his brethren: to which his father very willingly consented. Conversing too with young gentlemen of character, and observing their ways and manner of behavior, in a very short time he not only got over the rudiments of learning, but attained some knowledge of philosophy. Afterwards, his love for Iphigenia being the sole cause of it, his rude and rustic speech was changed into a tone more agreeable and civilized: he grew also a master of music; and with regard to the military art, as well by sea as by land, he became as expert and gallant as the best. . . . What, then, most gracious ladies, shall we say of Cymon? Surely nothing less than this: that all the noble qualities that had been infused by Heaven into his generous soul were shut up as it were by invidious fortune, and bound fast with the strongest fetters in a small corner of his heart, till Love broke the enchantment, and drove with all its might these virtues out of that cruel obscurity, to which they had been long doomed, to a clear and open day; plainly showing from whence it draws those spirits that are its votaries, and whither its mighty influence conducts them.

The meaning of this story is explicit enough and it illuminates the whole collection. Not only are most of the tales concerned with secular love, but love is regarded once more as the mother of all things. Not only does it flower in brave and gallant deeds, but it is the beginning of all civilization. It makes possible art and learning and courtesy. Without it man is a beast, but when it descends upon him he is reborn with the power to become human. Moreover, this love is not something esoteric or aristocratic, but something which works in every man, moving the peasant in peasant-like ways and the courtier in ways which befit the refinement of his nature. It inspires the rude trick of the country gallant bent upon cuckolding his stupid neighbor as well as the romantic passion which sends the hero overseas in pursuit of the mistress whom pirates have ravished. Because of it the tricky priest deludes the rustic maid with his story of how the Devil must be put in Hell, and because of it Isabella dies of grief. But such variety is only a proof of the universality of the power. Working everywhere, in high and low, it moves the world and gives it its significance.

III

If, then, a love which remains essentially sensuous even at its most romantic is the most nearly intangible value which the *Decameron* anywhere recog-

nizes, the fact is of enormous significance both in its positive and in its negative aspects. On the one hand Boccaccio enthrones a purely *natural* force as the supreme power in the universe, and on the other he dispenses with all considerations which are not founded upon experience with nature. A certain lip service is, to be sure, paid to God and to religion; the characters sometimes refer in purely conventional terms to a life beyond this life or to powers which are outside of nature; but they do not really believe in either, and if their deification of love enables them sometimes to conceive of life in poetic terms, they see love merely as a refinement upon animality. It is not for them, as it was for Dante, an imperfection through which they are made aware of a Perfection existing above nature. By a sort of anticipation of the more scientific naturalism which was to follow, they regard man much as a modern rationalist would regard him, because for them, too, he is already a risen animal rather than a fallen angel, and one must look not at the sky but at the earth if one would explain him. Thus the spiritual centre of the universe is shifted. Nature replaces God, and romantic naturalism has begun. The divine spark planted in man is his power to love; it is under love's influence that the soul develops; and in the enjoyment of love is the supreme felicity.

Such naturalism involves as its corollary an interest in common things and in vulgar men which had hitherto been regarded as unworthy the attention of the philosopher or the artist. To Dante, man at his greatest was the most imperfect thing worth considering; if one began with him, one had as a subject of contemplation all the realities which lie between him and God. But, to Boccaccio, man at his greatest was the end, not the beginning. In surveying the world one must go down, not up, from the point which man represents. Love working among the humblest makes them, too, significant, and so the *Decameron* is concerned with all the vulgar manifestations of human life which Dante would have scorned, while it leaves out nearly everything which would have seemed to him significant.

Both its subject matter and the manner of its treatment were novel, not merely for Boccaccio, but for any writer who was, like him, a self-conscious artist. In refusing for the moment to concern himself with either learning or spirituality he was turning his back upon the whole tradition of polite literature, and in deigning to treat the manners, appetites, and actions of vulgar life he was yielding himself to a spirit which had never before been considered worthy of a voice save in stories or poems which made no pretense to artistic finish.

It was the harmony existing only for the few brief years between Boccaccio's instincts and his conscious effort which made the accomplishment possible and which explains the perfection which the *Decameron* alone among all Boccaccio's works can be said to possess. Ceasing in it to concern himself with moral or philosophical abstractions, allowing free play to the skeptical common sense which was natural to him, and indulging without restraint his quick sympathy for human things, he seems suddenly to have cast off all spiritual affectations, and with them have disappeared also all affectations of style. All the tawdry ornament, all the inappropriate learning, and all the childish ingenuity which seem in his earlier works the signs of a mind conscious of a weakness for which it is desperately endeavoring to compensate have here been discarded. Boccaccio, who had seemed before so confused, so torn, and so uncertain, is now inte-

grated and at his ease. He feels completely at home in the world with which he is dealing. Knowing what he has to say and knowing that he can say it, his simple, dignified prose marches forward with confident power.

The *Decameron*, so often called the Human Comedy of Boccaccio in contrast with the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, constitutes, it has been said, not an evolution but a revolution in literature. Perhaps the attempt which has here been made to trace the process by which Boccaccio, driven on by the intensity of his own secular experience, first broke through the mediæval tradition of otherworldliness in order to express his own emotions and then interpreted the society of his time from a similar point of view will make more easily understandable the spirit of his *magnum opus*, but its perfection must still seem the result of something not less than a mutation. And the generations which followed embraced it with an enthusiasm which revealed how clearly they recognized themselves in its unadulterated naturalism. Dante might become a revered classic and Petrarch be remembered as the perfect type of the literary man, but the liberated animality of Boccaccio continued to be the most perfect type of the norm of Renaissance character.

And never, be it added, was that character more amiably embodied. It may be that the road from the *Decameron* leads inevitably down to the abyss of Aretino unless it be quickly abandoned. But Boccaccio himself reveals only the sunny side of his qualities. In him the senses are not jaded, but still fresh and young. Their delights are newly discovered, and, as though escaped from the gloomy confines of a monastery, he looks with innocent eagerness upon the 'fair new world that hath such creatures in it.' Debauchery is possible only to those for whom pleasure has lost its freshness, and the Renaissance was to grow debauched, but Boccaccio never passed beyond the youth of his senses. Above all, he was never touched, even for a moment, by that lust of cruelty which grew as his successors debilitated themselves with indulgence. For centuries human life had been regarded as of no account in itself, and now he was among the first to embark upon it with fresh delight. He came into nature as to an inheritance, and his heritage seemed all that any heart could desire.

IV

It would be pleasant to imagine that the harmony of the *Decameron* was for Boccaccio an enduring one and to suppose that he passed his life in a serenity so complete. Such, however, was not the case. As the book was, artistically, his one perfect work, so too the serenity of mind which it represents was for him but a moment in the midst of a life singularly confused by moral problems with which he had not the strength of mind to deal. The timidity which had bewildered his youth returned as his vitality waned, and he fell once more into a perplexity, this time sorer yet than that which beset him in the days when he had struggled to interpret his passions in terms of Dantesque mysticism.

We have already seen with what difficulty his instincts won their victory over the formulated philosophy of the Church, and we have remarked that reason played no part in it. We must remember that the rational defense of skeptical materialism was yet to be formulated, and we must realize that the naturalism of the *Decameron* was rather a truancy than a rebellion. Boccaccio had never denied the authority of the Church and never questioned the ultimate validity of its value. In

him the lust for life asserted itself and for the moment he cast off, without ever conquering, the mystical asceticism which was the orthodox doctrine, not only of the Church, but of art and scholarship as well. When he told the guide who conducted him in the *Amorosa Visione* that he would return in time to enter the narrow gate, he was not speaking in jest, for he had never dared to deny to himself that only through that gate could he be saved. He was free only so long as his vitality should endure; for, once the eager tumult of his sensibilities should subside sufficiently to allow him to hear once more the dictates of his conscious mind, it was inevitable that he should, with a sigh, resign once more the delights of this world in order that he might escape the torments of the next. And that moment had now arrived. An incident reminded him with cruel force that his youth was past, and with it there had passed also the confidence which had enabled him to dismiss with youthful insouciance all the considerations whose absence makes the *Decameron* possible.

Boccaccio was about forty-one years old when he had the misfortune to fall once more in love. Taken by the charms of a widow of Florence, he addressed to her an amorous declaration, and she not only refused, but mocked him as well.

His indiscretion was whispered about the town, and, humiliated in the depths of his soul, he took his revenge in the ferocious satire known as *Il Corbaccio* and filled with denunciations of the whole female sex in the true mediæval vein. This incident shattered the glad confidence in life which had sustained him, and from that moment he began the descent which led him at last to a troubled old age.

If Boccaccio had possessed one ounce of what is commonly called spirituality, the new orientation of his thoughts would not have been for him so utter a calamity. He might, having accepted the flesh and celebrated its beauty as frankly and as fully as any man has ever done, have come at last to transcend it; but he was, however much his conscience might trouble him, forever incapable of becoming more than the natural man. His idea of felicity was purely pagan; he loved the life of the senses, and there was nothing in the Christian philosophy which was capable of either joying or fructifying his spirit. 'Sin,' 'conversion,' and 'salvation' were terrifying words whose meaning he sought in vain to comprehend, and he succeeded in doing no more than perplexing himself. Asceticism was for him no more than a denial without compensations, and religion no more than the shadow of fear. It froze the genial current of his soul and reduced him to a querulous frustration. He was one of those for whom the sense of sin can be only a degradation.

Nothing could be more surprising as coming from the author of the *Decameron* than *Il Corbaccio* proves to be. He who has described so often the beauty and charm of women turns to denounce them in unmeasured terms, and he who has but just completed the work which celebrates love as the *summum bonum* of life pronounces an anathema upon it. 'Woman,' he says, 'is an imperfect animal'; and, after heaping upon the whole sex all the abuse which the ingenuity of thirteen centuries of asceticism had devised, he turns to denounce the monstrous illusion which leads men to suppose that good can come from the love of such creatures. Turning to the angelic visitor who has come to show him the error of his ways, he demands to know what he shall do in order to redeem himself from his errors, and the guide

replies: 'You have loved these creatures because they have seemed beautiful to you and because they appeared libidinously delightful. I want you to hate all such beauty, which has been or may be for you the occasion for much sin; I want you to take revenge for the offenses you have committed, and in that will be salvation both for you and for them.'

Nothing in all the book is original with Boccaccio. In it he merely repeats the commonplaces of monkish satire, and it might quite as well have been written in a tenth-century cloister. Smarting under a personal humiliation, he not only loses his equilibrium, but relapses at once into the darkest abyss of the Middle Ages. The flesh in which he has trusted so much has betrayed him, and, naïf as he is, he has no philosophy which will enable him to digest his betrayal, no motive for denying any longer that man and the world are vile.

V

During the years which immediately followed he grew steadily more grave. He devoted himself to the scholarly pursuits which to his now troubled soul seemed relatively innocent, and at last, some eight years later, the final blow fell. He was living in the still hated Florence when he received a mysterious visit from a man who represented himself as a messenger from a certain Pietro Petroni who had recently died in the odor of sanctity after having been the recipient of certain visions. Boccaccio, he reported, had but a few years to live and it was time, if he valued the safety of his soul, to abandon the study of secular poetry. Oppressed as he had been with hardships and worry, Boccaccio was stricken with terror. Gone was the light-hearted skepticism which had led him in the *Decameron* to mock at priestly tricks, and in a panic he wrote to Petrarch of his intention to burn his manuscripts.

Fortunately the calm Petrarch, incapable alike of the full-blooded paganism which had once been Boccaccio's and of the superstitious terror which now overcame his naïve soul, wrote him a long letter full of humanistic commonplaces. It would be best to take no extreme and sudden steps. Let Boccaccio prepare himself gradually to meet his Maker, and let him console himself with the thought that the piety of a learned man is more valuable than that of one who is ignorant.

Evidently Boccaccio resolved to follow the advice of his less impetuous friend, for he did not burn his papers; but the last vestige of rebellion was gone from his spirit and from now on he conformed to the learned conventions of his time. In his youth poetry had seemed to him the most glorious of human achievements because it celebrated and made immortal the deeds of men — because, in a word, it gave dignity to human life; but now he could only say: 'I confess it would be far better to study the sacred writings than these, even although they are good. I think such studies are more acceptable to God, to the Pope, and to the Church. But we are not all nor always led by the rare passion, and so sometimes are drawn to Poetry.'

Sadder still is the letter which he wrote a year or two before his death to a friend who had remarked that he possessed Boccaccio's works. The man of sixty looked back upon his maturest achievement without favor. Not only had he lost, with his ebbing vitality, the joyous acceptance of Nature which had made him the first of modern times to find Nature all-sufficient, but his soul, shrunk to a prudish timidity, could no longer understand the man he had been. He would not, he said, accuse his friend of wrongdoing if he should follow

out his intention of reading these works when he had nothing better to do, but he begged him above all not to read the tales to the ladies of his household. He knew how likely they were to corrupt an honest heart, and he had no desire that respectable ladies should conceive of him as a licentious old man. He had written them in his youth and he blushed for his sin.

Two years later Boccaccio was dead, and as one surveys his career in retrospect one cannot but be struck with the fact that it is in certain aspects strangely simple and in others strangely complex. Nothing, for example, could exceed the naïveté with which he permitted the mere accidents of his own existence to determine the premises of what served him as a philosophy of life. He believed in love because love had made him happy and because, even when Fiammetta had betrayed him, he had sweet and dignified memories. But when the widow of Florence mocked as well as refused him he behaved as though he had never dreamed before that such a thing could happen, and he revised the universe in order to denounce the woman who had caused him this bitter humiliation.

Yet, naïve as his organization was, the vivacity of his nature was sufficient to make it possible for him to do as much as one man can do toward the creation of a new literature. A certain mere insouciance served him in an effort to throw off a philosophy which no mind had successfully combated, and in a moment of gayety he revealed the fourteenth-century Italian to himself. Moreover one cannot fail to note how the curve of his life anticipated that of the Renaissance as a whole. The conceptions which had nourished the genius of Dante were wholly alien to its nature and it could make no use of them, but religion, reduced to fear, hung as the shadow of a superstition over the whole epoch. A gloomy apprehension, ready at any moment to express itself in an outburst of fanatical penitence like that which broke over Florence under the influence of Savonarola, haunted its choicest spirits even as it haunted Boccaccio, and, like him, they had no philosophy capable of defending their instinctive naturalism.

Two centuries after Boccaccio's death, all Italy, stricken by fear, allowed its new culture to decline into the gloomy formalism which supervened after the Council of Trent; and Boccaccio, who was, in a sense, the epitome of the age, anticipated its end when he prophetically relapsed into cheerless acquiescence to a dead tradition. The equilibrium of the *Decameron*, like that of the age which produced it, was unstable. Its premises had never been either reasoned out or completely comprehended by the man who assumed them, and they were lost to him as soon as the gay mood in which they had been generated passed away. Never robust enough to sustain the rôle of pioneer, he was frightened by his own temerity, and fears which belonged by rights only to others clouded in the end a spirit which was, in its own nature, as sunny as Naples itself.

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

BY A. W. SMITH

I

It is odd that in 'The Road to Mandalay' Kipling should have permitted himself to turn Burma geographically inside out in order to achieve an effect. There is no pagoda in Moulmein that looks eastward to the sea, for not only is Moulmein situated some thirty miles up a tidal river, but also Moulmein lies on the east coast of the Gulf of Martaban. The sea lies to the west. Nor can the dawn come up like thunder out of China across any bay in any part of the world, and certainly not in Burma. There are no bays between Burma and China, only green jungle-clad hills and deep ravines where rivers dive underground, tangle themselves up, and reappear a mile away. There are gullies, stopped up at both ends with mountains, which are sheer clefts in the earth in which wide, deep rivers come bubbling out of the rock at one end and go bubbling in again at the other.

Perhaps it is a little too much to ask complete accuracy. It would be a bit pedantic to complain that her name could not have been Supi-yaw-lat, 'jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,' or to suggest that a Burmese girl, however badly brought up, would not kiss the 'idol's foot,' and possibly still less allow herself to be kissed, and that flying fishes do not play in Burma nearer than the Bay of Bengal.

Objections of this nature are pedantic indeed. As a whole, the poem is a pleasant enough jingle and, for that matter, accurate enough. Mist on the rice fields, steamer paddles chunkin', the 'sludgy, squdgy creek.' The sunshine, the temple bells tinkling — those give one picture of Burma that one likes to remember. But what of the call of the East? It is a call which is only heard with any insistence by those who have not had to live there for long.

II

Burma revolves round the pagoda and its attendant monastery. There is no village that has not a pagoda, few that are without a monastery. The commonest sight in all the length and breadth of the land is the daily line of yellow-robed shaven monks filing across the paddy fields to the village to beg in the mist of an early morning. Heads are bent and eyes kept averted; the black lacquer bowls are held clasped round by both hands. The files without a word pass down the street. At the doors of their houses the pious stand with whatever they can offer. As the monks pass, the offerings are ladled into the bowls. Here a handful of boiled rice, there a red plantain, sometimes a little salt pickled ginger, sometimes fried garlic. Whatever it is, it is dropped into the one bowl and the monk passes on without a sign. His eyes are still averted and his head still bent. He is supposed not to know what is going on around him, but it is hard to believe that in the keen morning air the mouth of a man who has not eaten since noon of the previous day is not made to water as

the savory smell of a fried onion or curried eggplant reaches the nostrils so close above the bowl. The files wind across the yellow stubble of the paddy fields. The sun is well over the trees; the monks have returned to the brown teakwood monastery with the sevenfold roof, to eat the offerings cold from a common platter.

Almsgiving is a constant drain on the people, as that and personal attendance at the pagoda for prayer are necessary for salvation. In Buddhist Tibet one may calculate the merit to one's credit by having a prayer wheel turned by wind, water, or if necessary by oxen, but in Burma this is not allowed. Personal attendance is all that counts, and unless devotions are supplemented by almsgiving the prospects for the next existence can only be regarded with concern. Fortunately, the holier the receiver, the more merit. To feed a hundred men is not as holy an act as to feed a junior monk. To feed one full-blown Buddha is worth more than feeding ten million Buddhas of an earlier existence. Thus the number of givers never diminishes.

After noontide the monks may not eat. The Burman has an uncanny knack of guessing the time from the sun and the shadows thrown by it, but during the rainy season the sun is hidden for weeks at a time and other means must be found for telling the time. Here, however, Providence has stepped in. The cocks and hens, the ordinary household fowls, in Burma are not as they are in Western countries, for they have been endowed with peculiar knowledge that enables them to tell the time with accuracy and to crow at stated hours — at sunrise, noon, sundown, and midnight. The story goes that they acquired this gift in a singular fashion. Certain books of the Bedin were burned as containing magic lore. Among these were certain books on astronomy. When the flames had done their work the fowls scratched at and ate the ashes, thus absorbing all the astronomic and chronologic knowledge contained in them.

III

All young Burma goes to school at the monastery, and it is because of this that one seldom meets a Burman who cannot read and write and that the percentage of literates is far higher than in any other part of India. It is true that some of the education offered is what we should consider somewhat grotesque, but that, on the whole, matters little enough; and it makes no very great difference to anyone that the little boys in a monastery school are taught that Mandalay is not only the intellectual centre but also the exact mathematical centre of the world.

The monastery school strikes the ordinary observer as approaching pandemonium. As soon as a boy has arrived in school he is put to sit on the floor and given a book open at the day's lesson. He then proceeds to call it over at the top of his voice until he knows it. To Western ears, forty or fifty little boys saying over their lessons is acute noise, but it has a soothing effect on the teacher, who begins to feel that he is really doing some good. If a boy stops shouting he is idling, and is corrected accordingly.

At the monastery school the boy is taught the queer mixture of sound Buddhist theology and spiritology that goes to make up his religion. The spirits are called 'nats,' and in whatever he does the nats, good and bad, must be considered. There is no road approaching a village, except in the sophisticated South, that has not its nat houses. These are tiny shelters of doll's-house size set on posts beside the path, in which the pious leave

offerings. The nats refresh themselves from these offerings and their attentions are averted from the village. In some parts of the country, after leaving the nat house the path divides, one path being a dummy to confuse the spirit. In a matter of this kind it is better not to take a chance on whether the nat is good or bad. In many places, too, the villages are surrounded with a bamboo latticework. This also has the effect of keeping out the evil nat, for if he wishes to enter at night he has to pass himself in and out through every hole in the lattice, and the chances are that dawn will catch him before he has completed his task. The following night, if he is persistent, he must start afresh.

IV

There is no regular service at a pagoda, and each man is responsible to himself for his own spiritual welfare. No one else can be of assistance to him, and the monks, who have been described quite wrongly as 'Buddhist clergy,' have no concern with the spiritual state of the laity. After devotions at the pagoda one should strike the bell three times to let the nats of the air know that someone has gone through the Buddhist lauds. After striking the bell it is proper to strike the ground to convey the same information to the spirits of the earth. Anyone may strike the bells; indeed, it is considered a kindly action to do so, for the more the bells are struck the more the attention of the nats is called to the devotions in progress.

Around the top of the pagoda are suspended wind bells, and these keep up a continual tinkling the purpose of which is the same as that of the sound of the bigger bells on the ground.

Among the things which annoy a Burman most is the calm assumption that he is an idolater. He himself regards the worshiper of images as the lowest of the low, and although he plants his images of Gautama everywhere, nowhere does he worship them. Indeed, how can he? Gautama is not a god — he is a man who subdued all passion and became perfect, a man who achieved the ultimate existence.

Each individual has to work out his own salvation, and not even the Buddha can assist him in his efforts to find the Way. There is no Almighty, no Supreme Being, no Creator; and the Buddha, even if there were an Almighty, no longer exists to make intercession, and was in his existence no more than perfect man.

The devotions before the placid, contemplative Buddhas so completely at eternal rest cannot be prayers for blessings or help or for mercy in sin. They can only be words in honor of the Lord of Truth himself, praises of the being who through contemplation achieved in himself complete subjection of all passion and ignorance. Through praise and contemplation of the great Lord of Truth one attains to knowledge.

The pagoda, which is a development of the tumulus, a shrine that cannot be entered, is built over sacred relics, and an image of the Buddha is put there to centralize the payment of devotions. The pagoda is a place set apart, a place for localizing feelings and a place for contemplation of the supreme model. In the great religious book of the Burman Buddhist it is written that it is useless to worship the Buddha; nothing is possible but to reverence his memory: 'The earth and the Buddha are alike — themselves inert.'

Prayers as such do not exist, and the praises that are used are those that have been learned with pain and labor in the monastery schools. Whether one understands them or not — for they are all in Pali, the religious language of Buddhism — is immaterial.

The repetition is all that matters. Any kind of parrotlike repetition is good enough. That this is so is clearly proved by the case of the bats. They lived in a cave, and great numbers of followers of the Buddha would resort to this cave to practise their devotions and to meditate. The bats learned some of the words, which they repeated constantly, although they could not understand them, and as a consequence they were translated on death to the lands of the nats, the spirits of the air. If even animals can achieve such results, how much more the human being.

To the Buddhist eye the Way unfolds itself for eternity. If by his charity, by his contemplation, by his ways of life, the Buddhist can ever see the end of the Way, it is an end that means total and absolute nothingness. This state, the final existence in nothing, is called 'neban' — the state to which only Gautama has attained.

These two ideas of eternity and nothingness are abstracts which the Western mind finds it hard to grasp. It quails before the thought of a million existences, a million hells — ending in nothing.

The Burman, however, accepts all this and toilsomely treads the Way. The man in lowly circumstance knows that in a previous existence he has sinned; if he sins again he may come to earth again as some more lowly creature still. If he does not sin he may go up higher, but he knows that certain sins will damn him forever to struggle alone in the dark.

To kill a monk can mean but one thing: only existence after existence, with no possibility of achieving neban — ever. In Buddhism by 'ever' is meant ever; there is no middle course.

Among the people who can never attain to neban, the last and ultimate existence, are the hunters, and all those whose business it is to take life. The fishermen are not among these. This is perhaps fortunate, for they exist in large numbers; indeed, every Burman is potentially a fisherman. He is passionately fond of fish in any form, and no meal is complete unless it is sauced with some kind of ngapi, that evil-smelling mash of salted, stinking fish. The fisherman is exempt because he does not kill fish. He takes fish from the water and gives them the advantage of light and air. If the fish die, that is their concern and no fault of the fisherman. It is ingenious, but the logic to the Oriental is faultless.

For the hunter there is no such retreat. He kills and must meet the results — that is, must toilsomely drag out an infinity of existences. He can, it is true, find the Way by existences spent in contemplation and praise of Gautama, but most hunters somehow do not consider it worth the trouble. They prefer to go on being hunters. The certainty of a million or so years in the Buddhist hells and a fresh start in life as a poverty-stricken, humble individual is often forgotten in the excitement of the chase.

To the non-Buddhist mind the hunters assure for themselves constant resurrection and eternal life. To the Buddhist, however, in his search for neban with its subjection of passion and his own eventual reduction to perfect nothingness, the prospect presents nothing but horror. To continue to exist! Impossible, even though the eventual blotting out may be postponed into some indefinite future, æons in time ahead.

Not that the Burman does not eat meat. He does and will on every occasion when he can get it. In every town and village there is a butcher, generally a Mohammedan from India or a Chinaman, to whom the sin is of no account. The Burman will sell his broken-down buffaloes, his ducks, his

fowls, or his pigs to the butcher and will buy the flesh from him, but in no way does he become responsible for the commission of sin. That is the butcher's affair. Just as no person may assist another to the Way, so the sins of another cannot affect one's own chances.

V

The kings of Burma were all orthodox Buddhists, but notwithstanding they were able to execute their friends and relatives with freedom without any loss of orthodoxy. The last king — King Thibaw — was able to put quietly away some four hundred of his nearest and dearest when he came to the throne in the late seventies without a breath of scandal attaching to him. Thibaw would suggest that he did not want to see so-and-so again. That was enough, and the courtier would have been tactless indeed who brought the matter up at a later date.

There is to-day an elderly and very charming sawbwa, a rajah of sorts, in the Shan States to the east of Burma proper. He is well educated, and rules his state with a rod of iron. His hobby is drinking champagne and playing Up Jenkins with his wives' maids of honor. He is more or less orthodox Buddhist in whatever costs him no effort. Should anyone offend him he suggests that the offender should be seen to the border of the state. If he inquires later concerning the man, the escort looks unhappy and at length confesses that the offender fell into the river, that he was killed by a tiger, or that the nats took him. The old sawbwa clicks his tongue. 'What a terrible thing,' he says, and goes on playing Up Jenkins with his ladies, who squeal with laughter when he finds a new way of cheating in the concealment of a four-anna bit in the palm of a pudgy hand.

The kings of Burma, like every Burman when he arrives at power and wealth, were oppressive in the extreme. Odd as this may seem to the non-Buddhist, their attitude is not inconsistent with the Buddhist religion. Everyone who attains to wealth and power does so only because he has won these things for himself in a previous existence. In his present life his wealth gives him the opportunity to expiate his sins by gifts and pagoda building, by the feeding of monks and the dedication of images of the Lord Buddha. The man who is poor is so only because some millions of years ago in a previous life he was wicked. The poor man has little opportunity to improve his chances in the future, because his poverty will not permit him to exercise bounty on a liberal scale. Indeed, his poverty may even drive him lower, for in his efforts to escape starvation he may be forced to hunt game or kill for food — acts that ensure him even more millions of years in the Buddhist hells and a fresh start on the same lowly planes of human existence.

To the Western way of thinking, the whole idea of Buddhism is oppressive in the extreme. 'All is transient, sorrowful, and vain: the Lord, the Law, the Assembly, the Precious Things,' is the refrain that accompanies meditation on the excellencies of the example of the Lord Buddha and on the greatness of his Law. Somehow, however, the Burman succeeds in triumphing over his religion. Gifted with a sense of humor enjoyed by few Orientals, he cares little for the things that money can bring. He works no more than he has to; some say that he is frankly idle; but he gives freely of what he has. Burma is a happy land in which it is always afternoon and in which to-morrow may always be conveniently forgotten.

WONDERING

The Impressions of an Inmate

It was with a peculiar sense of defeat that I sat and gazed through the barred windows at the autumn hills reaching far out, one behind the other, to an October's blue sky. I knew, with poignant regret, that I should have indignantly denied an assertion that I should one day be in a State Hospital for the Insane.

The square of blue sky, checkered by the regular iron bars, dimmed before my eyes when a few fragments of shattered dreams persisted in returning to my already weary mind. What, after all, had there been in life that I should treasure it? Why should the smile of two brown eyes or a maple tree crimson to the point of burning move me?

I glanced restlessly back to the room behind me. It was large — and empty. Polished floors, a table placed so that it reminded me of one I loved much more, rose rugs, a black walnut piano, ferns that looked lonely for the near-by woods. Ah, yes, but there was more than this! This was the home of the wretches I had watched with alternating twinges of repulsion and terror!

I leaned back and forgot the crying hills in front of me. My head was weary when there appeared before me the woman with the beautiful voice, the careful intonation of which marked its owner as one who had once been cultured. I wondered what fiendish tortures she could have known to have disrupted so beautiful a mind. Her never-ceasing talk had nearly lulled me to sleep when another appeared.

She was very tall and pale. I had wondered for many days wherein lay her appeal, when one day she smiled and I discovered it was her eyes. They were blue and very kind. I wondered if her dreams, too, had been shattered.

And then the enigmatic, bright girl who had played cards with us came back. To think that anyone who might have done so much good in the world should be locked for six long years behind the unyielding doors of an insane asylum, realizing every dreary moment of the day that life was never to hold any more for her!

I let my head rest against the high back of the chair. I had grown very weary with thinking. Life, with its slow curves, was sometimes hard to understand, and as I closed my eyes I remembered that its pattern of lace was one which, if it ever came to comprehensible view, came slowly. I tried to forget that the lovely woman who had asked me to wait for the finished pattern was the very one for whom I was sitting here, in tears, staring through bars at a hill of crimson and gold.

AWKWARD IMPERIALISTS

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

EMPIRES of the past were established and consolidated by military power. Sometimes, as in the case of Rome at its best, political genius softened the rigors of military rule and made its exactions sufferable; but the basis of empire was military force. We are living in an economic age, and the significant power is economic rather than military. In moments of crisis the banker may find it necessary to call upon the marines; but the civilized world is fairly well disciplined and permits its life to be ordered and its social and political relationships to be adjusted by the use of economic force without recourse to the more dramatic display of military power.

In such an economic age it is natural that our nation, the wealthiest in the world, should become the real empire of modern civilization. Our imperialism reveals ancient motives, but the technique is new. British imperialism is a halfway house between traditional imperialism and the new American variety. The British Empire was created by the British trader; but the soldier and civil administrator followed in the wake of the trader and consolidated his gains. We are able to dispense with the soldier almost completely; we use him only in a few undeveloped nations to the south of us. Our empire spreads over Western civilization and establishes its dominion over politically self-respecting nations for whom foreign soldiers would represent insufferable badges of foreign rule, but who are able after a fashion to submit to imperial suasion as long as it is hid behind traditional banking ritual and commercial custom. We are the first empire of the world to establish our sway without legions. Our legions are dollars.

Our empire was developed almost overnight. At the beginning of the World War we were still in debt to the world. Whether, as an unfriendly critic asserts, we 'sluiced gold out of rivers of blood' or were merely the beneficiaries of fortuitous circumstance, our economic relationship to the world was completely altered by the war. We wiped out our debt and put the world in our debt by well-nigh thirty billion dollars in little more than a decade, and we have increased our holdings in the outside world by one to two billion dollars per year.

Some foreign critics suggest that our prosperity rests upon the tribute which we press out of our foreign dependencies. That is hardly accurate, for we have been reinvesting our income from abroad every year. We are not prosperous because we are imperialists; we are imperialists because we are prosperous. Our foreign holdings have supported our prosperity only so far as they have saved us from being glutted by our own gold and goods. Because we were able to invest the difference between our imports and our exports in the outside world we have been able to maintain a tariff policy which seems to defy every canon of

economics. We continue to sell more than we buy and take the notes of the world for the difference. There is hardly a country of Europe the currency of which has not been stabilized by loans from us; even England could bring its pound up to par only by an arrangement for bonding its debt to us which seems ruinous to many Englishmen.

Our economic overlordship through economic penetration is aggravated by the political debts which Europe owes us as a legacy of the war. We have consistently refused to admit any relationship between reparation payments and Interallied debts; but Europe thinks our logic specious. It knows that the bulk of the reparation payments which are pressed out of Germany will find its way into American coffers, only to be reinvested in Europe, particularly in Germany, and increase American power. In the first five years of the working of the Dawes Plan Germany paid $1,990,000,000 in reparations and in the same period borrowed $1,179,000,000 from us. We may expect something like the same process to continue. If it does, we shall own a very considerable part of Germany before the war is finally liquidated. Meanwhile our holdings in other parts of the world are increasing continually.

II

It is inevitable that men should hate those who hold power over them. They may love the virtuous and admire the brilliant; but they hate the powerful. Hatred is compounded of envy and fear, and power breeds both. The fear is justified because powerful individuals and nations, even when they make benevolent pretensions, are not as generous as their pretensions or even as their intentions. A defect in the human imagination obscures the mixture of motives which enters into human actions and social policies and makes honest self-analysis almost impossible; and lack of social intelligence prevents the holder of power from gauging the consequence of his actions in the lives of others, particularly if no direct contact is possible. If the envy is not as justified as the fear, it is at least as inevitable. Great power is usually accompanied by special privilege (a proof that it is not wielded as unselfishly as is imagined), and privilege incites envy. Europe is contemptuous of our culture partly because it is envious of our civilization, for contempt is a nice device for expressing and obscuring envy.

It is because powerful individuals and nations must inevitably deal with the hatred of their fellows that imperialism, if long practised, invariably develops a technique for counteracting resentment. Democracy is a device for making power sufferable in a community partly by making it derivative and responsible and partly by giving it the semblance of social responsibility and derivation. Since social intelligence in political communities has never been very high, the semblance of democracy has been almost as efficacious as the reality. In international relations it has not yet been possible to develop such a technique. Nevertheless empires have had some success in assuaging the bitterness and mitigating the resentment which their power created. The budding German Empire failed in this respect and perished. The English imperialists have had better success. Their detractors have attributed their success to their consummate hypocrisy; but while the world is not so intelligent as to be able to detect or to dispense with a certain amount of hypocrisy, the use of power cannot be made sufferable by

pretension alone. The English have been the most successful imperialists in the modern world because they do have a genius for politics. Moral pretension is the baser part of that genius; the nobler part is the ability to gauge the interests and reactions of other than your own group so that no interest is pursued until resentment against it issues in social and political violence.

At times this ability to see the point of view of others and to allow for their reactions may rise until it achieves a moral quality. Such heights are not frequent in the history of nations, whatever may be possible for individuals; but a politically-minded people, such as the British, can achieve levels of social imagination which give their corporate life a semblance of morality and a reality of political effectiveness.

We are not endowed, as our British brethren, with any such political grace. If the Germans were too much the philosophers and therefore too much absolutists to engage successfully in the relativities of politics, we are too much the engineers. Our power is derived from our engineering ability, and we erroneously assume that the same genius which created it can wield it. It would be untrue to claim that our wealth is due solely to our superiority as engineers. We had a virgin continent to exploit. Energetic and vigorous stocks of the European population came to our shores to supply the energy for its exploitation. The fact that the steam engine and the telegraph were invented before we had fully conquered the continent made it possible to bring the whole of a vast geographic expanse under a central political authority which would prevent political boundaries, irrelevant to the economic unity of the continent, from impeding the flow of economic life and retarding economic progress. Every circumstance conspired to give us our present economic eminence. Perhaps, if Weber and Tawney are right, even our religion contributed to our prosperity. In America a puritan religion, unhampered by classical or mediæval contempt for the man of toil and glorification of the man of leisure, could add moral self-respect to the more obvious incentives of commercial and industrial energy.

But, whatever helped to contribute to our prosperity, we have certainly proved our engineering efficiency. Whether we turned to engineering because a virgin continent first directed our intelligence to the concrete problems of improving the physical circumstances of life, so that, once directed, we continued in that path until the conquest of nature became an end in itself; or whether, as Count Keyserling suggests, we obeyed the impulse of youth for the attainment of the obvious end and the completion of the concrete task; or whether, as Oswald Spengler believes, we are really old Europeans rather than youthful Americans, who turned to extensive activities because our culture was dead, we have certainly surpassed every nation in industrial efficiency and commercial energy.

Without designing or intending the result, we became imperialists by the power of our virtues and our vices. We were forced to conquer foreign markets to prevent the automatic machine from glutting our home markets; we needed foreign investment opportunities to get rid of our surplus wealth, particularly since we had not learned to distribute it more equitably at home; and our industry reached out into the world to feed the maw of the machine with raw materials.

Our resulting imperial power is

administered with singular awkwardness. We hear of the rising tide of resentment against us with a mingled feeling of incredulity and injured innocence. The late Gustav Stresemann quieted his nationalist opponents in the German Reichstag by suggesting that the Young Plan is not the instrument of Germany's enslavement to France, but the method of the whole of Europe for making its economic servitude to America as sufferable as possible. We laugh at such statements, if we know about them, as the chicanery of a harassed statesman. Lord Rothermere protests that Wall Street is a suction pump which sucks in the credit of the world. We attribute such sentiments to the dishonesty of demagogic journalists. Thirty-four nations protest against our tariff bill, and we solemnly declare that we will permit no foreign nation to interfere in our 'domestic' politics. France tries to raise a tariff against our automobiles and we hint justified reprisals. Europe, seething with resentment, suggests a more generous settlement of the war debts. We insist that we can tolerate nothing but a 'businesslike' settlement of this problem and piously hint that our real intention in demanding a settlement of the debts is to prevent Europe from falling into slovenly business habits and straying from the path of economic virtue. We little realize that a businesslike rather than a political settlement of a question is precisely the kind which leaves human and intangible factors out of consideration. We are a business people who know nothing about the intricacies of politics, especially international politics, and in the flush of youthful pride we make no calculations of the reactions to our attitudes in the minds of others.

Our lack of imagination is increased by the fact that we have come into our position of authority too suddenly to adjust ourselves to its responsibilities and that we are geographically too isolated from the world to come into intimate contact with the thought of others. It was only yesterday that we were a youthful nation, conscious of making an adventure in democratic government which the older nations did not quite approve, and we still imagine that it is our virtue rather than our power which the older nations envy. We cannot believe that any of them have outstripped us in the theory and practice of democratic government. We hold ourselves aloof from international councils because we feel ourselves too powerful to be in need of counseling with others, but we are able to practise the deception of imagining that our superior political virtue rather than our superior economic strength makes such abstention possible and advisable.

The remoteness of the bulk of our population from any contact with the foreign world illustrates and accentuates the basic difficulty of modern civilization with its mechanical interdependence and social parochialism. It is unfortunate that the nation which wields the most power should be the one which is geographically most isolated. Our 'provincial' press carries practically no news from abroad. Outside of New York, Philadelphia, and possibly Boston, the newspapers leave their readers blissfully ignorant of the political reactions of other peoples. It is a basic defect in the whole of our Western civilization that it has created economic relationships for gauging the results of which we have devised no means of social education. In this respect we are not much worse or more unfortunate than other nations; but we are by some degrees more ignorant than the British, for instance, and our power is mounting more rapidly than theirs.

III

To the natural defects of our engineering intelligence, our geographic isolation, and our political youth must be added some inevitable limitations of our cultural and moral heritage. We were cradled in puritanism. Our prosperity has gradually dissipated the individual virtues of self-discipline which puritanism once inculcated, but we are not yet rid of the puritan vices, particularly the lack of social imagination. We have a puritan penchant for oversimplifying moral and social problems. Mr. Garvin of the London *Observer* has suggested that in complex situations the man who wants to be just and does not know how to be wise is dangerous. That is particularly true, since self-interest is bound to color every conception of justice. The good bishop who recently returned from Europe and declared that Europe would not be so poor if it only stopped drinking, and that he would oppose any generosity in the settlement of debts as long as there was a possibility of the resulting savings being used for more drinking, is really a quite significant American type. The banker will probably not agree with the bishop on the particular virtue which is supposed to have made us prosperous, but he will be equally certain that virtue is the basis of our prosperity. It has always been the habit of fortunate people to ascribe their luck or their fortune to their own moral qualities rather than to any inscrutability of history, and our fortune-favored nation has developed this habit with the greatest possible consistency.

There has been some progress in the sophistication of American political thought in the past decades, a progress which is roughly symbolized by the difference between a Bryan and a Hoover; but it is significant that even a cosmopolitan in the Presidential chair does not venture beyond the traditional attitudes which American statesmen have taken toward world problems. We still maintain the fiction that nothing but the love of peace actuates our foreign policy. A certain amount of hypocrisy which varies between honest self-deception and conscious dishonesty characterizes the life of every nation. Thus Mr. Hoover supports the traditional American insistence on the right to trade with belligerents in time of war with the humanitarian proposal that food ships be exempted from blockade, and Mr. MacDonald defends the traditional British position on the freedom of the seas with the suggestion that in the next war there can be no neutrals and therefore no issue on this old bone of contention between England and America. Both suggestions have a measure of justification, but both are really rationalizations of national interests and traditions and therefore not quite sincere.

The conscious and unconscious insincerities of statesmen and nations have always resulted in a measure of cynicism in international relations. If the world is growing particularly cynical about our moral pretensions, that may be partly due, not to our hypocrisy, but to our momentary eminence. Yet it does seem that our puritan background has made us more than ordinarily naïve in dealing with the complexities of modern international life. We make simple moral judgments, remain unconscious of the self-interest which colors them, support them with an enthusiasm which derives from our waning but still influential evangelical piety, and are surprised that our contemporaries will not accept us as saviors of the world.

There has been no better revelation of the awkwardness of our imperialism

and the naïveté of our political intelligence than our enthusiasm for the Kellogg outlawry-of-war pact. We offered it to the nations in the certain conviction that we were once more assuming 'moral leadership' in the Western world. It really did express our honest desire for peace. But it also revealed our unwillingness to count the price which peace costs. Our outlawry enthusiasts suggested that Britain imperiled the usefulness of the pact by her reservations in regard to her empire, while we ostensibly offered it without reservations and therefore with purer intention. Yet the debate in the Senate did clearly establish reservations in regard to the Monroe Doctrine and proved that we were just as anxious as Britain to protect our imperial interests. Meanwhile we remained as uncompromising as ever in regard to the war debts, a matter which Europe rightfully regards as more important to the peace of the world than any covenant.

The fact is that our political naïveté betrays us into sentimentality, and sentimentality always looks like idealism from an inside perspective and like hypocrisy from an outside one. Our present passion for disarmament is honest enough; but the success of our efforts means that Britain has definitely capitulated to our supremacy and has recognized that it is better to admit us to naval parity than to run the risk of falling out with us by insisting on her probably justified need of greater naval protection. Anything which avoids conflict between Britain and America is undoubtedly a net gain in international affairs; but the rest of the world will regard this amity with a certain measure of cynicism and hint that it must deal with an Anglo-Saxon empire rather than with a purely American one.

We shall remain the economic overlords of the Western world and prove ourselves uncompromising on anything which touches the essentials of our empire. No one knows what the future may hold in store for us. The fate of imperialists is always uncertain, and awkward imperialists run a double hazard. Responsibility sometimes forces the development of latent capacities, and it may be that we shall learn political grace and acquire a technique adequate for the problems before us in time to be saved from disaster. A decade of world responsibility does not offer sufficient evidence for any bold generalizations. But such evidence as is available certainly does not encourage the faith that we shall develop a political genius equal to the responsibilities thrust upon us by our imperial power.

THE PREBLE PIANO

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

'Ah-h, ah-h,' whispered the rising tide. In a sky of dusked violet the full moon was a shield of burnished gold, while great Jupiter flared like a beacon above the grim head of Schoodic Mountain and seemed to dartle strange beams of green and blue such as appear when iron is consumed in oxygen. Below, Sullivan Bay showed a shadowy lilac full of drowned stars. Once a seal barked in the moonlight far out in the harbor and a night heron croaked overhead.

As I walked out on Falls Point, which I had bought, sight unseen, from a dear lady who loves its birds as much as I do, I passed a deep dimple in the meadowland, the cellar hole of the house which old Josiah Simpson built from the money which he made privateering when he came back from the siege of Louisburg. Some nights in the year, so the story goes, he can be heard down there sawing wood. To-night, however, he was evidently otherwise engaged, for no sound came from its grassy depths as I passed by, following the trail which led to the pits into which the Indians used to drive moose long before any white man ever came to Maine.

At last I reached the Falls, the name given to the narrow inlet at the end of the Point where the waters of the bay are compressed and driven ten miles inland with every flood tide. Pale, remote stars showed among the towering plumes of the hemlocks and here and there silver birches were becalmed against the dark spruces. The fairy lanterns of the fireflies made points of green-gold flame in the darkness beneath the trees, and I caught the faint mignonette perfume of twinflowers growing beside my path, pale-pink double blossoms like stained silk with hearts of deepest rose.

Climbing down a crumbling bank, I seated myself on a boulder at the edge of the Falls and saw Sullivan Light far out in the bay winking at me every thirty seconds, like some towering Polyphemus with its single red eye. The moonlight, filtering through the ink-black pines, wrapped the trees in a mysterious, unearthly beauty. Suddenly the silvered silence was broken by the lovely minor strain of a whitethroat who thought that dawn had come.

'Lone, lone, lonely, lonely,' his cool, pure flute-notes blew across the distance, the very voice of the wilderness.

Before me the salt river lay like a sheet of molten silver, and, although the flood had set in, the water was so smooth that it seemed at first sight to be absolutely motionless. Only when I looked closely could I see that it was moving inland with a swift, dizzying motion. As I watched, the glassy surface dimpled and bubbled; a little blob of foam showed against the silver and a whisper came up from the depths before me, followed by a long fin of foam. The whisper became a murmur, then a hissing mutter of sound, which grew loud and louder as the water was pitted with deep eddies. Suddenly, with a hoarse bellow, the

whole surface of that tormented strait broke into a mass of frothing rapids among which pointed rocks showed like black fangs all slavered with foam.

So loud and unexpected was the roar of the Falls that unconsciously I shrank back as if in the mid of the night some dread elemental had been suddenly loosed from the depths before me.

Then with a crash there opened at my feet the Cellar, as the first settlers of Sullivan named a great whirlpool where many a boat has been wrecked in times past. It differs in size and depth with the various tides, seasons, and years, and has been made far less formidable nowadays by government operations in deepening the channel.

To-night it was a foaming, whirling hollow which grew larger and larger and sank well below the surface of the river. Then, as I stared at it, I suddenly saw, out in the whirl of the rapids above me, a long body, black against the foam. For a moment I thought it the corpse of some drowned man who had been trapped by the treacherous water. Then, as it came nearer, I saw that the figure was alive and caught a glimpse of a bristling gray moustache and strange dark eyes turned toward me. I started up, but there was absolutely nothing that I could do. The strongest swimmer could not have crossed the circle of whirlpools which lay between me and the dark shape that was being hurried inland. Suddenly it disappeared, and it seemed to me that I had seen a man go to his death without doing anything to save him. My horror was somewhat alleviated a moment later when the same round head popped into sight with a fish in its jaws and I realized that my drowning man was only a harbor seal. Once before I had been similarly deceived in the twilight on Puget Sound when a seal thrust his head out of the water, like a merman, close to the boat which I was rowing and so startled me that I caught a crab and fell over backwards, to the huge delight of my companions. Another time in the Bay of Fundy I saw basking upon a sand bar a group of seven harbor seals showing black and brown and mottled white, but never have I seen one so uncannily human as that seal which stared at me at midnight out of the foam and smother of the Falls.

After it had disappeared I sat for long staring at the welter of foaming waters before me over which swaying wreaths of mist shot through with rainbow colors floated in the moonlight. At times the sound of the harassed and fettered current seemed to rise to an almost human shout and could be heard for more than a mile inland. Then, as the night began to ebb, the tide reached high-water slack and immediately the whirlpools were smoothed out, the rapids disappeared, the roar of the river died away to a drone and then to utter silence, and there before me lay an expanse of water rocking and dimpling in the moonlight as smooth and harmless as a mill pond.

II

It was long after midnight when I reached the street skirting the bay which is the main thoroughfare of the tiny village of Sullivan. The houses overlooking the harbor were all dark and silent, nor did I see any sign of life until I came to Aunt Nebbie's cottage. There on her porch she sat rocking in a big Boston rocker as unconcernedly as if she had forsworn sleep forever.

Aunt Nebbie is the oldest as well as one of the most valuable citizens of Sullivan. If anyone is getting married or buried or having a baby Aunt Nebbie is always in charge. In fact many of the elder generation of the town would hardly consider any of those

ceremonies legal if she were not present. Although less than five feet high, a wiry wisp of a woman, straight as a tree, with the nose of a Roman emperor, deep blue eyes, and an adorable smile, she has a tongue with a tang to it and is no respecter of persons. She is apt to address the woman of the house where she may be presiding as 'Sis' and any of the men-folk who may dare to be there as 'Bub.' Moreover, in her moments of relaxation Aunt Nebbie smokes a short, black clay pipe, and her language on occasion can be as untrammeled as was that of the old sea captain her father, who died back in the seventies.

'Come up an' set a while,' she called down to me.

I climbed the steep flight of steps that front all of the houses of Sullivan, which is built on a sidehill, and in another moment was rocking by her side.

'Aunt Nebbie,' I said severely, 'don't you ever go to bed? Suppose someone found me here calling on you at two o'clock in the morning. There'd be a scandal. Moreover, I've been hearing bad reports of you.'

The old lady laughed that gurgling laugh of hers which makes me think of a trout brook running over pebbles.

'Son,' she said, 'when you get past ninety there's no time for sleepin'. As the posy on my granther's old sundial used to say, "it's later than you think." What's this you been hearin' about me?'

'I heard that you went to a dance last winter over in East Sullivan and danced them all down.'

'Sure I did,' chuckled Aunt Nebbie. 'Pearl Atherton, the best fiddler in Blue Hill, were there with his band an' I danced the Virginny reel with old George Machias who used to beau me sixty years ago. There were twenty couples, an' he bruk down at the last an' I had to finish it out alone.'

Before us the triple peaks of Mount Desert towered out of the sea, showing by day as filmy blue bubbles, but now black in the moonlight, and I told her about the seal and the way the Cellar had opened at my feet.

'It's always been a bad place,' she agreed. 'I mind me a Fourth of July in the forties when the buckwheat was just in blow that a lumberman named Red Simon from down Burnt Church way give out that he'd run the Falls on a saw log. Some said he were a Jingeroo, but I always thought him a pure-bred.'

'What's a Jingeroo, Aunt Nebbie?'

'You outlanders call 'em Gypsies,' she explained. 'Folks came from miles around that day to see him, an' Falls Point an' Hancock Point were black with 'em. There were n't no movin' pitchers then an' people turned out for most anything. I were only a youngster, but I knew the Falls, an' I got there early an' clim up high on the bank under a big pine tree just above the Cellar, for I figured that would be the place where there'd be most doin'.

'By the time the crowd were all come the ebb had set in an' the Falls began to roar like a battle an' the water were full of riffs an' rapids an' whirly pools. Then the Cellar fell open like a trap all set to catch someone. Near me were a gal who were a-shakin' an' a-cryin', an' someone said that she were Red's gal. All of a sudden there come a cheerin' from the far side o' the Point an' across the channel from Hancock. It run like a wave along the shore, an' Red come into sight around the rocks at the end of the Point. My, but he looked noble! His long red hair streamed in the wind an' he wore a red flannel shirt an' had a cork life belt strapped around him, an' he was treadin' a great saw log with his spiked boots an' wavin' his hand to the crowd all gay an' gallus.

'The log come a-buckin' an' a-pitchin' through the rapids, but Red he kept his balance — an' how we did cheer! Then a side current caught the log an' shot it through the foam toward the Cellar, which were boilin' like a pot. When he saw what were a-comin' Red's face went white as ashes, but law, there were n't nothin' he could do but keep his balance. Right through the rapids he come not thirty feet from where his gal were settin'. Then the front end of the log went down into the Cellar an' it upended an' went out o' sight, carryin' Red with it.'

Aunt Nebbie stopped for a moment and wiped her face with her checked gingham apron.

'It were better than eighty years ago,' she went on at last, 'but I mind me how a moan went up from the crowd on both sides of the river, like the wind in the trees. Red's gal give a screech an' pitched over in a faint. Then there were n't a sound for a minute or so, as if we were all holdin' our breath. All of a sudden a red head pops up out of the smother of the rapids clear beyond the Cellar an' was whirled away into the harbor. It was the life belt that had saved him. The log went clear down an' come up a long time later all splintered an' bristled by what it found at the bottom of the Cellar, but the cork had kept Red up until some eddy whirled him into the rapids beyond.

'Some o' the men rowed into the harbor an' fished him out an' hoisted him to his gal.'

Aunt Nebbie suddenly broke off and laughed.

'Go on,' I urged her.

'She'd fainted when she thought he was drowned,' she resumed at last, 'but when she come to an' see him standin' in front of her all drippin' an' grinnin' sheepish-like, she up an' give him a slap in the face.

'"Silly fool," she says, "showin' off an' scarin' people to death. I don't never want to see you again." But she did, she sure did,' finished Aunt Nebbie, 'an' she give him nine red-headed children.'

III

'Tell me some more about the Point,' I urged her as she stopped talking. For a time only the creaking of the rocker answered me, for Aunt Nebbie would not be hurried.

'Old Gee Hodgkins owned it when I was a gal,' she finally began. 'We used to call him Master Gee, an' he always slicked his hair down with bear's grease. His father was Uncle Dudley Hodgkins, a great joker if there ever were one.' And once again her voice trailed off into silence.

'What were some of his jokes?' I entreated.

'Well, there was his will for one,' she began again. 'It ran, "Half my property I leave to Dud, half to Zack, and all the rest to Gee." Some way he took a conceit that Gee, who was serious-minded, did n't take well to his joshin'. Yet it was Master Gee who became the richest of 'em all. He owned Falls Point an' the only yoke of oxen in Sullivan. Everybody used to borrow 'em from him. He was the one who set up the whale's rib which stands for a hitchin' post down by the stone store.

'Once Dave Blaise come over to borrow the oxen, but Master Gee he were usin' 'em himself. "I got to have 'em to-day," said Dave. "I just got to." But Master Gee he stuck it out that he were entitled to use his own oxen. Dave he went off in a temper. "I'll buy me a yoke of oxen myself an' have 'em whenever I want," he threatened. Then he got to thinkin' it over an' how much oxen cost, an' he comes back. "I'll buy me a wheel-

barrer anyway," he says, an' off he goes again.

'Mis' Blaise, Dave's wife, she were a pious, soft-spoken woman. Once when I were sick in bed with the epizootic, she come to me an' she says, "Be you prepared to die, Aunt Nebbie?" It certain made me mad. "Die all you want," I tells her, "but I'm damned if I do. I got too much work on hand." An' I got straight out of bed an' have n't been sick since, an' that were more 'n thirty year ago.'

'Tell me some more,' I urged as she came again to a full stop.

'I mind me of the first temperance rally ever held in these parts,' she continued at last. 'It were over at the schoolhouse at Marlboro. They called on Elder Gray to speak. He came from East Franklin, which has only got about a hundred people in it, but it supports two churches side by side, the Hardshell Baptist an' the Reformed Baptist, an' Elder Gray he were elder of the Hardshell church. He got up an' said, "Brethren, when I were a young man I were a fisherman an' went to the Great Banks. I drunk a sight of rum in them days. When I were cold I drunk it to het me; when I were warm I drunk it to cool me; when I had a cold I took a pint to cure me, an' when my cold were bad, bless God, I took a gallon."

'After that edifyin' speech someone spied Uncle Dudley a-settin' in the back of the room, an' everyone set up a holler for him, but he just scrooched down in his chair an' did n't say a word. Then Great Tanner on one side an' Nat Peasley on tother picked him up an' set him on his feet on top of a school desk. The old man were n't flustered a mite. "Inasmuch as these kind friends have stud me on my feet, I s'pose it's my bounden duty to speak, though I ain't no public speaker, as you people'll pretty soon larn," he began. "I've traveled over a sight of country in my time, havin' been down to Aurora an' Otis an' Walbridge by land an' from Cape Rosier to Schoodic Point by water, an' endurin' my travels I've drunk all kinds of licker from fourth-proof brandy down. But for my favorite give me old New England rum. I've taken that three ways, — intarnally, extarnally, an' etarnally, — every damn time I could get it."

'That speech closed the meetin'. The men an' boys yelled so that it was a wonder the rafters did n't fall.'

IV

'I passed the old Josiah Simpson cellar hole to-night,' I ventured, as our conversation once more flagged. 'Is it true that his ghost haunts the Point?'

'They say so,' returned Aunt Nebbie, evasively.

'Did you ever see a ghost yourself?' I persisted.

'Not exactly,' she replied, 'but I've heard one. In the old Uram house somethin' that no one could see used to walk down the front stairs on certain nights of the year. I've heard it with my own ears at midnight just as plain as I hear you. The steps would start at the top of the staircase an' come on an' on down the long flight. At the thirteenth stair it'd always stop for a couple of breaths an' then go on down to the bottom. The Urams were so used to it they thought nothin' of it at all.'

'Did anyone ever try standing on the stairs when it was coming down?' I asked.

Aunt Nebbie looked at me severely.

'It ain't considered fortunate in Sullivan to interfere with dead people,' she reproved me. 'Did you never hear tell of Mis' Preble an' her piano?'

'Never,' I assured her.

'You ought to know the story, because it happened in the house that you bought with the Point,' she told me. 'Mis' Preble, she used to live there. She always wore a white nubia an' a real lace kerchief, an' her face were gentle an' yet kind of proud. She had the first piano that was ever seen in Sullivan. It was a Gilbert, an' I guess it was about next door to a spinet. Once a year she'd send it down to Portland on a schooner to be tuned, an' she used to take a sight of pleasure in playin' it. I mind me she'd play a lot of the old tunes on it, such as "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," an' "Men of Harlech." Another thing she used to play were "André's Dirge." Her granther was one of the guards that had charge of Major André in the Revolution times, an' after he was hung they played a dirge which the Major made up himself, an' her granther, he remembered the tune all his life an' used to hum it, an' taught all of his children to sing it or play it. Mis' Preble she used to say that she wished she could write music, for she were the last person living who knew that tune an' after she was gone it'd be forgotten. She tried to make me learn it, but, law, I can't hardly tell the difference 'tween "Yankee Doodle" an' "Ol' Hundredth." All I can remember is that it was slow an' sad like an' used to make my backbone all cold when I heard it.

'I never knew anyone so fond of her piano as Mis' Preble was. Even after her hands got so crippled up with rheumatism that she could n't strike the keys, she'd sit in front of it by the hour. Everybody liked her. Even Caroliny Bragdon, who did n't like many people, liked Mis' Preble. Caroliny were a great hand for gettin' her words mixed. She said to me once when I'd been house-cleanin' since four o'clock in the morning, "You certainly have had a stenorious day." Another time somebody was sayin' that old Josiah Simpson, who used to own your Falls Point, was no better than a pirate, an' Caroliny spoke up. "Nobody can't cast any astigmatism at *my* ancestors," she says.

'Caroliny took a prejudice once against Dave Lane's boy because he were such a moderate worker, an' would n't have him on her place, an' one day when he stopped out in the road in front an' stared in, she run out an' says, "Go along, you, don't you dare even *look* at my house"; an' the boy he went, too, for Caroliny was right masterful.

'Before she died Mis' Preble used to visit with Aunt Dodd, who was a Simpson, an' the best blood in Sullivan. They were descended from old General Sullivan, who fought in the Revolution an' give his name to this town. Once the Britishers sent a sloop of war down the Maine coast an' landed some soldiers at Sullivan. The Captain he tried to kiss the old General's daughter, who was a pretty slip of a girl, but Mis' Sullivan she give him a terrible slap in the face. He got so mad about it that he had his soldiers burn the Sullivan house down an' turned Mis' Sullivan an' her daughter out into the snow.

'Aunt Dodd she was high-spirited like that, too. Once a fish peddler thought she'd been dealin' with someone else, an' he would n't serve her for nigh on to ten years. Then he come in one day an' offered to trade with her again. "No, thank you," says Aunt Dodd. "Your fish are n't very fresh."

'When Aunt Dodd's husband was livin' they were out to supper once at her daughter's house. Cap'n Dodd was a hearty eater an' Aunt Dodd et very little. She loved coffee an' he never drunk it. His daughter asked him if he'd have a second helpin' of puddin', an' Aunt Dodd spoke up,

"No, thank you, we won't take any more." The Captain he did n't say anything, but a little later when her daughter asked Aunt Dodd if she'd have a cup of coffee he spoke up quick. "No, thank you," he said, "we don't never drink it."'

V

Suddenly Aunt Nebbie stopped talking and rocking simultaneously and laughed embarrassedly.

'Here I be runnin' on an' on about people you never heard of an' keepin' you out of your beauty sleep,' she exclaimed. 'Why don't you go to bed an' not set here encouragin' an old woman to talk herself to death?'

'Aunt Nebbie,' I said firmly, 'I don't leave this porch until I hear about Mrs. Preble's piano.'

'Well, it were n't much to tell,' said Aunt Nebbie, 'an' I s'pose you'll laugh at the story, but this was the way of it. After Mis' Preble died it came out that she'd left the house and all her belongings to a cousin of hers down Saco way. This cousin she planned to come over to Sullivan an' live there after she'd sold out her things in Saco, so the house an' everything in it was left just as it was when Mis' Preble was alive. Not even the curtains were pulled down. We youngsters used to run up on the porch an' peek in an' then run away, for it was kind o' scary-like without Mis' Preble bein' there.

'Well, about three months after she died a pack peddler comes to town, one of them Canucks from across the border with a lot of cheap jewelry an' handkerchiefs an' bright calicoes an' neckties an' little things like that which he could carry easy on his back wrapped up in a big oilskin pack. They don't come no more nowadays, but when I was a gal there used to be quite a sight on 'em drift through the town one time or another. Well, this one he come up on the porch of the old Preble house right up to the front door bold as brass an' rung the little screw bell that was set in the crossbar. Dave Blaise, who lived across the way, he heard it a-ringin' an' a-ringin' an' looked over an' saw the peddler a-standin' there. Then he see him go over to the side window on the porch an' peer in an' rap on the glass, an' Dave hear him say, "Good-a mornin'," two, three times, quite loud in that queer French way them Canucks have. Dave he'd have gone over an' told the man there warn't no one livin' there, but he was busy settin' out some bean poles.

'Pretty soon the peddler come over to Dave's place, wipin' his face an' lookin' quite het up.

'"That ol' lady, she be of a deafness extraordinaire," he says.

'Dave told me afterwards that it give him quite a turn to hear him.

'"What old lady?" he says.

'"Why, the one who live in ze house opposite," goes on the Canuck. "She sit in front of ze piano, but she don't play, nor do she hear, though I rap an' rap on ze window an' call out loud to her."

'"What did she look like?" goes on Dave, feelin' kind o' sick.

'"She have ze white hair an' wear ze white mantilla on her head, an' she have a kin' face, but ver' sad," says the peddler.

'Dave, he bought a Barlow jackknife to get rid of the man, an' after he'd gone on his way Dave goes over to the Preble house. It took all the grit he had to walk up on that porch an' look in the window, even though it were broad daylight. He did n't see nothin' unusual, except one thing — the piano, which had been shut up ever since Mis' Preble died, were wide open.'

STATE PENSIONS OR CHARITY?

BY ALICE HAMILTON

I

In the February number of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Walter Gifford discusses the present-day movement for state pensions for the aged poor and sees in it an attack on our characteristically American method of dealing with the problems of poverty, a method which consists in the employment of trained social workers to administer charitable funds provided by the free-will gifts of the well-to-do. He believes that, whatever may be true of other countries, this method of voluntary action for meeting the welfare needs of our people is in keeping with our social and political philosophy, a philosophy that has made us not only politically stable and economically prosperous, but contented. 'It is as sound a principle in welfare work as it is in other activities that in America governmental agencies should do nothing that other agencies can and will do.' He pays a very fitting tribute to the social agencies which 'have done so much to keep American society healthy at the bottom,' and he is convinced that if they were to be abolished suddenly, immediate and serious discontent would arise. To prevent this, and to provide for such new demands as old-age pensions, he urges business men to be generous in their gifts to organized charity.

Mr. Gifford's tribute to the high character of the social work done in this country is not only deserved, it is needed, for there is far too little public appreciation of the knowledge, the resourcefulness, and the human understanding and tact that trained social workers bring to bear on the difficulties with which they must deal. There is truly a quality about it which, as Mr. Gifford says, is lacking in the relief given by state agencies, but then there is also a quality about state aid which makes it more acceptable to certain kinds of people. For this reason and for others I must take issue with Mr. Gifford and join with those who stand for state pensions for the aged poor rather than support given through private charity.

Let me first speak of the attitude of the social workers themselves toward these two alternatives. The list of members of the American Society for Old Age Security contains a number of names prominent in social work, such as Jane Addams, Jacob Billikopf, Alexander Johnson, Florence Kelley, John A. Lapp, John A. Ryan, Mary K. Simkhovitch, and I feel sure that most social workers will not think that in urging the State to provide a pension system for the old we are implying a lack of confidence in voluntary charity. They would probably be the first to say that this new demand would impose upon them a burden too great to bear, even if they thought that private charity was the best way of dealing with the problem. Mr. Gifford says that the only truly American way of meeting the need is by voluntary gifts, but he must have forgotten the many fields of welfare work which have already passed from private hands into

those of the State. It is only necessary to mention the care of the insane poor and the feeble-minded, the greater number of the sick poor and the blind, even the pensioning of widows to ensure a home and proper care for fatherless children. No one would suggest turning these back to the private charities. Moreover, what agency but the State now deals with the aged poor? The great majority, if destitute, must go to public almshouses, for the privately supported homes for the aged are pitifully inadequate. What we are asking is not that the State assume a new rôle, but that it perform an old rôle better and more completely. To ask the charities to care for all the needy old people is to give them an impossible task, even if we assume that the increasing generosity of business men toward organized charity, upon which Mr. Gifford counts, will really materialize.

II

Why is it that so suddenly this question of old-age pensions has come to the fore and movements for state insurance have sprung up in so many parts of the country? To my mind it cannot be explained as simply a cumulative result of years of work with the aged poor. There is a new element in the situation, and I believe this new element is a realization on the part of employers of labor as well as friends of the poor that we are faced with a new problem, of rapidly increasing importance, for which we can see no solution except perhaps in the dim future. It is the problem of premature old age, of the forced idleness of men and women still in the prime of life, of the establishment of a dead line at forty years, after which one is classed as unfit for work. This is, as we all know, the dark side of the amazingly rapid increase in labor-saving machinery since the war, as the new, complicated machines call, not for skill and experience and judgment, which are the gifts of middle age, but for quickness and adaptability, which are the gifts of youth.

'Technological unemployment' this condition is called, to make it sound a little less disastrous, and our public men assure us that it will surely disappear, for these machines will increase our riches, and we shall buy more luxuries, and the luxury trades will 'take up the slack.' But of course the luxury trades have no demand for the skilled mechanics who have been discharged; that solution of the problem belongs admittedly to the remote future, and we of this generation must deal with the immediate present, a present filled with workers thrown on the scrap heap at forty years of age.

Not long ago I was in an iron foundry, watching the pouring of molten iron into moulds. I noticed one man, older than the rest, staggering along with his heavy ladle, which he could only just carry, although, arrived at his moulds, he did a neat job. He was plainly in constant fear that he could not make it; he was straining every muscle to keep up with the others, to hold on to his job. As I watched him, sensing keenly his fear and his desperate effort, I heard my guide say: 'Come back here in three months and you won't see any of these men. I'll show you what we are doing now.' He took me to another building and there I saw an automatic machine pouring iron into moulds, doing the work of a dozen men and under the charge of three slim lads of less than twenty years. The man I had been watching had no need to strain his heart over his work — he was doomed to be scrapped in any case.

Another factor in this new situation which also tends to eliminate the middle-aged is the increasing use of group

insurance for employees against sickness and accident, furnished by industrial insurance companies. It is our American way to leave social insurance to commercial companies which operate for profit and find the middle-aged worker a poor risk. Therefore employers have had to adopt a strict rule against taking on new men who are over forty years of age, for only in this way can they get favorable rates from the insurance companies.

All this means that in thinking of old-age pensions we must take into consideration a great new class of needy people. These are not men who have lived all their lives on the edge of poverty; they are self-respecting artisans, skilled workers, men who have made good wages and held their heads high. At a moment when such a man still possesses all his old skill of eye and hand, and the gains of long experience, he finds himself no longer wanted, of less use in our American social system than his little feather-brained daughter with a year's training in a business school.

What is his future? His standard of living will have to slip down; he will sink to the level of the unskilled worker and then of the casual worker, for it will be harder and harder for him to find any sort of job, even if he dyes his hair and makes pitiful efforts to hide the senility of fifty years. Long intervals of unemployment will exhaust the savings of a lifetime, for remember that there are twenty or twenty-five years between the day he is thrown out as too old and the day he will become eligible for a pension, at sixty-five years of age. How many workmen have saved enough to tide them over that period and to provide for their actual old age? Most working-class families have not much chance to hold on to their savings up to old age. Such a family has typically two periods of fairly easy living when it is possible to put by something. The first one comes in the early years of married life when the babies are not yet numerous, the expenses are not great, and the man is at the height of his earning powers. Then comes the strain of increasing expenses with no increase of income, followed by the second period of prosperity when the children have reached working age and have not yet left home. This, however, is succeeded by a period of increasing poverty, as one by one the children go to homes of their own, the man's earnings grow less, and the savings disappear, if indeed the many demands of sickness, unemployment, and accidents have not used them up long ago.

I have spoken of men all this time because my work takes me into men's trades rather than women's, but I am quite well aware that this is even more the women's problem than the men's, for so many more women live to old age than men. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tells us (1927) that the death rate for men between twenty-five and forty-four years is 661.7 per 100,000 of the population, while the rate for women is only 514.7. In the next group, between forty-five and sixty-four years, the rate for men is 2369.9, for women 1646.8. This means that a much larger number of women reach the years of dependency than of men, and I am told that middle age is an even greater handicap to the woman seeking work than to the man.

The *New York Times* published not long ago a statement made by Dr. S. S. Huebner, Professor of Insurance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania. He said to his Toronto audience: 'Only one of ten men at sixty-five has enough money to assure him an income of even fifty dollars a month. Only one out of three men who are healthy at thirty years dies before he

reaches sixty. The burden of support of the others falls on the children. This is terrible philosophy. Each generation should take care of itself.'

We are told that the National Civic Federation made an investigation of dependent old people and found that there was no need for state pensions, that the great majority were already satisfactorily cared for. But apparently they assumed that every old person supported by a son or daughter was properly cared for and did not inquire further, did not ask what it meant to the child who had taken on himself the support of the aged. Those who know the lives of the poor could have told the Federation at what an unfair price that support is often given. It is, of course, more likely to be the daughter who makes the sacrifice. That old jingle, 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife, My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life,' is founded on something in human nature too deep to change with a changing world. Think of the army of faithful daughters who have had to give up all hope of a home and husband and children of their own because they were too proud to ask a man to take on him the burden of the old people. So they go through life spending their young strength for the aged, losing their chance because they have not the heart to break free and take it. Nor is it easy for the old to find a place in the home of a son or daughter — it may be the last straw to break down self-respect.

III

Is it sensible to assume that what is American is necessarily wisest and best, or even that it is unchangeable? Surely we should have enough humility to reexamine our national ways and decide quite objectively if they are the best possible for us. Personally, I am very loath to accept the verdict that a dependence on the benevolence of the uppermost class toward the lowest class is the only possible American way of solving the problem of the poor, or even that it makes for a healthy state and contentment at the bottom of society. If we should subject our American system to a critical scrutiny, we might find that in spite of periods of high wages (not nearly as universal as is believed) the American workingman is in some respects worse off than his brothers in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark.

In 1927 there was transmitted to Parliament by the British Minister of Labor a report of a delegation appointed to study industrial conditions in the United States and Canada. The report contains many flattering statements about American business enterprise, inventiveness, rationalization methods, welfare work, and so on, but it contains also some significant remarks with regard to the other side of the shield.

> In estimating the relative positions of workers in the United States and Great Britain there are several important considerations to be borne in mind. In the first place there is nothing in the United States to compare with the state provision in this country for unemployment, sickness, and old age. In general, an unemployed worker has to depend on his savings when out of work. This absence of outside assistance for the worker who is unable to obtain employment makes poverty in the United States a matter of extreme hardship. . . . Unemployment and irregularity of employment are not of less importance than hourly wages in considering the position of industrial workers. In the United States it has been a cardinal principle that the incentive to work must be maintained at the highest point and that to provide means of maintenance in the present or expectation of assistance in the future, other than

by his own earnings and savings, lessens the driving power and self-reliance of the worker. Consequently, except in the case of certain trades-unions which give unemployment benefit . . . outside support can be obtained only by charity and then only in circumstances of extreme destitution. The result is that, to the great majority who do not wish to incur the stigma of pauperism, unemployment, sickness, and old age are very serious matters. High hourly earnings often do not result in a high yearly income and, in the case of those outside the more skilled classes, irregular work may rapidly bring on serious poverty.

What the English commentators say is true. The American workman may earn high wages, although of course the yearly income of the vast majority is below fifteen hundred dollars a year, but even if he does, he must live all his working life under the shadow of three Damoclean swords, sickness, loss of his job, and old age, and against these our country, the richest in the world, gives him no protection.

Would generous gifts to organized charity remedy this lack? Well, let him who asks that question imagine for a moment that he is himself faced at sixty-five with the alternatives of private charity, administered with the greatest tact and understanding, and a state pension administered as a matter of official routine. I think there can be no doubt of his choice. It is said that state pensions will be given impersonally and mechanically. That is exactly what the proud man wants. He feels that he has done his share of the hard work of the world, maybe a bit more than his share, and that he has a right to a minimum of comfort in his old age without being forced to accept charity. The changes that robbed him of his job — his property, in his own eyes — have resulted in gains to society, and he feels that he should not be the one to bear all the losses that came with them. Has he a right to demand this? I do not know; I am no economist. It is not for me to venture into a discussion of the mysterious ways in which wealth is distributed in this country. But sometimes I wonder whether an uneasy sense of injustice and inequality in the apportionment of rewards for services performed may not explain the surprisingly favorable attitude of some quite conservative wealthy people toward state pensions for the old.

This year, if ever, it behooves us to think soberly of the need of giving some form of security to those upon whom the fluctuations of business throw the heaviest burdens. These are men and women who have no control over discount rates, or credit, or the manipulation of bull markets and bear markets, yet they are the first victims of the battles fought in those high and mysterious regions. We have all read of the bread lines, the marching of unemployed on city halls to demand work, the overcrowded municipal lodging houses and police stations. Even private charity has broken down before the unprecedented demand for shelter and food. The Salvation Army and the Y. M. C. A. have not been able to care for the hordes of wage-workers and office men, homeless, cold, and hungry, who walk the streets in desperation, finding no place in our society for their strength and skill and will to work. Such inequalities cannot be covered up by charity. It is time for us to devise ways of meeting the inevitable disaster of old age and the almost equally inevitable disasters of sickness and unemployment, and these must be ways that will not fail when the stock market breaks or a new machine is invented, that will function in the lean years as in the fat years, and that can be accepted without loss of self-respect.

THE REVOLT OF THE CONVICTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

THE sensational prison riots of last year have had one quite unexpected, but desirable, reaction. They have aroused a belated feeling of public obligation for what is beyond question the most neglected of our great public institutions, the least touched by progress, the most subject to those countercurrents of opinion, prejudice, and passion which make enlightened policies difficult and sometimes impossible of attainment.

The Legislature of New York to-day is considering an expenditure of $38,000,000 on its prisons. The riot in the Federal prison at Leavenworth hardly was over before President Hoover was announcing that he would recommend the appropriation of $10,000,000 for Federal prisons. These are more than appropriations — they are confessions. And confession is good for the soul.

The extent of that neglect which characterizes our treatment of prisons and prisoners, and the reasons for it, need to be understood clearly. New York may serve as a fairly concrete example.

Three of these great riots of prisoners have occurred in New York prisons — one at Dannemora and two at Auburn. The prison at Auburn was built in 1816. At that time, 114 years ago, James Madison was President, and during all these years it has been in continuous operation. Its grim cell block was built to reflect the purposes and philosophy of a penology of the stagecoach days and as a means of expressing that era's conception of what prison punishment should mean.

Sing Sing, New York's most widely known prison, was built in 1825 when James Monroe was President, and its fearful cell block was abandoned only within the past year. Now a large part of its old, damp, dismal cells once more are filled with the overflow population from other prisons for whom not even cells elsewhere are available.

The Clinton Prison at Dannemora was built somewhat later, in 1840; built, however, on the model of the old prisons at Auburn and Sing Sing, and its cell block is substantially the same.

The cell blocks in these prisons are made of the solidest masonry. They can last for centuries. Most well-built buildings disappear with us not because they become insecure or dangerous with age, but because the ideas which they represent become obsolete; because they stand in the path of progress and have to give place to forces representing new and better ideas, changed conditions, and plans for better futures. These prison cell blocks represent the triumph of the obsolete over time and change.

Before considering the cell blocks themselves, in another connection, let us remember this: the world of 1816, when Auburn was built, was a harder world; it had fewer of what we now call the common necessities; the common run of mankind daily experienced

hardships unfamiliar to poor vagrants of to-day. The convict of 1930 is put in the same slit in the masonry wall which was designed to punish the convict of 1816.

What, then, are these cell blocks? Imagine a very large room, in the middle of which is a huge oblong box of masonry not connected with the sides of the room. As you walk along the floor, you pass a succession of little doorways in this box with grilled iron doors. These are the ground-floor cells. What little light may stray into them from the high windows of the great room itself, in which the box is placed, is largely cut off by the shadow of the iron platform which is fastened in the wall just above the door tops; such platforms provide entrance ways, each for the next higher tier of cells, reached, in turn, by a stairway at the end of the block.

The largest of the old cells at any of these prisons is at Dannemora. It is only four feet wide, with a cot which occupies most of the space: a fairly neat fit, like a coffin in a grave. This brick-lined room is little over seven feet deep and less than seven feet high. It is unventilated; it is without toilet facilities of any kind. Each convict carries a tin bucket with him when he marches to his cell at night.

This cell, moreover, is the only place of privacy which the prison affords to the individual convict. Outside of it his associations are indiscriminate herd associations — with felons. Here alone he can reflect and revise, if he will, his distorted outlook on life, in an atmosphere surcharged with the fetid stench of his own excrement.

However much these prisons may or may not have changed in other details in the process of time, this aspect of the cells has never changed. They are the same sequence of horrible holes to-day in Auburn as in 1816, in Sing Sing as in 1825, and in Clinton as in 1840.

It may be urged that cell blocks are deplorable, of course, but not supremely important. 'A modern prison,' someone observed, 'can be maintained even in an old building. The daily life of the prisoner, his discipline, is or may be quite a different matter and is far more important than the cell where he sleeps. He should rise above his unfavorable environment.'

What are his incentives to rise?

II

Before James Monroe was made President, New York enacted a law providing for wages for prisoners as a reward for industry, as a means of reformation, as well as a means of reducing to a minimum the taxpayers' burden.

'Whereas,' said the quaint preamble to the law of 1816, 'it is believed that a habit of industry is the best preventive of vice, to encourage which habit of industry in the criminals of the state, whom the state is desirous of reforming, it may be useful to allow them a reasonable portion of the fruits of their labor, to be set apart for them or their families. . . .' This was, no doubt, a radical idea in the penology of 1816. Can anyone, even the most resolute member of the vindictive school, question its soundness as a wise principle?

In time for Christmas 1929, Emil Totterman, who had served twenty-five years in the state prisons of New York, was pardoned. He was fifty-two years old. Handed to him, as he left Sing Sing to face the outside world, none too easy at best for the ex-convict, were the accumulated wages which had been earned by him in those twenty-five years of prison life. He had been an able-bodied man, had worked

at such prison industries as the prison afforded, and he received the full wage allowed by law. His accumulated wages were $45.26. His wage scale had been at the rate of one and one-half cents a day. Even the most optimistic believer in progress can hardly be cheered by the development of this 'sound' idea of wages for prisoners in the 114 years since its first inception in 1816.

Let us retrace our steps to the cell block. I remember asking a question about these cell blocks, a few years ago, of the secretary of the Prison Association. This is a very old organization which, by its charter, is required to make a report and recommendations to the Legislature each year. I asked him if he could tell me how long ago this organization first began to recommend abolition of these cell blocks to the State Legislature. He told me that he was quite sure that such recommendations had been made for fifty years.

The convict is the stepchild of the State. He is not a voter and forms no part of any statesman's clamoring constituents. On the appropriation bill he comes last. The convict can always be made to wait. It has always been so.

I also remember asking the head of Elmira Reformatory three years ago what special recommendation he needed for the improvement of the reformatory. 'The brick shop and foundry,' he replied. 'This building is used by from one hundred to three hundred boys learning the masonry trade; it is not only very old, it is unsafe. It has been condemned by the State Architect and by the Prison Commission over and over again. It cannot be heated and work has to stop in winter. A new building has been needed for many years. Nothing has been done about it.'

I could give a dozen other New York illustrations of the same kind. It would be entirely wrong, however, even to suggest that the policy of prison parsimony is confined to that state. It is the usual thing and not the exception. If, a few years ago, Auburn Prison, for example, wastefully operated fourteen separate boiler plants, other states could duplicate this folly. Patching old prison plants instead of building needed new ones is not a localized New York policy.

One more illustration and I shall have passed from what is bad to what is no better. We have heard much about the increased cost of living and the reduced purchasing power of the dollar in meeting the food requirements of the family larder. One family in New York, at least, and, alas, a very large family, tells a quite different story. The food in New York State prisons now costs, on the average, seven cents per meal for each person. It cost seven and one-quarter cents per meal in 1868! A still further triumph of economy could be accomplished, we are told by experts, if a cafeteria were installed and those prisoners who fail to find their poor and monotonous meals appetizing did not have set before them, as now, the food they will not eat.

None of the conditions to which I thus far have alluded are particularly new. Prisoners living under such conditions perhaps are not without good reasons for bad actions. The general atmosphere of old prisons is far from cheering at best, but there are new circumstances to make things worse. These new circumstances helped to cause the explosions of resentment which at last have aroused public interest in the condition of their prisons.

III

The first cause is overcrowding. For a decade, we have been disturbed and

perplexed by the strange growth in our criminality. It is particularly an American problem. England has been closing prisons for which she had no need. Her criminal statistics show a distinct falling off in crime. European conditions generally are not unlike those in England. The contrast with us is sometimes rather startling. A few weeks ago, for example, the *S. S. Bremen* brought $6,000,000 in gold to the port of New York. The boat was met at its pier by armored cars, a cordon of armed policemen, and two machine guns. The gold left the boat in New York under this most rigid police protection. It had been carried to the boat at Bremen in an ordinary truck, with one driver and a helper and no police whatsoever!

I shall not attempt to discuss here the general problem of crime which perplexes us all — the development of gangs, the hijackers, the racketeers, or the relation of the prohibition law to lawlessness. I shall not attempt to say whether, on the whole, we are or are not showing resourcefulness or intelligence in the ways and means of checking our very real crime wave. One aspect of this crime wave is quite obvious. An irritated public opinion, for the moment, has accepted quite heartily, as a remedy, increased severity in punishment for those criminals who are caught. We are filling old prisons with new prisoners in larger numbers, carrying longer terms.

I have spoken at some length concerning the ordinary prisoner's life in prisons which are themselves relics of barbarism. In New York, the prison population in state prisons has increased over 1700 in the past four years. On July 1 of last year, the four state prisons had a population of 6631. There were almost 1000 more prisoners than cells. In the whole state prison system, there are only 2866 cells which can be described as modern in any sense, the remainder being those which I have pictured at Auburn, Dannemora, and Sing Sing.

The Federal penitentiaries at Atlanta and Leavenworth are adapted for only one half of their present population. If the New York prison system is bad, if its buildings are anachronisms, if its industrial plants for prison labor are inadequate, if its old cell blocks are atrocious, the Federal system, so far as overcrowding is concerned, is much worse.

A special committee of the House of Representatives found in January of last year that the penitentiary at Atlanta, with a normal capacity for 1712 prisoners, was actually housing 3107. Leavenworth Prison has no greater capacity than Atlanta, but has or had 3700 prisoners, or over double its cell accommodations. All of these prisoners were idle except for about 800, for Congress had not provided work for more than that number.

When eighteenth-century England had no law enforcement, when the dark city streets at night and the unprotected country highways were full of robbers, when the average innkeeper was more than likely to be an accomplice of highwaymen and the chance of capture was negligible, her criminal law made up for its feebleness by its barbarity in the punishment of the occasional miscreant who happened to be caught.

A much irritated American public is in a similar frame of mind, and seeks strenuously to apply, in the age of the automobile, a remedy which was found ineffective in the days of the stagecoach. Longer sentences by the removal of judicial discretion, made mandatory by recent statutes, life sentences to those guilty of a fourth offense, the removal of the substance of

authority in parole officers to shorten sentences for good conduct — all are being tried as nostrums for the cure of crime.

The prisons in states which, like New York, are for the moment following this shortsighted policy are full of these long-term prisoners, bitter, vindictive, without hope. Outbreaks such as have occurred in these overcrowded prisons were practically inevitable. They were almost equally to be expected, but for somewhat different reasons, in the far more overcrowded Federal prisons at Leavenworth and Atlanta.

While these new harsh laws have been in operation less than four years, the facts concerning their operation are already adequate to show their ineffectiveness, injustice, and undesirability. Hard-and-fast statutes devoid of flexibility are particularly dangerous in criminal law. The savagery of old English criminal law led to extreme efforts of avoidance to mitigate the injustice in particular cases; especially the development of purely technical loopholes of escape, which, in operation, became precedents, and which have survived as stumblingblocks to the criminal law of this country for over a century, long after the reasons for their existence were swept away.

In like manner, ways of avoiding these new life sentences are being developed by courts and district attorneys. An analysis, moreover, of the careers of criminals who have received life sentences shows, in New York at least, that few of the criminals to whom they have been applied had been particularly conspicuous as leaders in the underworld.

No one knows, ever, the exact relation between severe punishment and prevention of crime. We all know, at least, this: that England, where punishment is far less severe, but far more prompt and certain, is registering a great reduction in crime; and that with us the barometer constantly is rising. England relies, apparently, upon continually improving her methods of detection, upon greater certainty of punishment, and not upon the severity of punishment. The results all are in favor of the English system. I have discussed this aspect of the matter in a previous paper and shall not refer to it again here.[1]

As I have said, I am not attempting to consider our crime problems other than those primarily connected with prisons. So long as we are satisfied with the friendly association of crime with politics, in a dozen different relationships; so long as political parties, in control of our cities, consider it more expedient to ally themselves with, to encourage and enlarge, the underworld of crime than to join with the forces of decency; and so long as we find it more expedient to make our so-called police court a disgrace to our civilization and our chiefs of police and district attorneys the pliant tools of politicians and political deals, we must expect conditions such as exist in so many of our large cities to continue. Merely giving harsher sentences to those who have failed to slip through the large meshes of political escape will afford to us no more relief than a mustard plaster on a cancer.

IV

There are plenty of reforms needed in our prisons, reforms long delayed. The urgent question with us just now is how to get full value out of this momentary public interest in prisons which is due to these revolts of prisoners in Dannemora, Auburn, Leavenworth, and Canyon City. What are the main things needed?

[1] 'The Irritating Efficacy of English Criminal Justice,' in the *Atlantic* for August 1928.

Here is a partial list. There is nothing new on it, nothing which has not been recommended over and over again by prison experts for years.

We need more and better prisons, which also means smaller prisons or prisons in which segregation is made possible. The sheer stupidity of applying all sorts of psychiatric tests to the study of the individual prisoner, ascertaining his mental and emotional qualities, and then putting him back in a boarding house for crooks, with two or three thousand felons, is so apparent that it needs no comment. Potential classifications which are not followed by classes are a waste of time and money. Large boarding houses for felons may seem to be cheaper to operate, but they become post-graduate schools in crime and cost society far more in men and money in the long run. At the very basis of any real prison reform are a scientific study of the individual and the segregation of prisoners in appropriate groups in prisons adapted for their type.

Industries are needed for prison labor, intelligently selected, and a suitable prison wage as an incentive to habits of industry and an aid to the reëstablishment of the ex-convict in a none too friendly world. The problem of prison labor is not a simple one, to be sure, but the results obtained compared with what might reasonably be expected are almost incredibly bad. The popular notion that this is due to the opposition of organized labor is without foundation. With adequate machinery, wisely selected industries, and a halfway intelligent management, entirely different results could be obtained. Willingness to work is a fair test of character and reformability. Moreover, even the most vindictive opponent of aid and comfort to criminals must admit that there is something lacking in the policy of giving to a convict at the end of his term only a ticket to some point in the state and ten dollars to reëstablish himself in a world where he has a bad name and no references whatsoever.

It is true, of course, that most of our criminal law is based upon the theory that punishment prevents crime. It may be a comfort to us to think, when we send a robber to prison, that various worthy citizens who were on the point of becoming robbers change their minds accordingly. It may be that they do. It possibly is true to some extent that the rigor of criminal law does protect society by preventing crime. That is a principle of optimism as old as the hills. It is bound to remain the basis upon which the police, the criminal courts, and the prisons, as places of punishment, operate. The human scarecrow protects the corn of society.

But the prisoner is something besides a scarecrow. He is also a human being. Unless we are prepared to keep him in prison for life at our expense, what the prison does to him — whether he comes out a confirmed criminal to resume his anti-social activities and again become a menace to society and a problem for the police and the criminal courts, or whether he becomes so rehabilitated as to develop into a halfway decent person — is a quite different matter.

These problems, moreover, grow more important as the years pass. They are pressing for new solution. We know more to-day about the human being, physically, mentally, and emotionally, than at any previous period. We babble in a new jargon of psychology and psychiatry and our shelves are full of new books on mental science; our lecture halls are crowded with listeners to the learned exponents of new theories which concern the previously uncharted soul of man.

The more light we receive from repeated studies of the character and make-up of the individuals who constitute our prison population, the more unsatisfactory and archaic become our prison systems except to those to whom the eighteenth-century scarecrow principle of prisons is all-sufficient. Our failure to make progress, where progress is possible, to make prison programmes advance, is due in the main to the steady resistance of those who still believe that the programme of modern penology is a mysterious formula for mollycoddling malefactors, and who insist on outworn remedies for crime. It is a transitional period in which warfare is on between the upholders of the old scarecrow theory and those who bring to the problems of crime wisdom, surrounded, alas, too often with a panoply of new and mysterious scientific words.

Here is an illustration of that warfare. A few years ago a convict named Alphonso Monjo finished his latest term in Sing Sing Prison. When his case came up before the Parole Board, Warden Lawes wrote to the Board: 'In my judgment, this is a man who is unquestionably a mental defective and should be, for the safety of the community, restrained. We have communicated with the Commission on Mental Defectives and they cannot accept this man at Napanoch because of an overcrowded condition. It seems to me that this type of man, for the benefit of all concerned, should, if possible, be sent to an institution for mental defectives.'

Six months later, Monjo was back in Sing Sing again, this time with a life sentence for robbery as a fourth offender.

In this case the new penology said, in effect, through the views of the warden: 'Here is a man who should not have been in prison in the first place. He should have been sent to an institution for the feeble-minded, for permanent custodial care.' The old penology replied: 'This man must be punished for the protection of society. He committed a crime. He was mentally able to qualify under the legal standard of criminal responsibility. He knew the nature and quality of his act (robbery) and knew that it was wrong.'

So this mentally defective convict will be kept, for life, in a prison for punishment, instead of in an institution for the mentally defective. There are plenty of other misfits like him in our prisons. They make new prison problems themselves and prevent other prison problems from being solved.

Our failure to distinguish between one convict and another as human problems, our failure to act on this obvious distinction, our insistence upon treating them all as one abandoned class, are something which, unless checked or changed, will cost our communities further wastage in human material and untold millions of unnecessary expense.

Here is an illustration: Since the prison riots, as we noted, New York is earnestly considering a new prison. Some of the prisoners who may be placed in it doubtless will be very vicious and dangerous characters, likely to try desperate means of escape. Attica, the new prison, is, for the moment, being planned as though each and every prisoner in it would be of this type. Heavy steel cells, enormously expensive, are being considered, with safety to the community further assured by an enormous curved wall around the prison which itself will cost considerably over $1,000,000. Nothing seems overlooked in the picture except a ball and chain for each prisoner and the leg irons still in vogue in the road gangs of the eighteenth-

century South. It is solemn nonsense, and very expensive nonsense at that.

Science in the study of the individual prisoner has been wholly wasted when its results are cast aside in this fashion. The crying needs of prison industries may be starved to make these absurd walls and steel cells possible.

V

All of which brings us to the last of our present prison problems — the problem of parole. The acid test of a prison is the kind of man that comes out of it. A school whose students always return, to learn again the same lesson, is a poor school. Parole, as an ideal, is old enough. As an effective ideal, it has remained almost untried. It is simple as a principle. It is difficult as practice. Its successes or failures are bound to depend, of course, upon the human material with which it deals. That something never can be made out of nothing obviously is as true of human beings as it is of algebraic formulæ. But with all its past failures, parole is of greater importance to-day than ever before.

After all, no matter how scientifically a prison is built, no matter how well run, no matter how adequate the prison industries in it may be, the real test of its value is not the prisoner within the walls, but the prisoner who leaves them. History repeats itself until its lessons are understood.

It may seem to many of us quite a simple matter to save society by putting more and more men and women in prison and keeping them there for life. But it is bound to be very expensive. We are increasing by leaps and bounds the cost of incarceration for defective delinquents, for the feeble-minded, for the border-line felons now in our reformatories and prisons who should always remain in some form of permanent custody.

Sooner or later we shall be forced to take up the business of putting on a scientific and organized basis the process of selecting in our prisons those who, with safety to society, can be at least tested by extra-mural supervision as a probationary step toward ultimate release. No better means can be devised to make our prisons into failures, except as boarding houses for undesirable guests, than our present method of releasing prisoners.

Consider our current practice. We assume that punishment, particularly if severe and of long duration, will inculcate on the mind of the convict the undesirability of ever breaking the law again. We disregard the mental, emotional, and physical defects which may have been largely responsible for his offense. We give to him, as I have said, ten dollars, his pathetic wages, a ticket to some point in the state, a suit of badly made clothes, and a bad name, and expect a miracle. He has been out of touch, for years, with the life outside prison walls. This February, for instance, a man was released from Sing Sing Prison who had not worn a collar in twenty years and had to be helped to put it on. How far and how long can we expect his wages of $35.98 to carry him in a world where even the common clothes of freedom are confusing to him? He may have relatives who are too poor and uninfluential to do anything for him.

We tell him that he must make reports once a month to a parole custodian who from time to time may see him, and whose facilities for helping him are exceedingly meagre; and we indulge in the fanciful speculation that such a man, under these difficulties, ought to leave a life of crime and go to work before his meagre funds are spent. If he does not do this, we shall

attribute his failure to his natural wickedness and put him back in prison again.

An inadequate conception of the function and possibilities of parole is the main reason why all our states, with the recent exception of Illinois, have failed to finance it sufficiently to make its success possible. For example, the average number of prisoners now on parole in New York from its prisons and reformatories is about 3800. They would cost, if kept in prison, $1,387,000 a year. What does the state spend per year to make the transition from prison to freedom less impossible? Roughly, $91,000. It should not take a great deal of imagination to realize that this is absurd. A staff of twenty-eight poorly paid parole officers, four of whom are not doing parole work in any real sense, are expected to do all that is necessary to be done by the State in this terribly difficult transition period to help reëstablish these men in society; or at least to find out by some form of clairvoyance whether they are falling into evil ways, and, if so, to take them back as parole violators to the prisons from which they came.

New York might well stop a moment in its prison-building programme of some $38,000,000 to consider whether an enlightened and adequately financed parole system should not be a part of this programme, as a proper substitute for a fair part of the capital expenditures otherwise required for the prisons themselves, instead of resolutely closing its eyes to the fact that the problem of the prisoner released will still remain, no matter how many of these millions are spent on steel cells and thirty-six-foot walls and extra guards. A revision of the antiquated and absurd Federal parole system is now part of the programme of Congress for Federal offenders.

Consider an analogy: a few generations ago we had orphan asylums for dependent children. We herded them together in uniforms and homely gingham dresses and took them to one church or another on Sundays and gave them about the most cheerless substitutes for childhood then known to the philanthropic mind of man. Most of the children turned out to be poor dead souls, stamped with what we now call inferiority complexes. These interesting institutions mostly are gone.

We found it was better and a great deal cheaper to place the children in individual homes, to employ competent staffs of social workers to inspect these prospective homes, and to visit children in them after placement. The orphan asylum is an anachronism. Let us reflect, however, on how many millions we should be spending to-day, and with what inevitably poorer results, if this new way of thinking had not been tried and found successful and the old orphan asylums had not been given up.

It may seem almost sacrilegious to make a comparison between the dependency of innocent and unfortunate childhood and the lawbreakers in our prisons, and it is if one insists upon considering the average prisoner as quite normal and as simply wicked. If, however, one cares to be realistic about it and to study the facts now fairly well known as to the mental and physical equipment of our convicts, the analogy is not so far-fetched. They need guidance and help almost more than any other class if they are not to be permanent inmates of our institutions. They do not get this help.

Extra-mural supervision of ex-convicts for continuous periods on a large scale, not only to aid them in meeting their own handicaps but more especially to protect society against those

who persist in criminal careers, is a programme yet to be tried. It will have to come as the burdens of prison cost mount higher and higher, since it is the only available substitute for the treadmill process of more prisoners in more prisons and for longer terms.

If the revolts of the convicts can hold public attention long enough, at least some of these long-needed reforms may be made, and the blot of anachronism may pass from our prisons and from the method by which they are operated.

THE VILLAGE OF WIDE BOUNTY

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

A LIGHT snow lay on the wide fields of South Russia, sifting between black upturned clods of winter fallow, and covering the fields of winter rye with a thin coat whose warmth might prove insufficient against the zero cold that was gripping the earth. Our peasant-made sleigh slid smoothly on its runners of bent saplings; too smoothly, in fact, for it slipped as easily sideways as forward, leaving the icy roadway for precarious attempts at occasional ditches.

Of such dangerous spots, however, there were fortunately few. Steadily the wind beat toward us across wide spaces of earth only very slightly rolling, earth which dipped with long curves into spacious valleys and rounded again into hills perceptible only by the fact that they served to hide distant settlements.

After two hours' sleighing the landscape changed its aspect. Half a dozen deep ravines crossed each other dangerously; we slid perilously down steep hills only to toil laboriously up others. We passed through rows of houses of wood and of mud, with great bales of straw fastened by palings along the walls as a bar to weather, and double windows long since plastered tightly shut for winter. We skirted a sidehill and drew steadily upwards toward an ancient church which, in Russian fashion, dominated the village from its highest hill. But just before reaching this seat of religion we turned past a brand-new hospital and stopped by a battered house bearing the sign 'Reading Hut.'

We had come to the village of Wide Bounty. Here in the Reading Hut would be, if anywhere, the assembly we were seeking.

The village of Wide Bounty was 'cleaning its fists.' Lest this imply to some misguided soul that there exists a Russian village with some strange new devotion to sanitation, let me at once protest. There is no such place; it will take more than one revolution to change the sanitary habits of Russian rural life. Still the same heaps of filth for outhouses; still the same bare dwellings sealed against the fresh air which rushes between them. 'Cleaning' in Wide Bounty is a term of politics, not of sanitation. 'Fists' is also a political term, meaning well-to-

do peasants of the 'hard-boiled,' individualist type.

A collective farm, or *Kolhoz*, had been formed in the village of Wide Bounty, and the more prosperous peasants, who had at first opposed it, had at last rushed to join with the rest of the village, rather than be debarred from the use of promised government tractors. But much doubt was felt about the *bona fides* of these new converts. Had they not always bossed their fellow men, and lent money at usury? Now they would want to boss the Kolhoz, and turn it to their private gain. Let them be tested before public assembly; let them be 'cleaned,' and perhaps 'cleaned out' of the collective.

'Cleanings' of this type are common in Russia, and always they bring heart-searching and terror to their victims. There are cleanings of the Communist Party, and cleanings of the civil service, where each man's past deeds, and perchance even thoughts, come forth to confront him. Did he once speak roughly to a servant, or keep her over hours to watch the baby while he and his wife went to an important conference? Mayhap that servant, even after three years, will bear a grudge and report in public that Comrade So-and-so is harsh toward underlings. Has he once favored Trotsky, or allowed his wife to retain her ikons? Be sure that for these matters he will be brought to judgment. He may lose his job; he may even be 'cleaned out' of the party, which is political death.

But if the Russian cities are long since hardened to cleanings, it is otherwise with the villages. Here life has, till recently, gone on anarchic as ever, and the only weapons against violators of the public will have been the ancient weapons of petty gossip, scandal, boycott, and, in extreme cases, the courts. Now a new weapon to enforce submission to the community is put into the hands of the villagers. They also are having a cleaning.

The one large room of the shabby Reading Hut is crowded to suffocation. Men and women have come to give testimony, or to be examined for their faults, or merely to listen. The usual shouting and loud wrangling of peasant meetings are absent. It is as solemn as a court; it is, in fact, a court, determining the fate not of one but of sixty-seven citizens. Not more than half a dozen are likely to be judged hopeless cases; but sixty-seven men, one by one, are to be tested and cleaned.

Sitting at the presiding table, a calm, shrewd man in his late thirties leans forward — a former farm hand, now the president of the village collective farm. 'Our task,' he says, 'is to strengthen our Kolhoz by ridding it of those elements which are enemies, unable to work in a collective; and second, to strengthen and discipline those persons who have faults but can be restored; and third, to make clear through discussion to the minds of the village what is demanded of a Kolhoz member.'

So placidly authoritative sound the words of the president that at first I suspect him of being an emissary of higher authority sent to conduct the cleaning. His intimate personal comments, however, reveal that he is a native of Wide Bounty, a laborer on the big estate before the Revolution. With him at the presiding table sit three others, also local villagers — the president of the village soviet, the head of the Combined Collective Farms which centre here, and a representative of the Young Folks League. Here also should sit a delegate from the women; she has been elected, but chooses shyly to remain in the audience. However, she will participate when the

commission goes behind closed doors for its final summing up of fate.

Here surely is a strange reversal of orderly tradition, that former farm laborers and the representatives of young folks and women still so unused to public appearance that they fear to sit at the presiding table should decide the destinies of reverend heads of families, one-time village elders. For it is destiny they decide, no less. How shall the individual farmer, bending under taxation from government and boycott from associate villagers, continue to till the soil in competition with the tractor column that is coming, backed by state credits and collective enthusiasm? Yet this strange reversal is but the logical sequence of that other reversal of fate, when the peasants of Wide Bounty, and of other villages, threw out the landlords.

Long ago, — nobody here knows whether it counts in generations or centuries, — when the lords of Russia moved southward and eastward extending their sway, they brought to the rich black lands of the Lower Volga gangs of serfs from the settled parts of Russia. Most of the peasants in Wide Bounty came originally from Voronezh — a certain Ukrainian twang in dialect still bears witness. They set forth, not as hopeful pioneers to set up new homesteads, but driven as the other livestock was driven. The rich black earth was the lord's and not their own.

Some generations later, but still so far beyond the memory of the oldest villager that he cannot say in what century it happened, the lady of the big estate made a gift to her peasants. Land of their own they should have, besides their rough and easily transferred shacks of wood and clay. From her tens of thousands of rich black acres she picked the spot where several ravines ran together, and where the seepage of water through centuries had drained away fertility, leaving a salty soil.

Thus, like a true philanthropist, giving away what she did not want for herself, she gained a reputation; and the village acres were known thereafter as 'Wide Bounty,' carrying down into history the record of her deed. Of its checkered soil, some good, some bad, the humble dwellers owned a 'norm' of twenty square *sazhenes* to a working adult. This, in plain English, is a garden plot, twenty by fifty feet in measurement. Yet through the years, as the peasant families grew, even this 'norm' was cut by many mouths.

II

Two generations back, when serfs were freed, many Russian landlords began the sale of land to their former slaves. But not where the land was so fertile and black as here. Wide Bounty remained, serfs by birth and breeding, and now free peasants, but without a grain field of their own. The garden plots barely sufficed for potatoes; to gain their bread they worked on the landlord's farm.

'Early every spring,' says the youthful president of the district combined Kolhoz, in telling me of those days, 'I saw the windows battened down with boards in one hut after another. This meant that the entire family had moved over to the landlord's, to live in his barracks and till his soil. I also worked in his fields along with my father. From the summer's work we would return with perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty rubles, for the family to live on for a year. Since we were a large family and ate more than this, my father also fed livestock in winter for the lord — a heavy job, working in blizzards to carry fodder.

'These were war-time prices,' con-

tinued the president. 'One hundred and fifty rubles we made in the year of 1915. Formerly, they say, peasants got only half as much, but I am too young to remember those days.' He is too young also to remember the revolution of 1905, when the peasants burned barns and buildings and stole landlords' livestock to butcher themselves a meal. But he well remembers the Cossacks and Ossetinian guards, a heritage of that revolution, since ever afterward they guarded the lord's estate and pleasure park near the village. 'If we young folks wanted to stroll in the grove with a girl, for the shade in hot days, they flogged us back from the bridge. Yet the lord himself lived three versts away from this picnic grove, which flaunted its empty spaces under our eyes.'

Another change than the Cossack guards came after 1905, which was fated to leave more lasting traces in village life. To build up a second defense of loyal peasantry, the lord adopted the 'Stolypin policy' of land sales. Loyal and energetic peasants might buy from him good soil, no longer the tiny garden plots of salty earth, paying for them yearly through a generation. Thus ten years later, when the great Revolution broke, there were among Wide Bounty's four hundred families some forty which counted as 'strong households,' with lands of a hundred hectares and twenty or thirty horses, and two or three farm hands working for them continuously.

What type of man thus rose under the grinding conditions of tsardom, to gain a competence in a brief ten years? A hard-bitten, industrious man, who slaved himself and made his wife and sons and daughters slave also, denying his family all comforts and putting every kopek into getting ahead. Thus he gained his first savings, supplemented, perchance, by his lord's good will in return for loyalty in times of trouble, or for information given to gendarmes of malcontents. Thus saving and buying land, he was able soon to hire others, working his farm hands even more mercilessly than his family — starving them, driving them, getting the last ounce out of them. He was an individualist far more brutally persistent than the old soft-living landlord knew how to be. He was a success story — American pattern.

Such a man came to be called a 'fist,' or 'kulak,' respected and feared and hated by his neighbors. Sometimes respect was strongest, sometimes hate. His equals, or near-equals, who hoped to emulate him, admired his dogged will and iron tenacity. These qualities seemed less charming to his farm hands, and to those unfortunates who borrowed seed or implements from him at usurious interest. There is no doubt whatever that he ground the face of the poor; he had to, if he would survive. There is also no doubt that he fought for the old régime, and for the second-rate privilege it had given.

To-day he hates the Soviet Government, and evades its laws; he cheats and even murders its officials. He does this openly, blatantly — a man who cannot change. Hard-bitten survivor of a hard past, he is driven to desperation by these new policies, and by this new world where his old virtues are seen as vices. The land and livestock which cost the sweat and blood of his wife and sons and hired help, and thus became dearer to him than all of these, are slowly pried from his grasp by a ruthless government. His pitiless passion to get ahead once made him first; and now for that very reason he is last.

Such were the men who fought the collective farm at first, warning peasants against that 'devil machine,' the tractor; crying: 'The Bolsheviks will

socialize your babies. In the collective farm you will have wives in rotation.' But in spite of warnings and fears, sheer need drove the villagers of Wide Bounty to make combinations. Not every peasant had even a single horse; and it took three horses to plough deep and well in the heavy soil. Ten or twenty households, combining, found that they could work better with their few implements; the coöperatives gave them credit more freely. These little productive groups, known as 'artels,' came from a long past in Russia; now they proved easy channels for selected seed and scientific information. By the autumn of 1928 there were six such artels in Wide Bounty, and their harvests averaged better than those of their neighbors.

During that winter began the combination of these six artels into one. 'The whole village as one Kolhoz; the whole village operating one farm,' became the slogan. The kulaks changed their attack. 'You will be serfs again and toil for a master,' they jeered. 'What is your village farm but the landlord over again?'

'We learned indeed from the landlord that one big farm is better,' answered the undaunted Kolhoz advocates. 'On a big farm we can have machinery, which cannot be used on our small holdings. But now this farm will be ours together, and not a master's.'

III

Then came October 1929, and the Week of Collectivization. The growing Kolhoz had obtained ten tractors during the summer; it was a proud organization. During October its numbers swept from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and sixty-eight households. Most of the village had entered — even some kulaks. Who can stand aside from such a movement of masses? Then, just when the goal seemed reached, with the village as one large farm, operated together, a new idea arrived that was still more thrilling. In a general meeting it was proposed and carried to unite with twenty villages into one giant collective farming region, strong enough to set up creameries, and cheese factories, and brick kilns. Strong enough, indeed, to employ scientists and veterinary doctors, and build a balanced life based on farming.

Such was the dream that had come to the peasants of Wide Bounty, as it came to millions of souls that autumn in the Lower Volga Valley. It thrilled through the hearts of the young; it turned the prosaic Kolhoz into a great evangel. A thousand horses out in the field together; whole villages ploughing together; whole townships planning together. It was like soldiers in war; it was like workers in factory; it was like anything else but the ancient backward peasant of Russia. Men talked no longer in terms of routine gain, counting the worth of the Kolhoz in bushels per acre. They talked as men do in war: 'If one goes hungry, let all go hungry. If one has felt boots, let all have them. Let us build one great farm from Volsk to Astrakhan.'

Into this great farm also the kulaks now entered. Not all; some still were scoffers, standing aloof. But others came, wishing their share of the coming tractors, willing even to pool their horses along with the others. Had they not always been strong to control in the village? Would they not still control?

And this, it seems, was exactly what worried the others. So it came to the cleaning that day in the Reading Hut.

A red-faced, choleric man in his late twenties was standing before the assembled group as I entered, concluding

the tale of his life. Dergachef was his name, the youngest of three brothers, sons of Old Man Dergachef, a landowner under the Stolypin plan. The family Dergachef, it was shown, had owned a creamery, which later became the property of a Credit Coöperative. One day when a long line of peasants waited in vain to enter, young Dergachef remarked tauntingly: 'When it was ours, we ran it; when it goes to the Coöperative, it stands still.'

A minor incident, yet it is brought up against him. Does this show Citizen Dergachef's real view of coöperatives? On another occasion, it seems, he spoke of 'that damned Kolhoz.' Still again he swore because the Kolhoz, which he had joined, had 'too many damn lazy farm hands.' Was it perhaps true that he cherished a sense of superiority, due to his father's long position as an employer of laborers?

A sharp, morose inquisitor brings up a question: 'Did you say in 1928, when asked for bread for the poor, that you would feed your dogs before you would feed those lazy drunks?' Dergachef denies the charge, and finds a sudden and undesired confirmation. A woman cries: 'No, he said something different — that he would rather feed it to dogs than sell to the cursed Bolsheviks.' The young man's face grows redder; he begins to look beaten and sullen; he is ready, almost, to burst forth in a fit of angry despair.

The president of the Kolhoz watches him, and suddenly begins speaking — just in time, perhaps, to save young Dergachef from some fatal explosion. It seems, as he speaks, that the young man is not quite hopeless. 'Many serious faults have been found,' he says, 'which injure him as a member of our Kolhoz. But the chief blame for the past attaches to the head of the family and not to its youngest member. This young man has left his father and is living alone. True, he left for no reason of principle, but in a quarrel over the girl he married. None the less, he is no longer under the old man's control. Nor has he himself much property. He worked this autumn in the Kolhoz as a good farmer and a hard toiler, though he loses his temper too readily.

'If this family again had a chance to run a creamery and employ laborers, no doubt they would all again become fists and anti-Soviet people, including this youngest son. But such a condition will not occur to him; his surroundings will be those of a collective farm. He is still young and can rid himself of faults. Who among us, indeed, is free of them? My view is that he should be allowed to remain in the Kolhoz, provided he gives guarantees that he will sincerely work for its welfare and stop his slanders of fellow members. If he will give all his livestock and inventory to be part of the "undivided capital" of the Kolhoz, this will be such a guarantee. What do you say, Citizen Dergachef?'

Such is the test proposed for doubtful members. It is hard, yet not so bad as the young man feared. Ordinary members of the collective farm, if they wish to leave, may receive back the capital of horses and ploughs they have put in. But Dergachef must stake his whole future on the Kolhoz's success. If it succeeds, he will eat and live; if it fails, he loses all. If he cannot live with his fellow members, he is finished.

'I always said,' answers Dergachef, swallowing hard to hold down some emotion, whether of loss or relief, 'that a man should not join a Kolhoz till he is ready to go in fully. I always said that was the trouble with Kolhozes — people who were half in, half out. I was against them till this summer; then I joined. You can have all my stuff, if that's your rule.'

'Any questions?' demands the chair, but there seem to be no more. Dergachef's test is over; he steps to the rear. There follows him a smoother man, not sullen and choleric, but poised and sly. Zaitsef, accused of speculating and trading, and hence of being a non-producer. One sees quite well that he will never swear at the Kolhoz; he weighs his words too shrewdly, seeking a good impression.

Zaitsef informs us that he is a loyal soul, who served in the Red Army two years of civil war. He is charged with disorganizing the Kolhoz; but he is innocence itself. 'I was n't even a member of the Kolhoz then,' he smiles. 'So how could I have been a disorganizer?' He admits that he sold thirteen poods of grain to a private speculator; but that was last year, in 1928, when 'everyone was doing it.' This year he claims to have sold only to the State. Horses? Well, yes, it is true he had swapped a horse now and then. But never as many as four at a time, as charged. Certainly not. Is he a wealthy man, to trade four horses at once? . . . Well, he might have once traded four foals — which all told were worth less than a single good horse.

Zaitsef's barn? Why did he sell his barn? And just before he applied to enter the Kolhoz? Was it not, perhaps, to have private means of his own, and give as little equipment as possible to the collective farm? Too many peasants are trying to eat their cake and have it by such means; the Kolhoz puts swift penalties of exclusion in such case. But Zaitsef protests that he needed the money to live. And to pay his taxes — all peasants are sympathetic about taxes.

Interruption comes from a man in the hall. 'Did n't I hear you say, when you sold your barn: "If the Kolhoz comes, then the devil knows who gets it"?' Zaitsef tries to deny it, but he is n't believed. The village knows him well, with his smooth talk. The president sums him up: 'A speculator type. But a hard worker, who has done no heavy crime. In the collective farm he will have no chance to barter. Let him come in, on the same terms as Dergachef.'

IV

Here, however, are some more serious cases. Citizen Penchelin, who owned before the war two hundred acres of land, and traded in livestock by the thousand head. He owned a mill with an engine; he hired many workers. Some women workers have never yet been paid the wages he owed in 1914. Penchelin worked them so hard that they left the first week, whereupon he declared all wages forfeited. To-day he lives like a 'middle' peasant, with only one horse and one cow. But at any time he will evade any decree.

And now a serious charge, brought down to date. Penchelin is alleged to have said, referring to the Soviet-Chinese war: 'If the power changes, then we'll show you.' . . . Yes — counter-revolution! Citizen Penchelin swiftly denies this charge. He demands investigation by the Political Police to prove his innocence. To them, indeed, the matter is referred; meanwhile he is shut out of the Kolhoz.

Citizen Korkhof next, who had nearly three hundred acres before the war. Thirty horses toiled in his fields; three farm hands worked for him all the year. 'Starshinoi' was he of the volost in those days — head man of the township; many drinking bouts he held with the priest and the local gendarme. During the civil war, his son was member of a 'band,' which looted and terrorized with political intent. Korkhof himself, in a quieter way, worked against the new government. 'Plant

only for your own food,' he urged. 'The Government takes all the rest, anyway.' And now, has Citizen Korkhof come to this, that he should be member of a collective farm? To what end? Disruption? They do not trust him: put him out.

It is all done so crassly, so openly. No dignified black balls dropping privately into a box to refuse a new member; but rude discussion of character right in meeting. Nor are the only rejected ones those who were one time wealthy. There comes a former farm hand who has gone wrong. Alexinko, once honest laborer, fought in the Red Army and rose to be commissar in 1918 and 1919. The honor went to his illiterate head. He demanded gifts of chickens as his official right. When sent to collect grain, he took bribes and withheld his hand. Yet for many years he still held office under the Soviets. Feeling himself untouchable, he became acquainted with former gendarmes, and rented to them some public land for one hundred and fifty rubles, of which he turned only one hundred into the treasury. This time he was caught, and came to trial. For these offenses he is refused admission. But a hope is held out by the president's final word: —

'Once you were an honest laborer, Citizen Alexinko. Show yourself such once more, and come back to us in a year.'

Thus one by one the doubtful members come up before the bar of village judgment. Old scandals are unearthed, and old rumors of scandal. Sometimes, indeed, they collapse, and discredit the man who starts them. Sometimes they stick, condemning their victim to censure or even, most dreaded of all, to boycott and isolation.

It is not vengeance the peasants seek in these brutally probing tests. Gradually, through the afternoon, this becomes very clear. They seek for men who conform, who fit; men out of whom a collective organism can be built. They are afraid of the hard man, accustomed to rule; and of the grafter, who has abused public trust. Are they afraid also of all leaders except those who seem only to sum up the common thought? Such a man is, indeed, the president of the Kolhoz; his statements are less rulings than a chairman's summary of what has been said.

Was this the reason, then, that they rejected the priest? Kurishef, with that look of bewildered idealism in his face? Unusual and very significant was the story that he told. No training in theology had ever warped his mind; Kurishef was a simple farm hand once, who fell in love with the daughter of the psalm-chanter. The father of the girl explained the terms on which alone his daughter's hand might be given. The office of psalm-chanter is passed from father to son; and he who has no son takes a son-in-law. Kurishef accepted the terms for love of the girl; he followed the old man as chanter of psalms.

It was an office of prestige in tsarist days, and, as the church declined under the infidel Bolsheviks, Kurishef found new outlets for his musical skill. He organized a chorus among the revolutionary youth; he organized a dramatic circle and himself took part in plays. He became for a brief time secretary of the village soviet, in those early days when few in the village could read. Then the old priest died, and the congregation unanimously asked Kurishef to take his place. He was quite clearly a very popular man.

Two years Kurishef served the people who chose him as their priest. A Bolshevik in the audience sneered with disgust at this. Are priests not made by God, at least in claim? Then how

could the people vote to make a priest? Kurishef's act seemed to him a new deceit added to the old. Apparently in some moods Kurishef thought so too. In the August of his second year he suddenly resigned, saying: 'In the Soviet land a robe is a disgrace. I will return to labor on the soil.'

Kurishef cut his hair and shaved his beard. He took off his priest's gown and donned the old clothes of a farm hand. He worked on the soil of which he had a share. Then in Collectivization Week he tried to enter the Kolhoz. He was refused. Together with the grafter and the rich exploiter, he was 'cleaned out.' His social work in the drama club and the local chorus merely added to the distrust they seemed to feel. This man was a leader; he was dangerous. He was popular; more dangerous. He had idealism, of an odd, wavering, uncertain kind; most dangerous of all. It was said in meeting: 'Maybe, some day! If he prints and publishes in the press his past deceits, and tells how he misled the people through the church; if he repents. Then — then — perhaps in a year, when we are strong enough, we can offer him a job as artist with our collective farm.' The possibility that Kurishef, renouncing the priesthood, might still believe in God apparently occurred to no one. Only two alternatives were offered: full orthodoxy, hating the Bolsheviks and the collective; full atheism, denouncing all religion as deceit.

Not punishment it was, but clearly fear. Fear of an alien idealism which might cloud the sharp brightness of their will. Even the more because he had been so liked; even the more because he seemed sincere.

'Perhaps in a year, when we are strong enough.' . . . Till then let no one enter whose presence raises doubt. For we have chosen our dogma, the gospel according to Marx. Only for full conformers is there room!

So does Wide Bounty build its Main Street, unlike and yet so like all Main Streets of the past. Like them at least in this, that all are doomed who differ. The older Main Streets learned to grant one dubious gift, hypocrisy, whereby a man may sell his soul and gain acceptance by outwardly conforming to their will. This mercy Wide Bounty also offers to Kurishef; let him deny his God and he may join them. Better men than he have done so, on all the Main Streets of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

ONCE upon a time there were two towns in the same broad rolling country as different as two towns could possibly be. One was named Gogettersburg and the other Peterpanville. As with the characters in morality plays, their names betokened their dispositions. For Gogettersburg was one of those up-and-coming towns whose citizens believe in growth. Its only ideal of a desirable city was a big one. It organized an energetic chamber of commerce and placed at the head of it the town's most energetic citizen, J. Weatherby Grier, and immediately things began to happen. Advertisements appeared in newspapers offering inducements to foot-loose factories. A string of yellow bulletins lined the railroad tracks crying, 'You are now entering Gogettersburg, the fastest-growing city in Endymion County. Watch us grow — 20,000 population by 1935.'

And Gogettersburg grew. Its population increased. Crowds filled Main Street Saturday afternoons, and rows and rows of cars parked in the public square made it look as though paved with pantasote. The fields and meadows which surrounded the town were crisscrossed with incompleted roads, muddy in wet weather, lined with white stakes, and interrupted here and there by forlorn groups of pine two-family houses of an uninspired design and distressingly alike. Occasionally a new smokestack shot up and added its soft-coal smoke to the pall that hung over parts of the town, for no one was so undiplomatic as to suggest imposing any restrictions on the new industries so diligently sought and hospitably welcomed. They built where and how they pleased, ran spur sidings up to their factory doors, burned soft coal, dumped their waste in the handiest spot, and the yards around the factories were strewn with rusty castings. The river which had once been a feature of the town was covered with an iridescent scum from the chemicals discharged into it.

But Gogettersburg grew bigger and J. Weatherby Grier was complimented on his energy. The local newspapers praised him and his work, published the census figures with discreet additions, and argued with the papers in rival towns over their respective claims. The new inhabitants continued to arrive in detachments, with union cards in their pockets and tightly rolled overalls under their arms. They moved into the monotonous two-family houses, and sometimes moved out again — as when the National Metal and Cornice Works received a better offer from a bigger city.

It was characteristic of the Gogettersburgers always to seek and use the more magniloquent word. They spoke of their town as a city even while it was still a village. Hamlet, village, town, city, metropolis, the slope up which every self-respecting American municipality seeks to struggle, shade into one another, and no one knows the invisible line which separates them, just as no one knows when the infant becomes a child, the child a youth, the youth a man. Gogettersburg continued to grow and grow until it crossed that invisible line which separates a large town from a small city. It became

more crowded, noisier, dirtier, but each year the census showed bigger figures, pay rolls increased, and bank clearings mounted. It was an exact replica of hundreds of other rapidly growing towns, incomplete, sprawly, without plan, its natural beauties desecrated, and with not yet enough so-called improvements to hide the desolation — for all the world like an awkward boy who grows too fast. It had an advertising club, weekly luncheons of Rotary, an imposing but ugly Elks building, and a community chest. It was known as the fastest-growing city in the state.

On the other hand, Peterpanville seemed actually more concerned in preserving the charm of its broad, tree-lined main streets and its wide village green than in filling the surrounding meadows with factories and real-estate developments. The meadows were starred with dandelions in the spring, and the river, the same river that farther on became the sewer for Gogettersburg's factory waste, was here a winding mirror for overarching willows. About the time that Gogettersburg established its chamber of commerce Peterpanville organized a town-planning commission, but it was called the Committee on Beauty. This committee was not interested in mere size. There were other forms of growth. Nature had been kind to Peterpanville. Its broad shady streets were sentineled by arcades of ancient elms, behind which stood old houses of the style called Georgian Colonial, lived in so long that they had become homes. Most of them had been skillfully modernized to close the gap between our ancestors' standards of living and our own, but outwardly they continued to compose the picture that was Peterpanville. It was the aim and purpose of the Committee on Beauty to preserve as much as possible of the natural charm of the town.

In spite of its determination not to grow up after the model of its enterprising neighbor, the population of Peterpanville increased. The new inhabitants did not arrive in neat batches of workmen. They came one by one in the course of nature. Peterpanville preferred the stork to the chamber of commerce. Such new arrivals were gradually assimilated into the life of the town without distorting it, and even though they went away as they grew up they always came back again. Peterpanville was their home town.

Gogettersburg's ideal was numbers; Peterpanville's, individuals. Between them they split the popular slogan 'Bigger and Better' — Gogettersburg getting bigger, Peterpanville better. The Committee on Beauty paraphrased the famous prayer: 'Make others great; let this be a good place to live.' And it was. When Gogettersburg secured a new factory, Peterpanville added a park. It preferred a vista to a spur track. Instead of putting more smokestacks in the air it put telephone wires underground. It had a community house instead of an Elks Club, and the high-arched stone bridge across the river gave it more satisfaction than all the new clayey suburbs of its neighbor. Its school was famous, and the children could walk the streets with little danger from motor cars, for the state road had been carried clear around outside the town, with a parked and shaded drive connecting it with Peterpanville's high street.

But in spite of everything Peterpanville grew — not so rapidly as Gogettersburg, but with that surer growth in which each new unit is added because of its fitness. The fame of Peterpanville spread beyond its state. It became known as the City Beautiful, but the phrase smacked too much of the city booster to be adopted by the townspeople. Visitors who came to inspect the industrial activity of Goget-

tersburg nearly always stopped over to view the charm of Peterpanville. Some sought to remain and were accepted under certain conditions. The conditions were imposed by the Committee on Beauty and concerned what the newcomers were allowed to do in the way of tearing down and building up. If they accepted these restrictions, then they were the kind of people Peterpanville wanted.

And so the broad shady streets gradually extended farther into the green meadows, and the new houses somehow acquired the atmosphere of the old with their lawns, trees, and gardens. Most of the newcomers who were making Peterpanville grow in spite of itself were from Gogettersburg. They were the merchants and manufacturers who found they could live in Peterpanville and go back and forth by motor car between their work and their homes. One of the most gracious of these new houses, standing on an eminence just outside the town where it commanded a view of the winding river and overarching willows, was acclaimed by all as a most satisfactory addition to Peterpanville's beautiful homes. It belonged to J. Weatherby Grier, the man who put Gogettersburg on the map.

Put them in their place

I would not go so far as to say that 'children should be seen and not heard.' Such a sentiment is nowadays called 'mid-Victorian' or 'antediluvian' (these terms are practically synonymous, in current usage), and I have no desire to brand myself a spiritual contemporary of either Noah or Victoria. As for our unrepressed children, however, I must confess to a little dizziness at their ever-increasing visibility and din.

Being the father of three such children, I find myself swept joyously off the old and charted courses laid down for juvenile conduct; and, instead of desiring to hold these young adventurers in leash, I admit, with alarm, that their dashing irregularity fascinates me. In disregard of every proper parental responsibility, I actually egg them on. It is, then, my fear of what may result from our common waywardness, my children's and my own, that prompts me to set forth here, as a solemn admonition to myself no less than to others, certain lessons from history which invite modern youth to become ancient, or at least mediæval, in their judgments and behavior. Whoever publicly addresses youth to-day ordinarily brings his remarks to a climax in asserting cheerily that, notwithstanding certain surface indications of delinquency and depravity, the lives of our self-expressed boys and girls are fundamentally wholesome, and their moral prospects extremely bright. Against this compliant thesis I shall now pit several historical examples.

Consider the Chinese. During how many placid centuries did their civilization endure, fixed and firm as a graveyard, based on the splendid principle that the best people are all dead! The aged great-grandfather, not yet quite dead, was the most important and worthy of beings still alive, and at the other end of the merit list was the latest great-grandchild, contemptibly unimportant except as a possible contributor to the comfort and prestige of its elders. The living and the dead resembled alcoholic liquors in that their degrees of excellence advanced with their antiquity. The farther away from his birth a man proceeded, the more worthy of respect was he. When even death was behind him and he had thus become a god, the memory of his slightest wish remained a binding obligation upon his descendants. Thus the young lived in a decent and orderly

submission, nourished by the hope that they too might some day grow old and begin to enjoy life.

Now, consider the Chinese again. Where are they to-day, and why are they there? They are in a sanguinary turmoil of ceaseless civil wars, and all because the young folks, rebellious against the inscrutable wisdom of their ancestors, have been trying to make three new ideas grow up where only one old one used to be, or perhaps where there really was none at all. Such waywardness invited chaos, and chaos gayly accepted the invitation.

Chaos has never been more valiantly held at bay than in our own New England of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding the ribald writings of those who seek to defame our Puritan ancestors, it is common knowledge among all well-taught school children that the younger generation in those steady days was notoriously decorous and filial. The reason for this juvenile sobriety is not remote. It may be read in the 1648 edition of *The Book of the General Lauues and Libertyes Concerning the Inhabitants of the Massachusets.* The following passages seem to indicate a desire on the part of the authorities to discourage juvenile self-expression beyond rather clearly prescribed limits.

13 If any child, or children, above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall CURSE, or SMITE their natural FATHER, or MOTHER; he or they shall be put to death: unless it can be sufficiently testified that the Parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children; or so provoked them by extream and cruel correction; that they have been forced thereunto to preserve themselves from death or maiming. Exod. 21. 17. Lev. 20. 9. Exod. 21. 15.

14 If a man have a stubborn or REBELLIOUS SON, of sufficient years & understanding (viz) sixteen years of age, which will not obey the voice of his Father, or the voice of his Mother, and that when they have chastened him will not harken unto them: then shal his Father & Mother being his natural parents, lay hold on him, & bring him to the Magistrates assembled in Court & testifie unto them, that their Son is stubborn & rebellious & will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes, such a son shal be put to death. Deut. 21. 20. 21.

That these statutes were rarely if ever enforced did not, I presume, altogether nullify their restraining influence upon the turbulent spirit of youth. I am not, however, recommending their reënactment. They would, I feel sure, incite my own children to experimental violence upon me, and to a tentative and insincere obduracy.

It is not, however, merely the adolescents who are to-day ruffling the placidity of the ages. Our infants are likewise in revolt against the traditions of decency and order; or, more exactly, the parents of infants are thus revolting in their behalf. This is 'the century of the child.' Whatever ministers to his, or her, supposed welfare must be provided, though the heavens fall. Neighboring adults continue to exist entirely at their own risk. Nay, more; they are expected to join in worshipful applause at the new deity's attributes, real and imagined. Though all of us to-day must pay at least lip service to this cult of posterity worship, we may find solace in the bold resistance offered by certain of our sturdy forebears. The diary of John Quincy Adams, for example, shows him to have been of those who refused to bow the knee in one of the early, and indeed perennial, ceremonies leading toward the full deification of the child. At age twenty, he wrote: —

Dined at Judge Sargeant's with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. Mr. Porter and his lady were there upon a visit from Rye with a child about six weeks old, which forsooth immediately after dinner must be produced,

and handed about from one to another; and very shrewd discoveries were made of its resemblance to all of the family by turns, whereas in fact it did resemble nothing but chaos. How much is the merciful Author of Nature to be adored for implanting in the heart of man a passion stronger than the power of reason, which affords delight to the parent at the sight of his offspring, even at a time when to every other person it must be disgusting. Yet it appears to me that parents would do wisely in keeping their children out of sight at least until they are a year old, for I cannot see what satisfaction, either sensual or intellectual, can be derived from seeing a misshapen, bawling, slobbering infant, unless to persons particularly interested.

The moral bravery of this assertion would, of course, be considerably illuminated if we might be sure that young Adams gave public and timely utterance to the sentiments he wrote in his diary. At any rate, his position as stated was soundly conservative of human rights, and courageously defiant toward the special privileges demanded by and for the rampantly immature. Along with the Chinese and the Puritans, therefore, Adams affords inspiration and warning to those of us to-day who would struggle to conserve the rights of middle age, and later, against the rampancy of youth.

The very least that we conservers can do toward easing our anxieties is to write them down in our diaries, or, when opportunity offers, get them published — anonymously.

The baby squirrel

One spring morning I was walking home through the woods when I saw a baby squirrel. He was sitting on his haunches a few feet away from me with his tail spread over him like a fat little sail. And then I noticed that Topsy, our neighbor's dog, was seeing him, too.

Now why I should have considered myself, a great mortal woman done up in a red jersey sport suit, less terrifying than flop-eared old Topsy I don't know; still, I knelt and held out a reassuring hand. And the baby squirrel without an instant's hesitation ran toward me and, clambering up, curled itself warm and wet inside my palm.

It was a delicious moment: that anything as little and as wild should throw itself upon a human being for protection was very touching, and I felt a tenderness welling up within me that mounted to sheer idiocy. Then, as Topsy still seemed overinterested, and as he was the somewhat spiritless kind of little dog that obeys in despondent fashion, I sent him home ahead of me and sat down on a tree trunk to consider my problem.

If a baby squirrel is loose in the wild wet woods, I thought, then his mother and father should know about it; also they must be reasonably near, because I knew he was too young to have covered much ground very fast. Well, then, as I felt powerless to summon his parents from tree tops, the best thing to do was to put the baby squirrel down and hide myself behind a bush until such time as one of them should smell its little young in trouble and rush chattering down to bear him off. To a nest, I supposed, although I had given so little thought to baby squirrels up to now that I really did n't know. However, that seemed the most reasonable plan, and I stooped to put him down.

But he did n't want to be put down. With all his wild skinny little strength he clung to me, the light in his black eyes white with fear.

'Why, darling,' I said, 'Topsy's gone, and your mother's coming to get you.' Fierce clutchings at my fingers. 'Yes, she is; she's probably looking for you right this minute.' Here I suc-

ceeded in momentarily disentangling him. 'Silly! That was silly of you. I'm not going away before she comes, you know; I'll be right behind that bush. . . .' And more in like jibbering fashion. No use. 'All right,' I said at last, 'we'll go home, then.' And, letting him snuggle contentedly in the crook of my arm, we walked on.

My husband was waiting for his lunch when we got home. And I, who had considered myself in the light of a Saint Francis, dewy blue robes and all, was a little disappointed to see that the baby squirrel took to him just as affectionately as he did to me.

We fed him mashed potato out of a spoon. He treated it as a nut, grasping the spoon proper between his paws and looking up charmingly in between bites. The mashed potato was my husband's idea, not mine: I had consented only because I felt sure mashed potato would be so outside a baby squirrel's experience that he would stop short of it with pricked-up ears. Not so, however; and when my husband had finally torn himself away and gone back to his work (he is writing a history on the causes of the World War) I looked at the baby squirrel anxiously. Was his outraged digestion beginning to rebel? Was there a flush upon that furry little cheek? It did not seem so. Curling himself up into less than the size of a tennis ball, he went promptly to sleep. Gone with the closing of an eye was this strange new world of giants and silver spoons — *he* had no worries; but where, I wondered as I watched his little sides move sweetly in and out, where could I find a book on the care and feeding of the infant squirrel?

We have never had any children ourselves; and the village 'vet' I knew had gone on a vacation, so there was no help there. But the character of various pokings and nudgings on our homeward walk led me to believe that the baby squirrel was still dependent on his mother for his nourishment. Well, somehow we must manage, because more experiment in the way of diet might, I feared, prove fatal.

Then, as I was casting about in my mind's eye for what would nearest approximate the workings of a mother squirrel, I remembered a certain eye dropper that I had come across in the village drug store. It was in all ways like an ordinary eye dropper except for a small round bump at its end. Perfect. I sat right down and wrote a note to nice Mr. Swab in the drug store explaining my reasons for wanting that special kind of dropper, and sent William down to get it on his bicycle.

Four times during a busy afternoon I peeked in to see the baby squirrel. He seemed refreshed after his nap and perfectly content, sniffling about the room and climbing over books and ash trays. His climbings and snifflings were so intelligent that I longed to share them with my husband; but an iron rule of over thirty years never to disturb him when he's working cannot be broken lightly, so I did n't. Later I learned, however, that he had peeked in, too. At five o'clock, when it was time for tea, we went out in the kitchen to prepare his milk.

We diluted it with water, half and half; we warmed it; and then, spying a can of powdered sugar, we added half a teaspoon.

When we opened the door he rushed to greet us, tail up, eyes shining. 'Hello, darling,' we said; 'hello, sweetheart; here's your nice warm milk.'

'Are you sure it is n't too warm, Mary?' asked my husband.

I tested it on the back of my hand. No. It seemed just right. Over his pillow we spread a fine huck towel. I grasped the baby squirrel tight. My husband filled the dropper.

It took the baby squirrel a few min-

utes to catch on, but after the first drops were down and warming his gullet he stopped struggling; he grabbed the dropper fiercely between his paws and took loud gulping sucks, while my husband, great god at the other end of the dropper, pumped the milk in. But when the dropper had to be removed in order to refill it the baby squirrel went right off his head. He ran around in circles, clawing the towel off the pillow; he bit; he uttered thwarted baby-squirrel cries. Never before, he would have us understand, had his sweet, steady progress toward repletion been so rudely interrupted.

'Here, cunning; here, stupid.'

Ah! The bump once more between his teeth, he closed his eyes. He sucked. His little belly swelled.

The next morning we were up early to give him his milk. We hurried into our dressing gowns, and fumbled and whispered down the back stairs so as not to wake the maids. We'd left him on the downstairs screened porch in the middle of his damask pillow; the door was open and the baby squirrel gone.

We learned, however, that William had left it open with a purpose. He also had come round early to see the baby squirrel, and as he approached the porch he'd heard great chatterings.

'Why,' he said, 'I almost dies thinkin' it was comin' out of that mite!'

It was n't, though; it was coming from a mother squirrel on the lawn who was bursting to get in. 'She wanted to adopt him,' William said. So he'd opened the door and retired to watch the fun. And sure enough, she'd swished up the steps and, quicker than William could say 'Jack Robinson,' had the baby squirrel by the scruff of the neck, and up a tree.

So that's where our baby squirrel is — in a nest with four others, according to William, who spends a good deal of his time bringing us reports. But the baby squirrel is rather adolescent now. When we walk round the garden on tiptoe after dinner even my husband is n't sure which one he really is.

THE CHALDEAN QUARTERLY

EDITORIAL ROOMS — BABYLON-ON-THE-EUPHRATES

Suggestions to Contributors

To avoid confusion, we must ask that the manuscript and the letter describing it should be forwarded in the same consignment and covered by one bill of lading.

All manuscripts should be kiln-baked, preferably glazed. Sun-dried brick or papyrus will be returned unread.

Write on one face of brick only, using metal stylus and allowing ample margins. Each brick should be numbered and impressed with the sender's signet.

Manuscripts should be sent boxed or securely wrapped in Egyptian mummy cloth — never in bags or open panniers. Freight must be fully prepaid on all shipments.

We want stories of the great river — stories of the glorious campaign against arrogant Nineveh — stories of the hardy pioneers who made possible our modern civilization.

Rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit, and when material is suitable for other than editorial use we will undertake to dispose of same to local dealers in building materials, remitting proceeds, less 25 per cent, to contributors. Otherwise all manuscripts found unavailable for publication will be returned C.O.D.

THE EDITORS

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Eleanor Risley of Ink, Arkansas, has lived a life of mental and material adventure. Born on a comfortable plantation, she found herself at the time of her narrative a young widow without resources and almost bereft of hope. One gift she has from heaven — the power of living in the moment without regret for the past or dread for the future. A little sunshine and a patch of woods or field to look at, and she is happy. Few readers of the *Atlantic* will pass by 'The Abandoned Orchard' once the first chapter is started, and we should like to add that her first published volume, *The Road to Wildcat*, just issued from the press, is as pleasant a narrative as the bookstores have to offer. Readers must remember that these chronicles of Mrs. Risley's are stories of actual experience, touched with the radiance of one who loves to live. **Susanne K. Langer**, a tutor in philosophy at Radcliffe College, has come to recognize the importance of a completely neglected factor in American education. The experience of teaching philosophy to students has led her to measure the extreme difficulty which they encounter in their first efforts to think *sub specie æternitatis*. **William Beebe** has been for a dozen years the enthusiastic companion of *Atlantic* readers. **Reverend Latta Griswold** is rector of the Episcopal Church in Lenox, Massachusetts. Δ The early years of **Kathryne Mary Frick** were described in several extraordinary chapters printed in the April *Atlantic*. **Walter Prichard Eaton** lives at Sheffield, Massachusetts, in the heart of the Berkshires. **T. Swann Harding**, Maryland scientist and philosopher, writes respecting his paper a comment of some importance:—

> Another aspect of this problem of the engineer is discussed by Dr. Hanbury Hankin in his *Common Sense and Its Cultivation* — really one of the finest expansive considerations of the theme of this article. He quotes President Morgan of Antioch College to the effect that the educated engineer succeeds less well in business than the uneducated contractor because, though the latter lacks the former's ability at formal analysis, his subconscious intuition is a more valuable business asset than such disciplined power of formal analysis.
>
> According to Hankin, 'the act of forgetting [the very opposite of what formal education teaches] is a necessary prelude for putting data at the disposal of the subconscious mind for the purpose of subconscious judgment.' Hence, the money-minded man, bothered as he is with little conscious knowledge, has ample subconscious data upon which to formulate sound intuitive judgments. We may say in Hankin's terms, then, that our civilization too amply rewards the intuitive type of mind, too cheaply rewards experts who form reasoned judgments on a basis of conscious erudition, and has not perfected a mechanism efficiently to utilize the knowledge of the latter.

Theodore Morrison is a member of the *Atlantic* staff. Δ Aunt Coffin is as authentic as her art. **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.**, who describes them, is professor of art at Princeton University. **Eugenie Courtright** is the author of 'Yours Lovingly,' a sufficient credential of her knowledge of the Reservation. **John L. Cable**, an Ohio member of Congress, is the author of the bill enacted into law which has led several readers to describe their varying experiences in losing, keeping, and regaining American citizenship. **Joseph Wood Krutch** has written many philosophic papers for the *Atlantic* which have been widely recognized, and have recently helped to win him a fellowship in the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. **A. W. Smith**, after years of service in the British Army, served as general manager of a vast lumber organization in Rangoon. Now in Boston he deals intelligently in rare woods. He knows them all, but if you leave it to him it will be teak. Δ The author of 'Wondering' is a young woman beset by tragic difficulties and now in the situation poignantly suggested by her spoken thoughts. **Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr**, a clergyman of wide experience, is now a professor in the Union Theological Seminary.

Samuel Scoville, Jr., lawyer and naturalist, provides a rich treasury of New England turns of speech. **Dr. Alice Hamilton** has the unique distinction of being the only woman on the medical faculty of Harvard University. **George W. Alger** is wisely informed on the prison situation. In 1919 he made an official investigation of the state prisons of New York. Again in 1926 he was appointed by Governor Smith Moreland Act Commissioner to make a further general investigation of the operation of the present system and of the Board of Parole. More recently, by appointment of Governor Roosevelt, he is acting as a member of a committee to study and report on an enlarged and modernized parole board. **Anna Louise Strong** is now in Russia, where she is studying, not without sympathy, the course of the colossal experiment of the modern world. It is interesting to note that a booklet which she recently wrote on *The Tractor Station — Highest Technique of Collectivization* has been translated by the Russian authorities and an edition of 300,000 copies has been issued and mailed to peasants. Miss Strong is not blind to the cruelties and the injustice involved in the present transformation of the Russian people, but, as she writes, 'Here are a hundred million people being shaken, willy-nilly, through three centuries in one decade, and the crisis is this spring.'

The *Atlantic* courts criticism and profits by it. But we have our principles, and the letters of some hundreds of subscribers castigating us for remarks we made during the last election on the systematic use of the forces of religious bigotry by the majority party in this country did not affect our old-fashioned notion that the poisoning of wells is no such crime against society as the fostering of lies known to be lies, and used only for their destructive power. In common candor we are forced to bring up this subject again by noting a recrudescence of poisonous propaganda. We print the following typical example which we have recently received through the mails, with a letter stating that, although the subject matter is copyright, 'you may feel free to use any portion of it that will serve a good purpose.' We believe this purpose is good.

SOLDIERS OF LIBERTY — AWAKE!

DO YOU KNOW THAT

(1) On November 7, 1928, in Washington, D. C., a resolution was unanimously passed by about 20 people 'THAT IT IS THE SENSE OF THIS MEETING THAT HERBERT HOOVER SHALL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO ENTER THE WHITE HOUSE ALIVE'?

(2) On December 3, 1863, The Pope sent to the U. S. A. a written Challenge to the U. S. Government and Constitution, and that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by a Roman Catholic in 1865 as the result of that 1863 Challenge?

(3) In 1929 The Pope issued another Challenge to the U. S. Government and Constitution preliminary to another onslaught thereon?

(4) People are asking: When will the next assassination take place? Who is to be the victim and what is to be the climax of the present wave of lawlessness and crime?

(5) For about 10 years 'Rome' has deliberately and purposely incited the people of the U. S. A. on the Prohibition Constitutional crisis? And that other destructive forces designed to weaken the allegiance of our citizens to the U. S. Constitution are working parallel with and aiding the forces of Evil in their campaign against Law and Order? . . .

(7) For 30 years before 1861 'Rome' (The Papacy) deliberately and purposely incited the people of the U. S. A. on the Slavery Constitutional Crisis, which produced lawlessness and crime and ended in Civil War in 1861–65?

(8) The first gun against Fort Sumter in April, 1861, was fired by a Roman Catholic?

(9) Abraham Lincoln said that the Civil War 1861–65 was inspired and fostered by 'Rome' as the result of a 'Roman' Conspiracy against the U. S. A.?

(10) Abraham Lincoln knew of the Conspiracy, having been notified of same by Professor Morse of telegraph patent fame, and by Father Chiniquy, a Roman Priest, who also warned Lincoln that the Romanists intended to assassinate him?

(11) The present 'Roman' campaign against Prohibition is a part of the execution of the 'Roman' Conspiracy?

(12) The Democratic Party is now being used as the tool of 'Rome' as a part of that same 'Roman' Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States?

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Please pass this to your friends.
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Washington, D. C.,
October 21st, 1929.

This and more like it are distributed in huge volume through the United States Post Office. The censor's attention is elsewhere.

To Miss Rachel Hening Johnson of California we are indebted for this apt comment on Duke Larson.

MONTROSE, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the extremely interesting article of Duke Larson of Mongolia, he writes: 'When one of these lamas dies, the spirit of the saint that has dwelt in him enters the body of a child who is born at the instant the lama dies.'

Compare an incident in Stefansson's *My Life with the Eskimos*. 'Why do you call your child *Mother*?' he asked an Eskimo woman. 'Because she *is* my mother,' replied the stolid Eskimo, and only by patient questioning was he able to extract the information that the baby, born near the time of its grandmother's death, had inherited the latter's soul.

We print the following from Mr. Charles C. Marshall.

EDITOR, *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR: —

In his reply to my article published in your March number, Mr. Belloc assures your readers (p. 418) that the Catholic 'accepts very few non-Catholics as his intellectual equals.' Disconcerting to me as this assurance is, I feel that I should call attention to several statements of fact by Mr. Belloc which seem to me quite inaccurate and which, left uncorrected, will mislead the reader and cloud the issue.

He says that my use of the term 'Roman Catholic,' in lieu of 'Catholic,' is 'meaningless or opprobrious.' Knowing his habitual avoidance of the term, I should have avoided it had I supposed that my article was for his critical eye. Addressed as it was to the public, it was not objectionable, I think, that I should use the term, especially as I take issue with Mr. Belloc when he says that it is provincial, or invented by the Westminster Crown lawyers. The historical fact is that Pope Pius IV, promulgating the decrees of the Council of Trent, on November 13, 1564, solemnly designated his Church as the 'Holy, Catholic and Apostolic *Roman* Church.' So the term 'Roman' is ecumenical and not provincial, of Rome and not of Westminster, and should not be thought meaningless or opprobrious.

I did not maintain, as Mr. Belloc says (p. 414), that Catholics would use force or fraud against non-Catholics. Quite the contrary. I said they would *not* use force or fraud, but that where, in their opinion, it was expedient they would use the ballot to conform the constitutional order of the modern State to their doctrine, as they have done in Italy.

Mr. Belloc asserts (p. 416) that the Jewish body in Europe, when the Church was most powerful, was specially protected by the Church and the Popes. It is true that occasional Popes restrained, at times, Christian outrages against the Jews, but it is of clear historic record from 1200 to 1600 that the decrees of the Church Councils (Fourth Lateran and Basle) of Popes Innocent III, Eugenius IV, Nicholas V, Pius IV, compelled them to live apart in the ghettos, to pay extortionate taxes, to wear an odious badge (the green hat or cape), forbade them to live in the same house or to eat or trade with Christians, to practise medicine generally, to pursue high commerce, to acquire real estate, to testify in the courts against Christians, and banished them at times in whole or in part from the Papal States. The Jews survived oppression, not through these tender mercies of the Catholic Church and the Popes, but because they belonged to a race which, as Disraeli said, can do everything but fail.

To my statement that Pius X ordained a thirteenth-century philosophy for the twentieth century, Mr. Belloc replies (p. 420), 'No such thing was ever "ordained."' But Pius X in his Encyclical *Pascendi Gregis* (1907) decreed: 'We will and strictly ordain that scholastic philosophy be made the basis of the sacred sciences. . . . On this philosophical foundation the theological edifice is to be carefully raised.' All confessors, preachers, parish priests, professors in religious congregations, and all who taught in ecclesiastical institutions, were compelled by Pius X to take an oath to adhere to all that which was prescribed in the *Pascendi*. The *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. X, p. 241, gives the opinion of Dr. Vermeersch of Louvain University that the Encyclical *Pascendi* contains in its doctrinal conclusions the infallible teaching of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Lastly, Mr. Belloc states (p. 415) that I am

wrong in thinking that disobedience to the Pope involves necessarily a loss of salvation. But the Constitution *Pastor Æternus* of 1870 decreed (and each of the Popes since has expressly affirmed): 'We teach and declare that by the appointment of our Lord the Roman Church possesses a sovereignty . . . and that this power of jurisdiction of the Roman pontiff, which is truly episcopal, is immediate; to which all . . . both pastors and faithful . . . are bound, by their duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, to submit, not only in matters which belong to faith and morals, but also in those that appertain to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world. . . . This is the teaching of Catholic truth, from which no one can deviate without loss of faith and of salvation.'

I would note a clerical error in my text on p. 411: the reference to 'Article 23 in the Concordat' should read 'Article 23 in the Treaty.'

Mr. Newton's paper on Jerusalem caused many readers to criticize, comment, and applaud. A chance reference therein to Allenby and Lawrence draws forth this interesting letter from a private in C Company, 2/14 London Regiment, 179 Brigade, 60th Division, B. E. F.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

General Allenby was not 'just another conqueror and a very fortunate one,' but the man who fought the one campaign of the late war which is likely to become a model of perfection for future military students. And if he was fortunate it was his own amazing boldness which called good fortune to his side. As to Lawrence being responsible for Allenby's success, the first man to protest at such a notion would be Lawrence himself. Mr. Newton should read *Revolt in the Desert* more carefully, and with more collateral information to help him see its true proportions. Lawrence is a genuine hero of romance. His adventurous campaigning was of enormous value to the Allied cause. His book is a work of real beauty, and I believe every word of it. But I am sure also that if he had imagined it could be so misread, as apparently by Mr. Newton, he would have been at greater pains to stress proportions which he fancied must be self-evident.

Allenby took Jerusalem a long time before Lawrence's assistance began to have any weight even in his future plans, and at a moment when they were physically too far apart to have the slightest effect upon each other. Lawrence then was hoping to come closer, truly, and Allenby's farsighted backing, moral and material, kept this hope alive; but it was not till nine months after Jerusalem had fallen that Lawrence, in the wide shiftings of the final drive, was able to converge and actually to become Allenby's right flank. The war finished a few weeks after that, Lawrence's efforts hastening the end by a few days probably. The Arab Revolt, Feisal, and Lawrence had been a nasty thorn in the Turkish ribs for two solid years, but their military significance was relatively small.

Mr. Newton states that Allenby took Jerusalem 'without firing a shot.' I fired a few myself on the morning of December 8, and while that day lasted I witnessed the gradual reduction of my company almost to half the morning's numbers. We marched into the city next day with platoons less than a dozen strong, while another brigade of the division was still dealing with the Turkish rear guard on the Mount of Olives. Admittedly that final assault of December 8 was a picnic to what the higher command had expected. The preparatory fighting during the previous two weeks, especially around such key positions as Nebi Samwil (the Tomb of Samuel), had been much bloodier, and some divisions had suffered very heavily. The crumpling and vanishing of the Turkish 20th Corps on that last day is still a military mystery, explained perhaps only by the lightning shift of our attacking divisions at the last moment, and the consequent complete surprise. But it will be seen that 'without firing a shot' does small justice to either Allenby or Falkenhayn, to say nothing of a dozen or so of my own friends who were buried where they fell on the hills above the village of Ain Karim.

So much for December 8 and 9, 1917. At that time Allenby's entire force of possibly 100,000 men had been marching, manœuvring, and fighting almost daily for five weeks. They were often short of food, advancing too rapidly for their supplies to keep pace; always short of water, but specially trained to do without it. They had in those five weeks fought full-sized battles at Gaza, Beersheba, Sheria, Ramleh, and Junction Station, all before the right-hand swing toward Jerusalem began. So Jerusalem was not the only picnic, and there were plenty to follow in the early months of 1918, as the Turks were pressed gradually north toward Nabulus, and east to Jericho and the Jordan. The only real lull came with the summer, and during that lull Allenby made the plans which were destined to smash the Turkish armies at a single blow in September. He accomplished this with the enormous handicap of losing half his Palestine-trained troops. These were sent back in June to the French front, my battalion among them, glad to be nearer home, but with a nostalgia for Jerusalem which has lasted.

Personally I wish that people like Mr. Newton would not visit Jerusalem.

We end this discussion of Mr. Newton on a personal note, and quote the following from the *Public Ledger*.

A Suit That Spoke for Itself

It has been revealed at last just why Dr. A. Edward Newton, noted local book collector and art patron, wears the outrageous tweeds and checkered suits for which he is famous.

He was speaking at a luncheon of the Civic Opera Company at the Bellevue-Stratford. He was minus the huge red tie which he usually wears, but was attired in a business suit of large black and gray checks.

Beside him sat Mrs. Tracy, head of the opera company, who was attired more or less formally. A few places away was Alexander Smallens, beloved conductor of the Civic Opera Company, in formal morning attire. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, also was dressed in wing collar and swallowtail coat.

Dr. Newton rose as the first speaker of the day. His voice could not be heard distinctly in all parts of the large room.

'I know that you will have difficulty in hearing me,' he said. 'In order to offset the lack of volume in my voice, I have worn this suit of clothes, which speaks for itself.'

It did.

We ourselves have come to a time of life when of all the arts the Art of Growing Old seems to us most admirable. We are glad to give space to the following letter from the former United States Senator from Colorado, whose public services our older readers will remember.

New York

To the Atlantic: —

Mr. Palmer's article in your current number on 'Growing Old' is interesting. But his unique contention that old age comes as the result of effort is evidently founded upon his own experience, which is hardly broad enough to sustain a general principle which seems to ignore a long-accepted natural law. But, were it otherwise, his example will not appeal very strongly to the average man, since the strait-jacket regimen he prescribes is altogether too exacting for the end to be attained; for he who conforms day after day to its specific requirements would have little time left for the usual activities of everyday life. Old age attained at such a cost would seem to me not worth having.

Moreover, I am skeptical of the prescription. I doubt if it would work save in exceptional instances, chiefly because it would soon become too irksome for continuance, which I assume is indispensable to its success.

I am an octogenarian, somewhat younger than Mr. Palmer, and am still in the active practice of my profession. My 'start' was not as wretched as his, but it was not a good one. No insurance company would give me a life policy until I was about thirty-five years of age. But my course of living has been very different from that of Mr. Palmer. I have been temperate in most things, but never abstemious. I have enjoyed stimulants in moderation, even in this era of hypocrisy. Milk has been a regular diet throughout my life. I drink it by the goblet; I would as soon think of sipping water when thirsty. I eat that which my appetite craves, but I never gormandize, and the older I grow the less I eat. A mild cathartic is occasionally desirable. I presume my discharges are normal, but I have seldom given them much concern.

I indulge in mild forms of exercise, principally walking, when I feel like it. At night I sleep or lie awake or toss about as the spirit moves. I change the weight of my apparel with the seasons or the latitudes, and the best tonic I know of is fresh air and plenty of it.

Religion of the denominational sort may or may not promote longevity, but it never appealed to me for any purpose. Mine is natural, if I have any. It is derived neither from dogma nor yet from revelation. I am at peace with my neighbors, which I am vain enough to think results from correct living.

I know nothing of and care less about the centuries-old problem of immortality, or whether it implies a future state. I know as much about it as other men, which is precisely nothing. So I waste neither time nor energy upon it. So with deities, of which there is a legion.

Neither do I worry about my physical pains, aches, or symptoms. I regard introversion as itself a disease and an insidious one. If I am ailing I have my physician tell me what to do and how to do it, and I obey his orders. If my illness is transient I resume my usual course of life when he tells me I can do so with impunity. When such a condition proves to be mortal, as it soon must be, I believe it will not greatly concern me, for death is the common end of man.

Old age crowning such a course of life is most enjoyable. At least I find it so. But if I had made its attainment the task of a lifetime, taking meticulous pains with the quantity and quality of my diet, exercising by rote so much a day, and in one direction, alternately lying flat on my back for rest, wearing raiment of identical weight and material at all times, and embracing religion as an aid to longevity, I should have been happily dead years ago, and glad of it.

C. S. Thomas

The response to 'Hamstringing Our Teachers' would make a volume by itself. We quote from our correspondence a representative reply.

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Hamstringing Our Teachers,' in the March number, certainly goes home. I believe that every teacher will agree with most of Mr. Anderson's statements. There are many other situations of a similar nature, however, that he does not mention.

In most large city systems at the present time, teachers are not permitted to have any definite opinion on such a question as prohibition. 'It is a controversial subject,' says a Middle West city superintendent. On this assumption, teachers might likewise be expected to refrain from any expression of opinion on capital punishment, income tax, manager plan of city government, farm relief, prison reform, immigration, taxation, or the rights of a citizen.

There are doubtless many small communities where a teacher would have to take a definite stand in regard to prohibition.

In few places are teachers free to give information about their work to newspapers. Most city systems exercise a strict censorship in regard to such matters. If feature articles are to be given to the press, principal or superintendent must know about it, and if the article is printed, credit for the venture is usually bestowed upon the teacher's superior rather than upon the teacher responsible for the work.

A few years ago the writer took a teaching position in a small Eastern Ohio town. Almost immediately the woman principal became antagonistic. We had graduated from rival schools. In a short time the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers began a campaign to win me for their respective churches. Then a Fundamentalist girl pupil reported to her minister that I was teaching Evolution, and she came back saying that the minister had warned his young people not to listen to me. At that stage I became so ill that I was forced to resign, and the whole town breathed a sigh of relief. One of the ministers' wives was promptly installed in my position in the hope that she might undo some of the damage I had wrought.

'ALREADY HAMSTRUNG'

Readers of Owen Lattimore's *Atlantic* papers, and especially of his delightful volume, *The Desert Road to Turkestan*, will enjoy this quotation from a recent letter from his winter headquarters in Mukden.

Our chief standby and local ally is Mr. Niu, or Cow, whose business is selling pictures of gods and ancient worthies for China New Year decoration. He has a five-year-old (that is, four-year-old by our reckoning) son who smokes cigarettes in a brass cigarette holder, and does theatrical tricks with song and dance. So we do not lack social amenities. As far as that goes, the women spit as freely as the men, and that's a 'whole floorful,' as one of the Heavenly Twins, or Helen's Babies, or whoever it was, remarked of playing Jonah and the Whale after taking ipecacuanha, after eating paint. Eleanor follows up these cordial demonstrations by sprinkling the floor with disinfectant, and Moses follows up with a broom. Spitting is a sort of affable gesture, because a free flow of the bodily juices indicates a heart at ease and a tranquil spleen. . . .

Our quarters here are in a school. The people were so wary of us at first that no one would let rooms to us; but the officials handsomely put the school at our disposal. It has a caretaker who is unbelievably ancient and feeble. He and Moses share cooped-up sleeping quarters, and Moses says he got a transfer of lice at no extra charge. He has been frenziedly freezing his sleeping bag ever since.

We have n't any lice yet, but my Manchu teacher has fleas, which also think they can teach us something. We have a Japanese kind of weapon which shoots out flea powder with admirable precision; but, as might be expected, the local flea has been raised on an anti-Japanese diet, and puts up a valiant front.

Miss Miriam Chase, of Wollaston, Massachusetts, makes this pertinent comment on the recent paper entitled 'Try the Spirits.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If Mr. Norman had added the last line of the wedding rhyme as it is known to those of us of New England ancestry, making it read

> Something old and something new,
> Something borrowed and something blue,
> And a sixpence in her shoe,

its origin would have been quite apparent, having evidently come over to New England from old England.

THE SALLYPORT

The difficulty of writing over such a ridiculous signature as Iconoclast is that the impulse to agree violently with something that has been said will arise now and then. This month poor Iconoclast finds himself embarrassed by a whim of this kind.

Mr. Griswold has provided an opportunity that cannot be overlooked for continuing the discussion broached last month. But to do our part faithfully, we should really be more at outs with him. Still, it is a poor agreement that will not brook a few exceptions, and sometimes the slender weapon of an amendment can be made to carve a few heads in the service of truth.

And now for Mr. Griswold, whose casque needs a little trimming from the Roundhead pattern to a shape more acceptable at court. Let us give him his due, and it will be hard to find adequate words to pay him the compliment that on one score he deserves. Mr. Griswold is an almost unique man. He has read a large array of books that he considers indecent and shocking. Yet he does not want a law passed about it. He does not want the reserves turned out to make a public crusade of his outraged morality. He is content to ask for critical condemnation of the authors, and to urge a more exacting standard of taste. Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! This is a true specimen of tolerance, and we commend it as an example for imitation.

So far we are of Mr. Griswold's party. Perhaps even more sympathy is justified. It is no uncommon experience to be disgusted by the current mode in fiction. But disgust can have a variety of causes. The very business of novels is with the passions. Therefore they are a bad diet. Mere satiety is enough to account for some of the spasms of revulsion which overtake the reading public. The need is to lay aside the passions for a while and cultivate the intelligence. People have learned the value of a balanced ration in vegetables, but go on stuffing themselves with a single kind of books. Mental and moral rickets is the natural consequence. A few of the greatest novels contain in themselves all the elements of intellectual nourishment. But such novels form one of the most limited societies in the world, and it is not every age that can elect even a single new member.

Not all disgust with the contemporary fare in novels can be laid to satiety. The novelists themselves are responsible for some of it. But it is well to remember that one can be disgusted by the deliberate intent of a master, or by the mere ineptitude of a pupil. We agree with Mr. Griswold that contemporary criticism has shown itself altogether too backward in detecting and condemning mere crudity and puerility. Critics who ought to know better have accepted *au grand sérieux* books that go far to justify Mr. Griswold when he says that some novels of the day suggest the lucubrations of small boys in a haymow. A reader who falls in the way of such books will profoundly sympathize with Mr. Griswold's outburst, and may easily fail to perceive its dangers.

Glance at the names in Mr. Griswold's roster of indecency. Well-founded criticism cannot make such an indiscriminate mouthful of gnats and camels. The sense of propriety that can pass the same easy censure on Proust and Michael Arlen, Aldous Huxley and Percy Marks, is not to be trusted. It is perfectly appropriate, if one likes, to inquire into the standard of taste and morals among the secondary and fugitive writings of an age, although it seems a work of curiosity rather than serious criticism. But surely the main fact about the few men of genius which an age can boast is that they have contributed to the enrichment, knowledge, and pleasure of life. It is a topsy-turvy morality that elects to scold them for what it considers their offenses against taste when all for which they are to be treasured is allowed to pass as though it did not exist.

By what standard is public taste to be established? Actually it is a product of forces, the inertia of custom and settled modes of thought on one part, the fruitful and rebellious influence of genius on the other. It would be foolish to deny the public its right and interest in the matter as conservator; but it hardly seems possible to deny that genius is the productive agent. In a democratic world the mob finds plenty of encouragement to lecture its teachers; but the wise will know on which part the debt really inclines. When light is thrown on a dark corner, the public's first impulse is to break the lamp. Genius is the great creator of light. It must be expected to produce shock and revolt. And when we take the trouble to consider it, how mechanical, how needless the business of

being offended usually is! We smear our souls with all sorts of flattering unctions for the sake of purity, never suspecting that we might be cleaner and happier as well as more robust without them. If a man wishes to read his Proust or Joyce or Boccaccio out of admiration for them as masters, or interest in the phenomena they describe, it is possible for him to do so not only without harm but with profit. These books, on the other hand, are not for all tastes, and it is perfectly honorable to omit them. But is the cause of virtue really clarified by reading and then denouncing them?

The pity of it is that thousands of people will see Mr. Griswold's offended reference to Joyce (and others like it) for every one who discovers S. Foster Damon's patient and brilliant examination of *Ulysses*, revealing its astonishing intellectual background and the profundity and seriousness of its design. Mr. Griswold does not seem to have approached the book as a student before condemning it as a judge. Mr. Damon, after half a dozen readings and a course of erudite research only made possible by an already ripened acquaintance with the whole stream of classic and modern literature, is almost relieved of the necessity of judging the book because he has shed so much light on it. Mr. Damon, too, has not escaped disgust, nor has he hesitated to speak of it; but he sees it in the transforming light of Joyce's intention and design.

If Mr. Griswold accepts with so much unconcern the interpretation he places on Shakespeare's sonnets, one might expect him to be more charitable toward Proust. When I read his remarks on the author of *Remembrance of Things Past*, it is hard for me not to picture Mr. Griswold devoting himself with conscientious horror to *Sodom and Gomorrah* and neglecting Proust's other volumes. To me it is inconceivable that anyone who had in mind *Swann's Way* could speak of Proust with other than gratitude and delight. Bless my soul! Has Mr. Griswold no word of praise for the inimitable painting of domestic scenes in the little town of Combray? For the painting of social scenes with a brilliance, humor, and depth of irony hard to match in any literature? For the profound and subtle analysis of Swann's love affair with Odette? As one remembers the jealous Swann rapping angrily on the wrong window, or the theme from M. Vinteuil's sonata that gathers all the associations of his life about a small phrase of music, as one recalls Proust's intellect, brooding over and illuminating his sensitive impressions with a rich and ideal play of light, it seems as though Mr. Griswold might have allowed his readers to know that the important thing about Proust is the pleasure and enhancement of life for which the world is in debt to him. Nor should our debt as English readers to Proust's translator be forgotten. For his work is nothing less than a permanent enrichment of our own tongue. Anyone who has devoutly and humbly studied the English masters and tried to practise their art will recognize it as a 'well of English undefiled.'

Last of all, I can't forbear a word in favor of Aldous Huxley. Poor Huxley! Have his cleverness and the detestable people he writes about — quite as odious to him as to his readers — brought him into disrepute with the respectable? What a pity that censors are unable to keep books from those who cannot appreciate them! One or two scenes in Huxley's novels are as horrid as can well be imagined. But I like to remember him as the inventor of Gumbril's patent small clothes, as the author of those inimitable Shandyan episodes in *Crome Yellow* that take one back to a day when novels were irresponsible and full of divagations — a much better kind of novel than the sort we get nowadays, burdened by strict causation of plot or bogged in a 'stream of consciousness.' One of these episodes will not pass from the language, I am sure. Though the rest of Huxley's writings be forgotten, the parable of the dwarfs, Hercules and Filomena, will survive to entertain and touch generations yet unborn. Some anthologist will save it from oblivion, for a more perfect short reading in English will be hard to find.

THE OFFICE ICONOCLAST